THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning
The Treasure
By Kathleen Norris

Stories by
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Will Payne
Al J. Jennings
Gouverneur Morris
Wallace Irwin
Henry Kitchell Webster
Van Loan
Samuel G. Blythe

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

"OUR PLATFORM"

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Able Seaman

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JACK LONDON—
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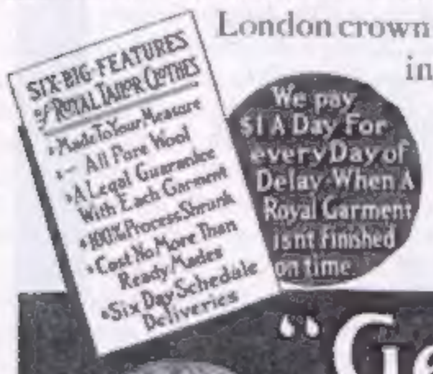
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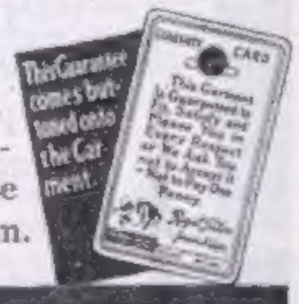

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THE TREASURE

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LIZZIE, who happened to be the Salisburys' one servant at the time, was wasteful. It was almost her only fault, in Mrs. Salisbury's eyes, for such trifles as her habit of becoming excited and saucy in moments of domestic stress, or of asking boldly for other holidays than her alternate Sunday and Thursday afternoons, or of resenting at all times the intrusion of any person, even her mistress, into her immaculate kitchen, might have been overlooked. Mrs. Salisbury had been keeping house in a suburban town for twenty years; she was not considered an exacting mistress. She was perfectly willing to forgive Lizzie what was said in the hurried hours before the company dinner or impromptu lunch, and to let Lizzie slip out for a walk with her sister in the evening, and to keep out of the kitchen herself as much as was possible.

"'Employers are Respectfully Requested to Maintain as Formal an Attitude as Possible Toward the Maid'"

So much might be conceded to a girl who was honest and clean, industrious, respectable, and a fair cook. But the wastefulness was a serious matter. Mrs. Salisbury was a careful and an experienced manager; she resented waste; indeed she could not afford to tolerate it. She liked to go into the kitchen herself every morning to eye the contents of ice box and pantry, and decide upon needed stores. Enough butter, enough cold meat for supper, enough milk for a nourishing soup; eggs and salad for luncheon—what about potatoes?

Lizzie deliberately frustrated this housewifely ambition. She flounced and muttered when other hands than her own were laid upon her ice box. She turned on rushing faucets, rattled dishes in her pan. Yet Mrs. Salisbury felt that she must personally superintend these matters, because Lizzie was so wasteful. The girl had not been three months in the Salisbury family before all bills for supplies soared alarmingly.

This was all wrong. Mrs. Salisbury fretted over it a few weeks, then confided her concern to her husband. But Kane Salisbury would not listen to the details. He scowled at the introduction of the topic, glanced restlessly at his paper, murmured that Lizzie might be "fired"; and when Mrs. Salisbury had resolutely bottled up her seething discontent inside of herself, she sometimes heard him murmuring, "Bad—bad—management!" as he sat chewing his pipe-stem on the dark porch, or beside the fire.

Alexandra, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the house, was equally incurious and unreasonable about domestic details.

"But honestly, mother, you know you're afraid of Lizzie, and she knows it," Alexandra would declare gayly. "I can't tell you how I'd manage her because she's not my servant, but I know I should do *something!*"

Beauty and intelligence gave Alexandra, even at eighteen, a certain serene poise and self-reliance that lifted her above the old-fashioned topics of "trouble with girls," and housekeeping, and marketing. Alexandra spoke of these things under the titles of "budgets," "domestic science," and "efficiency." Neither she nor her mother recognized the old, homey subjects under their new names, and so the daughter felt a lack of interest, and the mother a lack of sympathy that kept them from understanding each other. Alexandra, ready to meet and conquer all the troubles of a badly managed world, felt that one small home did not present a very terrible problem. Poor Mrs. Salisbury only knew that it was very difficult to keep a general servant at all, in a family of five, and that her husband's salary, of less than four thousand dollars a year, did not seem the princely sum they would have thought it when they were married on twenty dollars a week.

From the younger members of the family, Fred, who was fifteen, and Stanford, three years younger, she expected, and got, no sympathy. The three young Salisburys found money interesting only when they needed it for new clothes, or matinée tickets, or tennis rackets, or some kindred purchase. They needed it, asked for it, got it, and spent it.

It meant nothing to them that Lizzie was wasteful. It was only to their mother that the girl's slipshod ways were becoming a trial.

Lizzie, very neat and respectful, would interfere with Mrs. Salisbury's plan of a visit to the kitchen by appearing to ask for instructions before breakfast was fairly over. When the man of the house had gone, and before the children appeared, Lizzie would inquire: "Just yourselves for dinner Mrs. Salisbury?"

"Just ourselves. Let—me—see——" Mrs. Salisbury would lay down her newspaper and stir her cooling coffee. The memory of last night's vegetables would rise before her; there must be baked onions left, and some of the corn.

"There was some lamb left?"

Amazement on Lizzie's part.

"That wasn't such an awful big leg, Mrs. Salisbury. And the boys had Perry White in, you know. There's just a little plateful left. I gave Sam the bones."

Mrs. Salisbury could imagine the plateful; small, neat, cold.

"Sometimes I think if you left the joint on the platter, Lizzie; there are scrapings, you know?" she might suggest.

"I scraped it," Lizzie would answer briefly, conclusively.

"Well, that for lunch, then, for Miss Sandy and me," Mrs. Salisbury would decide hastily. "I'll order something fresh for dinner. Were there any vegetables left?"

"There were a few potatoes; enough for lunch," Lizzie would admit guardedly.

"I'll order vegetables, too, then!" And Mrs. Salisbury would sigh. Every housekeeper knows that there is no economy in ordering afresh for every meal.

"And we need butter——"

"Butter again? Those two pounds gone?"

"There's a little piece left, not enough though. And I'm on my last cake of soap, and we need crackers, and vanilla, and sugar—unless you're not going to have a dessert—and salad oil——"

"Just get me a pencil, will you?" This was as usual. Mrs. Salisbury would pencil a long list, would bite her lips thoughtfully, and sigh as she read it over.

"Asparagus tonight, then. And, Lizzie, don't serve quite so much melted butter with it as you did last time; there must have been a cupful of melted butter. And another time save what little scraps of vegetables there are left, they help out so at lunch——"

"There wasn't a saucerful of onions left last night," Lizzie would assert, "and two cobs of corn, after I'd had my dinner. You couldn't do much with those. And as for butter on the asparagus," Lizzie was very respectful, but her tone would rise aggrievedly, "it was every bit eaten, Mrs. Salisbury!"

"Yes, I know. But we mustn't let these young vandals eat us out of house and home, you know," the mistress would say, feeling as if she were doing something contemptibly small. And, worsted, she would return to her paper. "But I don't care, we cannot

afford it!" Mrs. Salisbury would say to herself when Lizzie had gone, and very thoughtfully she would write out a check payable to "cash." "I used to use up little odds and ends so deliciously, years ago!" she sometimes reflected disconsolately. "And Kane always says we never live as well now as we did then! He always praised my dinners."

Nowadays Mr. Salisbury was not so well satisfied. Lizzie rang the changes upon roasted and fried meats, boiled and creamed vegetables, baked puddings and canned fruits, contentedly enough. She made cup-cake and sponge-cake, sponge-cake and cup-cake all the year round. Nothing was ever changed, no unexpected flavor ever surprised the palates of the Salisbury family. May brought strawberry shortcake; December, cottage puddings; cold beef always made a stew, creamed codfish never was served without baked potatoes. The Salisbury table was a duplicate of some millions of other tables, scattered the length and breadth of the land.

"And still the bills go up!" fretted Mrs. Salisbury.

"Well, why don't you fire her, Sally?" her husband asked, as he had asked of almost every maid they had ever had—of lazy Annies, and untidy Selmas, and ignorant Kates. And, as always, Mrs. Salisbury answered patiently: "Oh, Kane, what's the use? It simply means my going to Miss Crosby's again, and facing that awful row of them, and beginning that I have three grown children and no other help ——"

"Mother, have you ever had a perfect maid?" Sandy had asked earnestly, years before. Her mother spent a moment in reflection, arresting the hand with which she was polishing silver. Alexandra was only sixteen then, and mother and daughter were bridging a gap when there was no maid at all in the Salisbury kitchen.

"Well, there was Libby," the mother answered at length, "the colored girl I had when you were born. She really was perfect, in a way. She was a clean darky, and such a cook! Daddy talks still of her fried chicken and blueberry pies! And she loved company too. But you see, Grandma Salisbury was with us then, and she paid a little girl to look after you, so Libby had really nothing but the kitchen and dining room to care for. Afterward, just before Fred came, she got lazy and ugly, and I had to let her go. Canadian Annie was a wonderful girl too," pursued Mrs. Salisbury, "but we only had her two months. Then she got a place where there were no children, and left on two days' notice. And when I think of the others—the Hungarian girl who boiled two pairs of Fred's little brown socks and darkened the entire wash, sheets and napkins and all! And the colored girl who drank, and the girl who gave us boiled rice for dessert whenever I forgot to tell her anything else! And then Dad and I never will forget the woman who put pudding sauce on his mutton—dear me, dear me!" And Mrs. Salisbury laughed out at the memory. "Between her not knowing one thing, and not understanding a word we said, she was pretty trying all round!" she presently added. "And, of course, the instant you have them really trained they leave; and that's the end of that! One left me the day Stan was born, and another—and she was a nice girl too—simply departed when you three were all down with scarlet fever, and left her bed unmade, and the tea-cup and saucer from her breakfast on the end of the kitchen table! Luckily we had a wonderful nurse, and she simply took hold and saved the day."

"Isn't it a wonder that there isn't a training school for house servants?" Sandy had inquired, youthful interest in her eye.

"There's no such thing," her mother assured her positively,

A Litter of Milk Bottles, Saucepans, Eggshells and Melting Bacon

"as getting one who knows her business! And why? Why, because all the smart girls prefer to go into factories, and slave away for three or four dollars a week, instead of coming into good homes! Do Pearsall & Thompson ever have any difficulty in getting girls for the glove factory? Never! There's a line of them waiting, a block long, every time they advertise. But you may make up your mind to it, dear, if you get a good cook she's wasteful, or she's lazy, or she's irritable, or dirty, or she won't wait on table, or she slips out at night and laughs under street lamps with some man or other! She's always on your mind, and she's always an irritation."

"It just shows what a hopelessly stupid class you have to deal with, mother," the younger Sandy had said. But at eighteen she was not so sure.

Alexandra frankly hated housework, and she did not know how to cook. She did not find it strange that it was hard to hire a clever and well-trained young woman who would gladly spend all her time, day in and day out, in housework and cooking, for something less than three hundred dollars a year.

Her eyes were beginning to be opened to the immense moral and social questions that lie behind the simple preference of American girls to work for men rather than for women. Household work was women's sphere, Sandy reasoned, and they had made it a sphere insufferable to other women. Something was wrong.

Sandy was too young and too mentally independent to enter very sympathetically into her mother's side of the matter. The younger woman's attitude was tinged with affectionate contempt; and when the stupidity of the maid, or the inconvenience of having no maid at all, interfered with the smooth current of her life or her busy comings and goings, she became impatient and intolerant.

"Other people manage!" said Alexandra.

"Who, for instance?" demanded her mother in calm exasperation.

"Oh, every one—the Bernards, the Watermans! Doilies and finger bowls, and Elsie in a cap and apron!"

"But Doctor and Mrs. Bernard are old people, dear, and the Watermans are three business women—no lunch, no children, very little company!"

"Well, Grace Elliot, then!"

"With two maids, Sandy. That's a very different matter!"

"And is there any reason why we shouldn't have two?" asked Sandy with youthful logic.

"Ah, well, there you come to the question of expense, dear!" And Mrs. Salisbury dismissed the subject with a quiet air of triumph.

But of course the topic came up again. It is the one household ghost that is never laid in such a family. Sometimes Kane Salisbury himself took a part in it.

"Do you mean to tell me," he once demanded, in the days of the dreadfully incompetent maids who preceded Lizzie, "that it is becoming practically impossible to get a good general servant?"

"Well, I wish you'd try it yourself," his wife answered, grimly quiet. "It's just about wearing me out! I don't know what has become of the good old maid-of-all-work," she presently pursued, with a sigh, "but she has simply vanished from the face of the earth. Even the greenest girls, fresh from the other side, begin to talk about having the washing put out, and having extra help come in to wash windows and beat rugs! I don't know what we're coming to. You teach them to tell a blanket from a sheet, and how to make coffee and set a table, and then away they go to get more money somewhere. Dear me! Your father's mother used to have girls who had the wash on the line before eight o'clock ——"

"Yes, but then grandma's house was simpler," Sandy contributed, a little doubtfully. "You know grandma never put on any style, mother ——"

"Her house was always one of the most comfortable, most hospitable ——"

"Yes, I know, mother!" Alexandra persisted eagerly. "But Fanny never had to answer the door, and grandma used to let her leave the tablecloth on between meals—grandma told me so herself—and no fussing with doilies, or serving plates under the soup-plates, or glass saucers for dessert. And grandma herself used to help wipe dishes, or sometimes set the table, and make the beds, if there was company ——"

"That may be," Mrs. Salisbury had the satisfaction of answering coldly. "Perhaps she did, although I never remember hearing her say so. But my mother always had colored servants, and I never saw her dust the piano!"

"I suppose we couldn't simplify things, Sally? Cut out some of the extra touches?" suggested the head of the house.

Mrs. Salisbury merely shook her head, compressing her lips firmly. It was quite difficult enough to keep things nice, with two growing boys in the family, without encountering such opposition as this. A day or two later she went into New Troy, the nearest big city, and came back triumphantly with Lizzie.

And at first Lizzie really did seem perfection. It was some weeks before Mrs. Salisbury realized that Lizzie was not truthful; absolutely reliable in money matters, yet Lizzie could not be believed in the simplest statement. Tasteless oatmeal, Lizzie glibly asseverated, had been well salted; weak coffee, or coffee as strong as brown paint, was the

(Continued on Page 49)

"Don't You Dare Jay Rest Cure to Me Again!"

EXCESS BAGGAGE

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

They Followed Her to the Elevator, All Talking at Once

I NEVER even knew that Chick Dorsey had a sister-in-law until just before we left for the last Western trip.

"Chief," he says, "my wife's sister has wished herself on to me for a while and I can't do a thing about it. She has got some sort of a bug about seeing America first, whatever that means, and she thinks that traveling with a ball club would help. How about it? Can she make the Western trip with us?"

"Why, sure!"

That was what I said. Any manager would have done the same. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of argument in the clubhouse afterward. A stitch in time sews up the game. Look before you leap and then use the hook slide. Those are proverbs and supposed to be full of wisdom. A post-mortem is full of wisdom too; but the patient is always dead by that time.

It's my bet that proverbs were invented by some Charley-horsed old infielder who couldn't play the game any more himself, but sat round back of third base telling the boys what they should have done. Any fool can do that if he waits long enough for the returns to come in. Proverbs may be all right; but what I claim is that there ain't ever any real news in 'em—at least nothing that you didn't know before or couldn't have guessed if you had only taken time to study the proposition. I answered right off the bat.

"Why, sure!"—just like that.

I'm not trying to alibi myself before we start, but it ought to be understood that I draw my pay check for managing a ball club. I dare anybody to find a line in my contract that says I have to be a fortune teller on the side!

And here's another point: All the women that ever traveled with the club before Chick's sister-in-law came along were married and sort of partial to their husbands—not that I'm prejudiced against women. I like 'em fine and always did—especially when they're married to some one else and reconciled to it. I never took a chance in the Big Lottery myself, but marriage as an institution for other folks is all right. I'm a strong booster for it.

Speaking as the skipper of a ball club, I'd rather have married players than single ones, provided they've got over the googoo stage and don't hold hands in public. I like to have the boys take their wives with 'em on the road, because having the womenfolks along saves me a lot of sleep that otherwise I wouldn't get.

You may not know it, but when a team is traveling the manager has to be a sort of a cross between a night watchman and a house detective. Ballplayers are mostly young and full of life and devilment; and if the manager doesn't watch 'em close they'll be doing their playing on a green table and their sleeping on the bases. I'm no fussy old hen, but I do like to know what time the boys turn in at night and how much table-stakes poker is being pulled off with blankets over the transoms and the kind of chips that don't make any noise.

It was different when I broke into the Big League. In those days every club was a joy club and a keg of beer after the game was the usual thing. Sometimes we had one before. The pace is faster now; there's more competition and more new blood, and the man who won't take reasonable care of himself goes back to the minors.

Getting back to the woman question—you can see that having them along divides up the detective work and helps to keep the men in line. I know some ballplayers who don't care a hoot for Ban Johnson or the National Commish; but they wouldn't presume to talk back to their wives. You bet matrimony is a good thing!

I can see now that I should have done some thinking when Chick put the proposition up to me; but, even if I had, I don't know that it would have made any difference. She was Mrs. Dorsey's sister, and Chick's wife is a quiet little soul with spectacles and freckles. Her idea of a pleasant afternoon is to get a lapful of Chick's socks and darn 'em. You naturally expect sisters to have some sort of a family resemblance, don't you?

There's one fine thing about marriage—the law ties a woman up so that she can only influence one man at a time. An unmarried woman ain't limited by the law or anything else. She scatters her hits all over the field and you never know where to play for her or whether to play for her at all.

Somebody ought to turn that into a proverb.

II

WHEN we packed up for that last Western trip we were as full of brotherly love as a campmeeting. A ball club is like a big family, and if it's a happy family so much the better for everybody; because when a family starts to scrapping internally a common ordinary battle among strangers ain't to be compared with it for meanness. And for a real rough-and-tumble—slaughter-house rules and no holds barred—set a pair of brothers to mixing it. They don't seem to care what they do to each other—and that comes from being too well acquainted.

Men who eat and work and travel in the same Pullman car for a few seasons usually wind up liking each other a whole lot or not at all. As a general proposition it isn't best to get too intimate with a man if you want to think well of him; but I've got a Golden Rule that I hammer into the recruits as fast as they join—and it works too: "You keep off the other fellow's corns and he'll leave yours alone!" Any chump can find a man's sore spots. Knowing that they're there and then keeping off of 'em—that's the true secret of friendship.

Well, as I said, we packed up, happy as a lot of canary birds. We had good reason to be. For the first time in several seasons it looked like our year to win. We had only to hold our lead to split up that nice fat World's Series check. For two seasons we had finished in third place, behind the Blues and the Pink Sox. The other teams hadn't been able to trouble us much; but the Blues and the Pinks had a trifle too much class for us—luck, we called it at the time; but it was really class.

This season the Blue pitching staff was in a bad way with sore arms, and the Pink infield was shot as full of holes as a Swiss cheese, in addition to the team being shy a first-string catcher. A ball club is like a machine—it will run at top speed for just about so long and then the parts wear out and have to be replaced. The Pinks and the Blues were veteran outfits, overdue for a slump. They began to slip in June, we caught them in July, and by the end of August we had what looked like a safe lead. The boys had even been pricing runabouts. They didn't even knock wood when they did it, either, which shows how sure they felt of that World's Series money.

We left for the West on a night train. I stayed at the gate until most of the boys got aboard, and when I hoisted myself into the Pullman there was a poker party in one corner, a crap game going in the smoking compartment, and the married men were playing bridge with their wives. It had all the earmarks of a pleasant evening.

I looked in at the smoking compartment to make sure that the boys weren't rolling the bones too high. You can set a limit on a poker game, but craps is liable to get away from you.

Fatty Cutts, the catcher, was wedged into the corner seat, where he could see out. "Hello," says he. "As I live, here comes Chick and Mrs. Chick—and a chicken."

"Whadd'ye mean—a chicken?" asks Billy Runkle, climbing all over the bunch to get a peek outside. "You're no judge of poultry, you big, fat dub! That ain't no chicken—that's a bird!"

"A bird of paradise!" says Artie MacVicar, the right fielder, with his nose flattened against the glass. "And what's more she's going to fly with us. The porter is helping her into this car."

"No such luck!" says Billy Runkle.

Well, you know, until then Chick's sister-in-law had completely slipped my mind. I hadn't given her a thought.

"That's Mrs. Dorsey's sister," I says. "She's going to make the Western trip with the club."

Fatty Cutts got up and threw his cigar away. "Let me out of here!" he said. "The air is frightful!"

"Anybody who wants my seat can have it," says Artie MacVicar, pulling down his sleeves so that his diamond cuff buttons would show.

"This game is only fit for stable hands anyway," says Billy Runkle, and out he went after the other two.

"That's right!" growls Sam Horgan, who was down on the floor with the dice. "Quit while you're ahead, you cheap skates! Any more ladykillers in the party? . . . All right! Get your dough down. I'm coming out again."

Naturally I wanted to see the cause of all this excitement. The first thing I noticed was that the poker game had struck a snag. The hands were lying dead on the table; two or three of the boys were looking down the aisle and the others had their heads together.

"Say, chief, for Heaven's sake who is she?" Four of 'em asked me the same question.

"She—who?" I wanted to hear what they'd say.

"Why, the queen with Chick and his wife," says Ben Maddox, the first baseman. "Haven't you seen her?"

I shook my head. I'd only seen the top of her hat.

"Well," says Ben, "slip down to the other end of the car and give your eyes a treatment. The idea of a beautiful doll like that being seen with a lop-eared, sawed-off married man like Chick Dorsey!"

"Easy! Easy!" I says. "That ain't no doll; that's Chick's sister-in-law."

Ben pushed his stack across to Wheatley, who was banking. "Here, Sliver," he says, "cash me in!"

"And me!" says George Steck.

"I'll cash myself in first," says Sliver.

This is the place where I ought to hunt up a dictionary and smoke out words enough to tell you what that girl looked like. I ought to, but I won't. It couldn't be done—not even by the man who invented language. I can only give you a few specifications to work on: She was tall, with yellow hair and blue eyes—the sort of a blonde that can make a man forget that he's always been partial to small brunettes. As for the rest of it, write your own ticket; you can't go too far. Remember what she did to the poker and crap games—some of 'em losers at that!

Irma Lacey—that was her name. Chick introduced her to everybody as fast as he could get round to it, and before the train was out of the railroad yards there was a mass meeting at her end of the car. Fatty Cutts—he always did have the nerve of a burglar—was planted in the seat beside her and a derrick wouldn't have budged him. Artie MacVicar was sitting opposite, with Mrs. Dorsey, talking a blue streak. Maddox, Steck and Runkle were hanging over from the section behind. Ed Kilmer, Butch Willard and Mike Green had the section in front. Sliver Wheatley had the aisle completely blocked with his long legs and the others were as close as they could get.

It was Miss Lacey this and Miss Lacey that all over the place, and she was right there with the smile and the quick comeback for everything. And her laugh! That girl could wrinkle up her nose and shut her eyes and make a noise that would convince any man that he was a born comedian. She sprang it once on Fatty Cutts and he immediately started to tell her all his stale old minstrel jokes that we've listened to for years. He'd have fed her the entire monologue if we hadn't choked him off.

"Do you know," says she, "I'm ashamed to confess it in such company, but really I don't understand the first thing about baseball! Shocking, isn't it? But I think I can learn. You'll all be patient and teach me, won't you?"

Well, you should have heard the chorus! About a dozen spoke for the job.

"I am one of the best little teachers in the world," said Fatty Cutts. "If there is anything you want to know, Miss Lacey ——"

"Huh!" says Artie MacVicar. "Tell her about the time you thought there were three out and threw the ball away."

"Yes, please do!" says the girl.

Now if there is anything that will get a rise out of Fatty it's mention of that incident. I've seen Cutts climb into the grandstand after a fan for just yelling: "Oh, Fat! How many out?" Everybody makes at least one frightful bone play that he hates to have thrown up to him and this one was Cutts' prize bloomer. He looked at MacVicar a long time, and I could see his neck swelling and his wattles turning pink.

"Oh, all right!" he says at last in a kind of a sneering tone. "I'm game! I'll tell it if little Arthur here will tell about the time he started in to chase the bush-league umpire off the field and found out afterward that he was the amateur middle-weight champion of Texas."

"Oh, how interesting!" says Miss Lacey. "And did you chase the man, Mr. MacVicar?"

Everybody laughed and Artie began to splutter like a man usually does when he has his own medicine handed back to him; for nobody takes a kidding harder than a kidder. There was the makings of a fine little fuss when Sliver Wheatley cut in. Sliver has a good head on his shoulders and sometimes he uses it.

"It's a lovely evening, Miss Lacey," says he. "Suppose we go out on the observation platform for a while?"

Miss Lacey said she would be delighted and there was a stampede for the tail end of the train. In half a minute the car was all but deserted, except for the married people and the crap shooters. Mrs. Dorsey went along with the bunch—as a chaperon, I guess.

I drifted out that way myself along about ten o'clock—and what do you think they were doing? Singing, every last one of 'em! And Sweet Adeline at that! They were piled up round that girl three deep, with the overflow roosting on the guardrail. The barber-shop minors sort of disgusted me and I went back to the car.

Bob Aiken's wife stopped me in the aisle.

"I see you're carrying some excess baggage this trip," says she. Somehow a woman seems to think that she can take the curse off a mean remark by smiling when she makes it. A man crosses his fingers, but a woman smiles.

"Oh," I says, "I don't know as I would put the accent on the baggage."

"Did I?" says she. "Well, maybe I should have said perishable freight."

"Maybe so; but quite a looker!"

I couldn't help shooting that one at her. She had a face that wouldn't get her much in a beauty show.

"Ye-es"—like it hurt her to admit it—"but only in a stagy sort of way. You look out, chief! There's such a thing as a girl's being too popular."

"That's right!" I says. "Better keep an eye on Bob! He's out there singing second tenor."

"You keep an eye on your ball club!"

And this time she forgot to smile. So did I—later.

Ball Games Were Only a Sideshow for the Main Attraction

The next morning the men's dressing room was all cluttered up with conversation, clean shirts, safety razors and talcum powder. I never saw such a wholesale dolling-up in my life. Artie MacVicar had his clothes pressed over night and spent half an hour warming up his entire string of neckties before he found one that suited him. All the diamond stickpins were fished out of the pocketbooks—every big leaguer has got at least one of those things—and Sliver Wheatley put on both his rings. Maddox and Runkle nearly had a battle over which one of 'em should take Miss Lacey to breakfast. They might have saved a lot of breath because George Steck beat 'em to it.

Fresh mushrooms on toast—that's what he bought for her; and they're my notion of nothing whatever in the way of breakfast food, but I suppose George felt it was up to him to show that he was no penny-pincher. She looked just as good in the daylight as she did the night before, which is a test that stops a lot of 'em. I met Dorsey and his wife coming out of the dining car.

"Pretty easy for me!" says Chick with a wink. "I thought I was going to be set back a few bones for extra meals, but it seems I'm going to have coöperation—eh? What?"

"Ain't you ashamed to talk that way!" says Mrs. Dorsey, giving him a slap on the arm. "Irma can't help it if she's attractive. You used to think that I ——"

"And I do yet, old lady!" says Chick.

I was glad he choked her off. If I was a married man I'd hate to have my wife rake up all the mushy things I said in my courting days. Women always do it, and I never saw a husband yet that could stand it without getting red.

Well, after breakfast it was the same thing over again, only more so. If George thought he was buying a monopoly along with those mushrooms he had another think coming. They flocked round that girl's section like flies and some chump proposed a penny-ante poker game. She didn't know poker either—which made her ignorant of two of the most national pastimes there are—but that didn't make much difference. She had six or eight confidential advisers looking over her shoulder and telling her what to do after taking a peek at the other fellows' hands.

"Keep Her With the Club Another Week and They'll Be Murdering Each Other"

It wasn't poker and it wasn't exactly petty larceny, but it had elements of both. She won seven dollars and forty cents—on a ten-cent limit, mind you—and she would have had more if the game hadn't broken up. "Better and better!" said Chick to me. "If they teach her many more games I'll make her pay her own transportation."

III

I'VE read somewhere that the way of a man with a maid is queer. Maybe it is; but for the pure quill in queerness it ain't one-two-three with the way of a maid and a dozen men.

I will say for Miss Irma that she didn't play any favorites. There were no handicap men; every fellow started at scratch and went as fast and as far as he could. They all looked alike to her—even grouchy old Sam Horgan, who wouldn't pay any attention to her for a day or two, but busted into the race like a stake horse when he did start.

At first I had a notion that I could pick the winner. She went to the theater with Artie MacVicar. Artie is a smooth and willing worker, and he's loaded with the sort of talk that seems to make a hit with women. I thought he would have the inside track, but the next night she went to a bowling match with Billy Runkle. In between she had lunches with Sliver Wheatley and Ben Maddox. Fatty Cutts took her to the park the first day we played, but Butch Willard brought her back to the hotel; and she seemed just as happy with George Steck and Ed Kilmer as with the others. I gave it up. Her system was too complicated for me. If I had been making a book on it the price would have been ten, four and two—and take your pick.

"Your sister," says I to Mrs. Dorsey, "has made a big hit with my ball club."

"Oh, well," says she, "there's safety in numbers."

"For the girl—yes," Mrs. Aiken puts in; "but how about the numbers?"

It was wonderful how soon the symptoms of girlitis began to develop. In the first town we had four games with the Grays, a weak second-division outfit that had always been easy picking for us.

While we were dressing for the opening game Sliver Wheatley came over and told me how good his arm felt; and then along came George Steck, with the same song and dance. Both of 'em wanted to work. I must have been pretty thick, because I didn't tumble at first; and then it hit me that they wanted to do a little grandstanding for the girl's benefit. That made me sore and I sent Pete McCorkle in to pitch—not because he was married and immune, but because it was his turn and he warmed up in good shape. It just happened that the Grays had on their batting clothes and in the seventh inning they slammed Pete all over the lot. We lost the game five to three.

"Aha!" says Sliver on the bench. "You wouldn't let a good man work today, eh?"

"Huh!" says George Steck. "If you'd been in there with your morning practice pitching they'd 'a' had forty runs off you by this time. A good man! Where do you get that stuff?"

"Even so," Sliver comes back, "you never heard me beg to be taken out because I had a cramp!"

That was one right where George lived, and there's no telling how far they would have gone with the argument if I hadn't shut 'em up. I don't like to hear men beefing at each other on the bench. It's a bad sign.

A couple of nights afterward I got a real eye-opener. I was eating a sandwich with Ben Maddox in one of the wall compartments of the grill room at the hotel. Billy Runkle was in the next one—he couldn't see us of course—and he was telling Miss Lacey the story of his life, and not giving himself any the worst of it.

"You know, Miss Irma—you won't mind if I call you that? The other sounds so formal!—I don't have to play baseball for a living. No, indeed! My father has a big business in Dayton and he wants me to come home and run it for him. I play baseball for the love of the sport and not because the money cuts any figure. My father ——"

Ben Maddox looked at me and we both grinned. Billy's old man owns a candy store about the size of a drygoods box and the only time he sees Billy is in the winter when his money runs out.

"This is going to be good," whispers Ben to me. "Don't crab it! Let's see how far he'll go."

Well, according to Billy, he was the little bottle of liquid glue that was holding our ball club together. Without him we wouldn't amount to much. Second base was the most important position on the team; and, though he didn't like to talk about himself, good second basemen were scarce. All the other ones in the league were running for Sweeney. He raved along, hurrahing for himself every little while, with the girl saying: "Yes, I understand." And in between he did some reverse-English boosting for the other boys.

Fatty Cutts, Sliver Wheatley, Artie MacVicar and Ed Kilmer—they all got theirs, and got it good. He even told her about Spud Pomeroy's divorce, and how George Steck owed everybody in the world and had to borrow money to last him over the winters.

"And there's Ben Maddox," says he—"Ben is all right. He's a fine fellow and my pal, and nobody will ever call him yellow when I'm round. Of course it's true that once in Chicago ——"

He put the knife into Ben clear up to the hilt. It was done in a nice sort of way, but just the same I had to hold Ben in his seat. He wanted to climb over and start something.

"Forget it!" I says. "Every knock is a boost!"

Then I heard something that made me sit up and take notice.

"Who, the chief? . . . Yes, he ain't so bad; but he can't think fast enough to run a modern ball club! He's too old for the job. . . . He doesn't look it? Why, say, if he'd wash the shoeblacking out of his mustache and eyebrows he'd look a million! Old? That poor wreck was playing baseball when Cap Anson was in short pants!"

Now I ask you: Was there any excuse for that? I could understand why Billy was swinging the mallet on the other fellows, but why take a crack at me? I hadn't been making eyes at the girl. Shoeblacking!

"Easy, chief!" says Ben. "Every knock is a boost!"

"It is if it ain't too personal, but there's a limit to everything."

"Never mind," says Ben. "I'll get hunk with Billy, see if I don't!"

He did, the very next day, but it was the ball club that suffered. In the fourth inning Runkle led off at bat and got a single. Ben, who followed him in the batting order, gave Billy the sign for the hit-and-run—that is, he signaled Billy to be moving with the pitcher's arm because he intended to take a wallop at the next ball.

In a case of the hit-and-run the man on first doesn't take as long a lead as he does when he tries to steal. He depends upon the batter hitting the ball somewhere. If he misses the runner is almost certain to be thrown out at second. I was coaching off third and I saw the sign given—two taps on the heel of the left shoe with the end of the bat.

Billy started down all right and the ball—a fast one—cut the plate in two. Ben never even took his bat from round his neck and, of course, Billy was thrown out by such a wide margin that it made him look foolish.

"He crossed me, chief!" says Billy as he went by on his way to the bench. "The big lobster gimme the sign as plain as the nose on your face and then stood still on a groover. What do you think of that, eh?"

I thought a lot more than I said—then and afterward. Ben slammed the next ball for a triple and the run he tossed away cost us the game because it went to extra innings, and the Grays pulled out—five to four. I jumped all over Ben, but he denied everything—said he hadn't given any sign—that he was only knocking the dirt out of his spikes—but he didn't explain why he hadn't taken a smash at the ball when he saw Billy moving. It looked mighty bad to me, for it was just the sort of thing a man would do if he wanted to make the other fellow look cheap.

IV

THAT was only the beginning of the real trouble. Ben was responsible. He gave things a fine running start by spilling the news that Billy Runkle had set everybody on the club in bad with Miss Lacey. At first they thought they'd give Billy a session of the Kangaroo Court, which is a little worse than simple assault and not quite so bad as murder in the second degree. Then they decided that kangarooing Billy wouldn't do them any good with the girl; and the third idea they got was to fight fire with fire.

All the hammers came out at once and the anvil chorus was a dying whisper beside the knocking that came off in the next few days. It was strictly a case of self-defense. Nobody knew what the girl had been told about him personally, but everybody felt sure that it was something bad; and as each fellow got his chance with the girl he tried to paint the other fellows so black that he would look white by comparison.

You'll need a long pencil to figure out how many private fights that sort of thing will start. I tried it once, but gave it up, not being strong on multiplication. The boys weren't battling for a pennant any more; they were fighting for that tall, willowy blonde, and the ball games were only a sideshow for the main attraction.

Before the Train Was Out of the Yards There Was a Mass Meeting at Her End of the Car

Everybody was looking sidewise at everybody else, and even some of the married men had chips on their shoulders. If they got chances to show each other up on the diamond they did it, and we lost games that should have been locked up in the grip before they started. There was jawing in the clubhouse, crabbing on the bench and beefing on the field.

Round the hotel it was like a bear garden—and every bear with the earache. And, as if that wasn't enough to turn my hair gray, the Pink Sox took a brace and came tearing after us, hand over fist.

The hammer campaign eliminated some of the entries and simplified matters a little. Fatty Cutts was the first to go. Then Irma quit speaking to Artie MacVicar and got so she couldn't see George Steck with the naked eye. Sliver Wheatley was the next to have his cue set out of the game; and then Ed Kilmer and Butch Willard passed away side by side. They didn't know who to blame for getting 'em in bad, so they blamed everybody. It was a lovely little mess.

By-and-by it narrowed down to a hammer-throwing contest among the infielders. She was still on speaking terms with Ben Maddox, Billy Runkle and Sam Horgan—all the basemen. There was only one man left in the infield that wasn't girl-struck—Chick Dorsey. It's a good thing he was her brother-in-law or he'd 'a' been mixed up too.

I hoped the losers would be satisfied to let it go at that; but no, sir! Nix! Being dropped out of the running seemed to make them sorer than ever.

When we got to St. Louis I was a desperate man. We were just half a game in front of the Pinks and the ball club was all shot to small pieces. Something had to be done; so I took Chick Dorsey off in a corner and talked to him like a Dutch uncle.

"Far be it from me," I says, "to hurt anybody's feelings; but you've got eyes. You know what's the matter with this ball club as well as I do. Your sister-in-law has ——"

"Now wait!" says Chick. "Is it Irma's fault if these roughnecks take a shine to her? Can a pretty girl help it if fellows get stuck on her? And I'll swear she hasn't encouraged a single one of 'em, chief."

"I ain't claiming she has," says I; "but she's too good a listener to suit me. She's encouraged a lot of knocking, that's what she's done—and it's got to stop. She's put this ball club on the bum!"

"Even if that was so," says Chick—"and I don't for a minute admit it—what can you do about it?"

"Do?" I says. "Why, ship her home and give these lunatics a chance to forget her!"

"By golly, I never thought of that!" Chick says. "It might be done."

"There ain't any might about it. It's got to be done if we want any part of that World's Series dough. With her out of the way these fools will get back on their feet again. Keep her with the club another week and they'll be murdering each other."

"I'll speak to my wife about it," says Chick in a mild tone.

"Speak to nobody!" says I. "Buy her a ticket on tonight's train. 'Here's your hat! What's your hurry?' Tell her any old lie that comes handy, but get her away from this ball club!"

"I'll do it if you say so," says Chick; "but I still think it ain't her fault."

"Nothing was ever a woman's fault," I says, "and never will be. You ought to know that. Go get that ticket!"

This was early in the morning. At noon Miss Irma came sailing down to lunch, and by the look she gave me I saw that Chick hadn't been able to think of a good convenient lie and had passed the buck to the man higher up. Pretty soon Mrs. Aiken came buzzing along all excited and so full of talk that she couldn't take time to draw a full breath.

"Isn't it too bad?" she says to me. "We're going to lose our excess baggage! Miss Lacey is starting home tonight."

"You don't say so!" I looked her square in the eye too. "What's the matter? Sickness at home, or something?"

"That's what I can't find out. It will be an awful blow to some of the boys, won't it?"

"Worse than that!" I says. "I don't know how we're going to struggle along without her. Awful nice little girl!"

"Humph!" Mrs. Aiken snorted and went away.

Well, of course, it was all over the hotel in no time. Give a woman a piece of news and trust her to peddle it. After Mrs. Aiken had scattered it pretty well she went into the dining room and sat down with the Dorseys and Miss Lacey—looking for information, I'll bet.

About the same time Ben Maddox came flying in from the billiard parlor, looked all over the place and then sat down in the passageway, as close to the dining-room door as he could get. Then along came Billy Runkle, with a wild look in his eye. He calmed down as soon as he spotted Ben, and, after trying two or three chairs without finding

(Continued on Page 28)

WOODROWSBY LEGENDS

A Tale of Two Presidents—By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

PRESIDENT WOODROW sat in his chair,
Showing as near an expression of care
As an intellectual face can wear
That has never been bossed
Or never been crossed
In a governorship or a love affair.
And close to his elbow a man to delight us—
Though not to excite us
To jigs of Saint Vitus—
Sat pacified, classified,
Quite Owen-Glassified,
Saint Bryanitus,
A competent saint for suppressing a plague,
Blessing the vine or addressing The Hague.

President Woodrow's books were piled
Left and right in confusion wild—
Prescott and Taine,
Motley on Spain,
And William James on the human brain;
Yet nowhere there did he seem to gain
The least suggestion to soothe his pain.

*"Will We Retract? Just Write It in Blue—
The Spanish Inceptive for Dam'd if We Do!"*

Now Saint Bryanitus was growing quite stout—
Fattened by Commoner life, no doubt,
The sixteen-to-oneness of youth cut out;
So, while the Prex
Signed "Woodrow Rex"
To a new ultimatum addressed to Mex,
Saint Bryanitus sought slumbers to risk 'em—
Full to the nape
With the juice of the grape,
He snored: *Pax vobiscum!*

"William!"—the president's voice was grim
As he threw a historical work at him—
"Powder is burning; the world's at war!
Now what in the deuce did I hire you for?"
Saint Bryanitus his tonsure mauled.
"By y'r leave, sir,
I b'lieve, sir,
Peace secretary I'm usually called."

"D'you call that peace?" With a vicious slap
The president swatted the Mexican map.
"Our friends and neighbors—you know whom I mean—
Are scouring their streets with a bullet-machine,
The only way that they ever clean.
The nations bid us appease the mob—
That's how I construe it.
Yet how shall we do it?
We've yanked Hank Wilson off o' the job
And Castillo is punching us under the fob. . . ."

Pax vobiscum! William the Juicer
Sat serene as an armored cruiser.
"So far as I see, sire, the question broached
Of peace in Mexico's been approached
In a mumbling,
Fumbling,
Rough-and-tumbling
Sort of way.
Now the Mexican dons are a folk of grace,
A courteous, proud and sensitive race—
That's plain as day!
So, not to distress 'em,
You've got to address 'em
In a courteous, proud and sensitive way.
Too much we've teased them with envoys of brawn, I see—
Hothead *hidalgos* like Nelson O'Shaughnessy.
Now listen, Your Majesty: If we would rule 'em—
These proud *caballeros*—hornswoggle and fool 'em,
We've first got to cool 'em.
So I bid you send forth—
If you'll take my advice—
Some man of the North,
Right off the ice.
That's what they need!"
"You mean?" asked the president, giving close heed.
Quoth Bryan: "A Swede!"

So they sought for a Swede and they had to devote a
Day to the search, till in far Minnesota
At last they got wind
Of Meester Yon Lind—
Able a Norseman as ever did tote a
Word to a gentleman north of Bogotá.

They gave him a bottle of temperance wine,
A blank resignation for Huerta to sign,
And a chain-armor shirt, double strong down the spine.
Then they bade him go forth. "And remember your place—
You're addressing a sensitive, courteous race.
Can you be just as gentle as pudding, Old Man,
To the don?"
Answered Yon:
"Yaas; Ay tank so Ay can!"

II

ON THE anxious seat of the president's chair
The Mexican president, *quis pro tem,*
Scratched at the roots of his bristly hair
And chewed the end of a yucca stem.
General Tabo
Blas de Gazabo
Sancho del Panzo y Orrevissabo

*"Ay Don't Tank Ay Know How to Sp'ak It in Spanish,
But Ay Can Address You in Excellent Danish"*

Sat on his right and helped him to think,
While a Spanish stenographer scattered ink,
Rolling her thumb
On a wad of gum,
And muttering Spanish for "On the blink!"
Able assassins by dozen and score
Stood around, and their faces bore
A prideful look
As they put in the book
The murder-count of their daily score;
But, as most of 'em neither could read nor write,
Their grimy thumbs on the paper white
They simply drew;
So the president knew
They had bagged their share by the law of flight.
The president, giving his full-dress shirt a
Twist—you have guessed he was Señor Huerta—
'Gan to dictate a fierce memorial
Editorial
To print in his national journal, *La Squirta.*

"Admit we have plundered a bank or two;
Own we have butchered a Yank or two—

(Concluded on Page 42)

*Full to the Nape With the Juice of the Grape,
He Snored: Pax Vobiscum!*

THE GAME

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THE Red Un was very red; even his freckles were red rather than copper-colored. And he was more prodigal than most kings, for he had two crowns on his head. Also his hair grew in varying directions, like a wheatfield after a storm. He wore a coat without a tail, but with brass buttons to compensate, and a celluloid collar with a front attached. It was the Red Un's habit to dress first and wash after, as saving labor; instead of his neck he washed his collar.

The Red Un was the Chief Engineer's boy and rather more impressive than the Chief, who was apt to decry his own greatness. It was the Red Un's duty to look after the Chief, carry in his meals, make his bed, run errands, and remind him to get his hair cut now and then. It was the Red Un's pleasure to assist unassumingly in the surveillance of that part of the ship where the great god, Steam, ruled an underworld of trimmers and oilers and stokers and assistant engineers—and even, with reservations, the Chief. The Red Un kept a sharp eye on the runs and read the Chief's log daily—so much coal in the bunkers; so much water in the wells; so many engine-room miles in twenty-four hours—which, of course, are not sea miles exactly, there being currents and winds, and God knows what, to waste steam on.

The Red Un, like the assistants, was becoming a bear on the speed market. He had learned that, just when the engines get heated enough to work like demons, and there is a chance to break a record and get a letter from the management, some current or other will show up—or a fog, which takes the very tripe out of the cylinders and sends the bridge yapping for caution.

The Red Un was thirteen; and he made the Chief's bed by pulling the counterpane neatly and smoothly over the chaos underneath—and got away with it, the Chief being weary at night. Also, in odd moments he made life miserable for the crew. Up to shortly before, he had had to use much energy and all his wits to keep life in his starved little body; and even keeping an eye on the log and the Chief's hair, and slipping down into the engine room, where he had no manner of business, hardly used up his activities. However, he did not lie and he looked the Chief square in the eye, as man to man.

The Chief had salvaged him out of the Hudson, when what he had taken for a bobbing red tomato had suddenly revealed a blue face and two set and desperate eyes. After that the big Scot had forgotten all about him, except the next day when he put on his shoes, which had shrunk in the drying. The liner finished coaling about that time, took on passengers, luggage, steamer baskets and a pilot, and, having stowed the first two, examined the cards on the third and dropped the last, was pointed, nose to the east wind, for the race.

The arrow on the twin dials pointed to Stand By! for the long voyage—three thousand miles or so without a stop. The gong, and then Half Ahead!—great elbows thrust up and down, up and down: the grunt of power overcoming inertia, followed by the easy swing of limitless strength. Full Ahead!—and so off again for the great struggle—man's wits and the engines and the mercy of God against the upreaching of the sea.

The Chief, who sometimes dreamed his greatness, but who ignored it waking, snapped his watch shut.

"Eleven-eleven!" he said to the Senior Second. "Well, here's luck!" That is what he said aloud; to himself he always said a bit of a prayer, realizing perhaps even more than the bridge how little man's wits count in the great equation. He generally said something to the effect that "After all, it's up to Thee, O Lord!"

The Chief Saw a Small Red-Haired Boy in a Turkish Towel

He shook hands with the Senior Second, which also was his habit; and he smiled too, but rather grimly. They were playing a bit of a game, you see; and so far the Chief had won all the tricks—just an amusing little game and nothing whatever to do with a woman; the Second was married, but the Chief had put all such things out of his head years before, when he was a youngster and sailing to the Plate. Out of his head, quite certainly; but who dreams of greatness for himself alone? So the Chief, having glanced about and run his hand caressingly over various fearful and pounding steel creatures, had climbed up the blistering metal staircase to his room at the top and was proceeding to put down eleven-eleven and various other things that the first cabin never even heard of, when he felt that he was being stared at from behind.

Now and then, after shore leave, a drunken trimmer or stoker gets up to the Chief's room and has to be subdued by the power of executive eye or the strength of executive arm. As most Chiefs are Scots, the eye is generally sufficient. So the Chief, mightily ferocious, turned about, eye set, as one may say, to annihilate a six-foot trimmer in filthy overalls and a hangover, and saw—a small red-haired boy in a Turkish towel.

The boy quailed rather at the eye, but he had the courage of nothing to lose—not even a pair of breeches—and everything to gain.

"Please," said the apparition, "the pilot's gone, and you can't put me off!"

The Chief opened his mouth and shut it again. The mouth, and the modification of an eye set for a six-foot trimmer to an eye for a four-foot-ten urchin in a Turkish towel, produced a certain softening. The Red Un, who was like the Chief in that he earned his way by pitting his wits against relentless Nature, smiled a little—a surface smile, with fear just behind.

"The Captain's boy's my size; I could wear his clothes," he suggested.

Now, back in that time when the Chief had kept a woman's picture in his breast pocket instead of in a drawer of his desk, there had been small furtive hopes, the pride of the Scot to perpetuate his line, the desire of a man for a manchild. The Chief had buried all that in the desk drawer with the picture; but he had gone overboard in his best uniform to rescue a wharf-rat, and he had felt a curious sense of comfort when he held the cold little figure in his arms and was hauled on deck, sputtering dirty river water and broad Scotch, as was his way when excited.

"And where ha' ye been skulking since yesterday?" he demanded.

"In the bed where I was put till last night. This morning early ——" he hesitated.

"Don't lie! Where were ye?"

"In a passenger's room, under a bed. When the passengers came aboard I had to get out."

"How did ye get here?"

This met with silence. Quite suddenly the Chief recognized the connivance of the crew, perhaps, or of a kindly stewardess.

"Tae Up, Yae Little Varmints!"

"Who told you this was my cabin?" A smile this time, rather like the Senior Second's when the Chief and he had shaken hands.

"A nigger!" he said. "A colored fella in a white suit."

There was not a darky on the boat. The Red Un, whose code was the truth when possible, but any lie to save a friend—and that's the code of a gentleman—sat, defiantly hopeful, arranging the towel to cover as much as possible of his small person.

"You're lying! Do you know what we do with liars on this ship? We throw them overboard!"

"Then I'm thinking," responded the Turkish towel, "that you'll be needing another Chief Engineer before long!"

Now, as it happened, the Chief had no boy that trip. The previous one had been adopted after the last trip by a childless couple who had liked the shape of his nose and the way his eyelashes curled on his cheek. The Chief looked at the Red Un; it was perfectly clear that no one would ever adopt him for the shape of his nose, and he apparently lacked lashes entirely. He rose and took a bathrobe from a hook on the door.

"Here," he said; "cover your legs wi' that, and say a prayer if ye' know wan. The Captain's a verra hard man wi' stowaways."

The Captain, however, who was a gentleman and a navigator and had a sense of humor also, was not hard with the Red Un. It being impracticable to take the boy to him, the great man made a special visit to the boy. The Red Un, in the Chief's bathrobe, sat on a chair, with his feet about four inches from the floor, and returned the Captain's glare with wide blue eyes.

"Is there any reason, young man, why I shouldn't order you to the lockup for the balance of this voyage?" the Captain demanded, extra grim, and trying not to smile.

"Well," said the Red Un, wiggling his legs nervously, "you'd have to feed me, wouldn't you? And I might as well work for my keep."

This being a fundamental truth on which most economics and all governments are founded, and the Captain having a boy of his own at home, he gave a grudging consent, for the sake of discipline, to the Red Un's working for his keep as the Chief's boy, and left. Outside the door he paused.

"The little devil's starved," he said. "Put some meat on those ribs, Chief, and—be a bit easy with him!"

This last was facetious, the Chief being known to have the heart of a child.

So the Red Un went on the payroll of the line, and requisition was made on the storekeeper for the short-tailed coat and the long trousers, and on the barber for a hair-cut. And in some curious way the Red Un and the Chief hit it off. It might have been a matter of red blood or of indomitable spirit.

Spirit enough and to spare had the Red Un. On the trip out he had licked the Captain's boy and the Purser's

boy; on the incoming trip he had lashed the Doctor's boy to his triumphant mast, and only three days before he had settled a row in the stokehole by putting hot ashes down the back of a drunken trimmer, and changing his attitude from menace with a steel shovel to supplication and prayer.

He had no business in the stokehole, but by that time he knew every corner of the ship—called the engines by name and the men by epithets; had named one of the pumps Marguerite, after the Junior Second's best girl; and he had taken violent partisanship in the eternal rivalry of the liner between the engine room and the bridge.

"Aw, gwan!" he said to the Captain's boy. "Where'd you and your Old Man be but for us? In a blasted steel tank, floating about on the bloomin' sea! What's a ship without insides?"

The Captain's boy, who was fourteen, and kept his bath sponge in a rubber bag, and shaved now and then with the Captain's razor, retorted in kind.

"You fellows below think you're the whole bally ship!" he said loftily. "Insides is all right—we need 'em in our business. But what'd your steel tank do, with the engines goin', if she wasn't bein' navigated? Steamin' in circles, like a tinklin' merry-go-round!"

It was some seconds after this that the Purser, a well-intentioned but interfering gentleman with a beard, received the kick that put him in dry dock for two days.

They were three days out of New York on the Red Un's second round trip when the Second, still playing the game and almost despairing, made a strategic move. The Red Un was laying out the Chief's luncheon on his desk—a clean napkin for a cloth; a glass; silver; a plate; and the menu from the first-cabin dining saloon. The menu was propped against a framed verse:

But I ha' lived and I ha' worked!
All thanks to Thee, Most High.

And as he placed the menu, the Red Un repeated the words from McAndrew's hymn. It had rather got him at first; it was a new philosophy of life. To give thanks for life was understandable, even if unnecessary. But thanks for work! There was another framed card above the desk, more within the Red Un's ken: "Cable crossing! Do not anchor here!"

The card worked well with the first class, resting in the Chief's cabin after the arduous labors of seeing the engines.

The Chief was below, flat on his back in a manhole looking for a staccato note that did not belong in his trained and orderly chorus. There was grease in his sandy hair, and the cranks were only a few inches from his nose. By opening the door the Red Un was able to command the cylinder tops, far below, and the fiddley, which is the roof of hell or a steel grating over the cylinders to walk on—depending on whether one is used to it or not. The Chief was naturally not in sight.

This gave the Red Un two minutes' leeway—two minutes for exploration. A drawer in the desk, always heretofore locked, was unfastened—that is, the bolt had been shot before the drawer was entirely closed. The Red Un was jealous of that drawer. In two voyages he had learned most of the Chief's history and, lacking one of his own, had appropriated it to himself. Thus it was not unusual for him to remark casually, as he stood behind the Chief's chair at dinner: "We'd better send this here postcard to Cousin Willie, at Edinburgh."

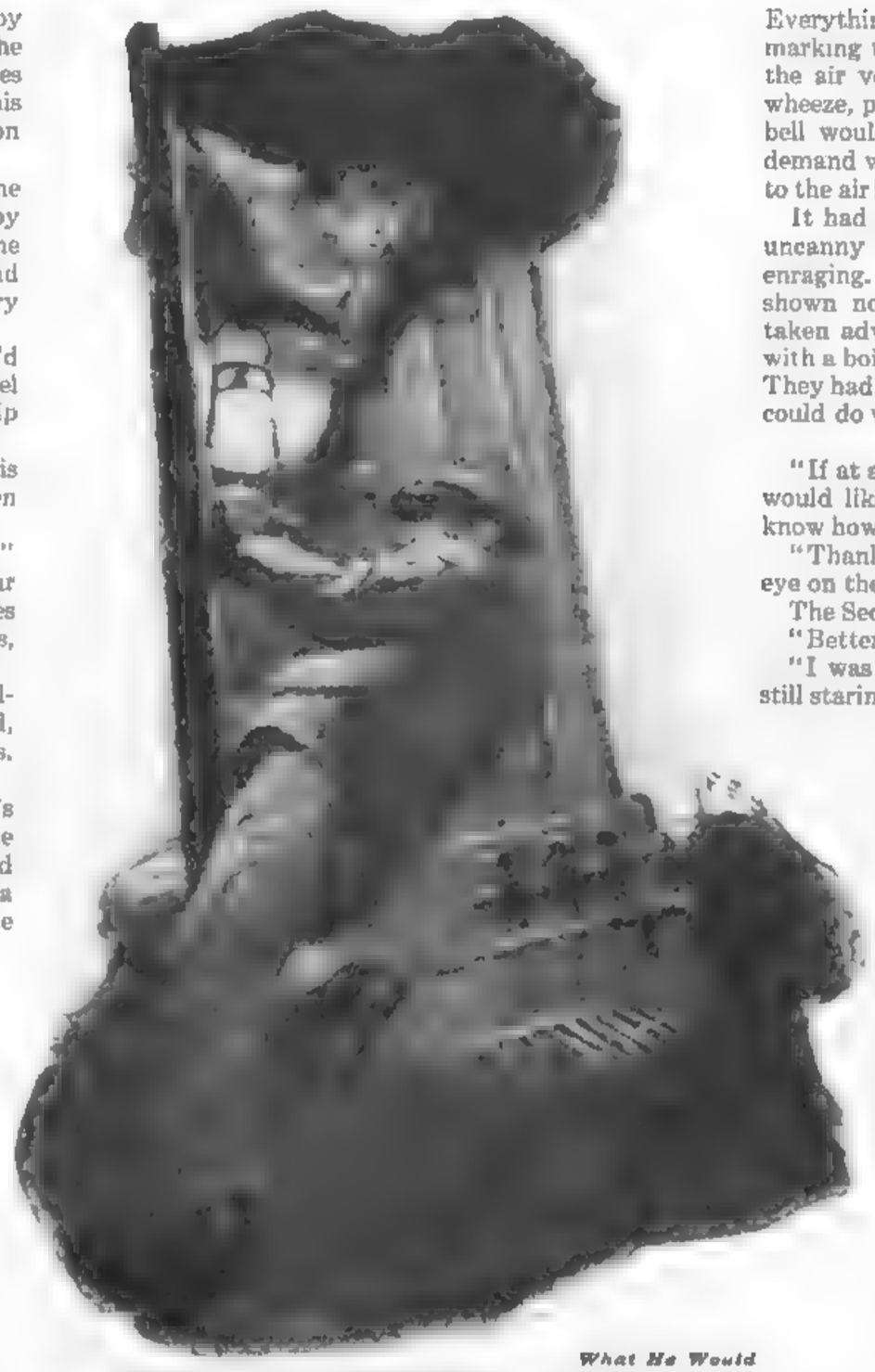
"Ou-ay!" the Chief would agree, and tear off the postcard of the ship that topped each day's menu; but, so far, all hints as to this one drawer had been futile; it remained the one barrier to their perfect confidence, the fly in the ointment of the Red Un's content.

Now, at last —— Below, a drop of grease in the Chief's eye set him wiping and cursing; over his head hammered, banged and lunged his great babies; in the stokehole a gaunt and grimy creature, yclept the Junior Second, stewed in his own sweat and yelled for steam.

The Red Un opened the drawer quickly and thrust in a hand. At first he thought it was empty, working as he did by touch, his eye on the door. Then he found a disappointing something—the lid of a cigar-box! Under that was a photograph. Here was luck! Had the Red Un known it, he had found the only two secrets in his Chief's open life. But the picture was disappointing—a snapshot of a young woman, rather slim, with the face obscured by a tennis racket, obviously thrust into the picture at the psychological moment. Poor spoil this—a cigar-box lid and a girl without a face! However, marred as it was, it clearly meant something to the Chief. For on its reverse side was another line from McAndrew's hymn:

Ye know how hard an idol dies,
An' what that meant to me—
E'en tak' it for a sacrifice
Acceptable to Thee.

The Red Un thrust it back into the drawer, with the lid. If she was dead what did it matter? He was a literal youth—so far, his own words had proved sufficient for his thoughts; it is after thirty that a man finds his emotions



What He Would Not Have Endured for Himself, He Suffered for the Boy

bigger than his power of expressing them, and turns to those that have the gift. The Chief was over thirty.

It was as he shut the drawer that he realized he was not alone. The alley door was open and in it stood the Senior Second. The Red Un eyed him unpleasantly.

"Sneaking!" said the Second.

"None of your blamed business!" replied the Red Un.

The Second, who was really an agreeable person, with a sense of humor, smiled. He rather liked the Red Un.

"Do you know, William," he observed—William was the Red Un's name—"I'd be willing to offer two shillings for an itemized account of what's in that drawer?"

"Fill it with shillings," boasted the Red Un, "and I'll not tell you."

"Three?" said the Second cheerfully.

"No."

"Four?"

"Why don't you look yourself?"

"Just between gentlemen, that isn't done, young man. But if you volunteered the information, and I saw fit to make you a present of, say, a pipe, with a box of tobacco ——"

"What do you want to know for?"

"I guess you know."

The Red Un knew quite well. The Chief and the two Seconds were still playing their game, and the Chief was still winning; but even the Red Un did not know how the Chief won and as for the two Seconds and the Third and the Fourth, they were quite stumped.

This was the game: In bad weather, when the ports are closed and first-class passengers are yapping for air, it is the province of the engine room to see that they get it. An auxiliary engine pumps cubic feet of atmosphere into every cabin through a series of airtrunks.

So far so good. But auxiliaries take steam; and it is exceedingly galling to a Junior or Senior, wagering more than he can afford on the run in his watch, to have to turn valuable steam to auxiliaries—"So that a lot of blooming nuts may smoke in their bunks!" as the Third put it.

The first move in the game is the Chief's, who goes to bed and presumably to sleep. After that it's the engine-room move, which gives the first class time to settle down and then shuts off the airpumps. Now there is no noise about shutting off the air in the trunks. It flows or it does not flow. The game is to see whether the Chief wakens when the air stops or does not. So far he had always wakened.

It was uncanny. It was worse than that—it was damnable! Did not the Old Man sleep at all?—not that he was old, but every Chief is the Old Man behind his back. Everything being serene, and the engine-room clock marking twelve-thirty, one of the Seconds would shut off the air very gradually; the auxiliary would slow down, wheeze, pant and die—and within two seconds the Chief's bell would ring and an angry voice over the telephone demand what the several kinds of perdition had happened to the air! Another trick in the game to the Chief!

It had gone past joking now: had moved up from the uncanny to the impossible, from the impossible to the enraging. Surreptitious search of the Chief's room had shown nothing but the one locked drawer. They had taken advantage of the Chief's being laid up in Antwerp with a boil on his neck to sound the cabin for hidden wires. They had asked the ship's doctor anxiously how long a man could do without sleep. The doctor had quoted Napoleon.

"If at any time," observed the Second pleasantly, "you would like that cigarette case the barber is selling, you know how to get it."

"Thanks, old man," said the Red Un loftily, with his eye on the wall.

The Second took a step forward and thought better of it.

"Better think about it!"

"I was thinking of something else," said the Red Un, still staring at the wall. The Second followed his eye. The Red Un was gazing intently at the sign which said: "Cable crossing! Do not anchor here!"

As the Second slammed out, the Chief crawled from his manhole and struggled out of his greasy overalls. Except for his face, he was quite tidy. He ran an eye down the port tunnel, where the shaft revolved so swiftly that it seemed to be standing still, to where at the after end came the racing of the screw as it lifted, bearded with scud, out of the water.

"It looks like weather tonight," he observed, with a twinkle, to the Fourth. "There'll aye be air wanted." But the Fourth was gazing at a steam gauge.

The Red Un's story, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts—his temptation, his fall and his redemption. All lives are so divided: a step back; a plunge; and then, in desperation and despair, a little climb up God's ladder.

Seven days the liner lay in New York—seven days of early autumn heat, of blistering decks, of drunken and deserting trimmers, of creaking gear and grime of coaldust. The cabin which held the Red Un and the Purser's boy was breathless. On Sunday the four boys went to Coney Island and lay in the surf half the afternoon. The bliss of the water on their thin young legs and scrawny bodies was Heaven. They did not swim; they lay inert, letting the waves move them about, and out of the depths of a deep content making caustic comments about the human form as revealed by the relentless sea.

"That's a pippin!" they would say; or, "My aunt! look at his legs!" They voiced their opinions audibly and were ready to back them up with flight or fight.

It was there that the Red Un saw the little girl. She had come from a machine, and her mother stood near. She was not a Coney Islander. She was first-cabin certainly—silk stockings on her thin ankles, sheer white frock; no jewelry. She took a snapshot of the four boys—to their discomfiture—and walked away while they were still writhing.

"That for mine!" said the Red Un in one of his rare enthusiasms.

They had supper—a sandwich and a glass of beer; they would have preferred pop, but what deep-water man on shore drinks pop?—and made their way back to the ship by moonlight. The Red Un was terse in his speech on the car: mostly he ate peanuts abstractedly. If he evolved any clear idea out of the chaos of his mind it was to wish she had snapped him in his uniform with the brass buttons.

The heat continued; the men in the stokehole, keeping up only enough steam for the dynamos and donkey engines, took turns under the ventilators or crawled up to the boatdeck at dusk, too exhausted to dress and go ashore. The swimmers were overboard in the cool river with the first shadows of night; the Quartermaster, so old that he dyed his hair for fear he'd be superannuated, lowered his lean body hand over hand down a rope and sat by the hour on a stringpiece of the dock, with the water laving his hairy and tattooed old breast.

The Red Un was forbidden the river. To be honest, he was rather relieved—not twice does a man dare the river god, having once been crowned with his slime and waterweed. When the boy grew very hot he slipped into a second-cabin shower, and stood for luxurious minutes with streams running off his nose and the ends of his fingers and splashing about his bony ankles.

Then, one night, some of the men took as many passengers' lifebelts and went in. The immediate result was fun combined with safety; the secondary result was placards over the ship and the dock, forbidding the use of the ship's lifebelts by the crew.

From that moment the Red Un was possessed for the river and a lifebelt. So were the other three. The signs were responsible. Permitted, a ship's lifebelt was a subterfuge of the cowardly, white-livered skunks who were afraid of a little water; forbidden, a ship's lifebelt took on the qualities of enemy's property—to be reconnoitered, assaulted, captured and turned to personal advantage.

That very night, then, four small bodies, each naked save for a lifebelt, barrelshaped and extending from breast almost to knee, slipped over the side of the ship with awkward splashes and proceeded to disport themselves in the river. Scolding tugs sent waves for them to ride; ferries crawled like gigantic bugs with a hundred staring eyes. They found the Quartermaster on a stringpiece immersed to the neck and smoking his pipe, and surrounded him—four small, shouting imps, floating barrels with splashing hands and kicking feet.

"Gwan, ye little devils!" said the Quartermaster, clutching the stringpiece and looking about in the gloom for a weapon. The Red Un, quite safe and audacious in his cork jacket, turned over on his back and kicked.

"Gwan yerself, Methuselah!" he sang.

They stole the old man's pipe and passed it from mouth to mouth; they engaged him in innocent converse while one of them pinched his bare old toe under water, crabfashion. And at last they prepared to shin up the rope again and sleep the sleep of the young, the innocent and the refreshed.

The Chief was leaning over the rail, just above, smoking! He leaned against the rail and smoked for three hours! Eight eyes, watching him from below, failed to find anything in his face but contemplation; eight hands puckered like a washerwoman's; eight feet turned from medium to clean, from clean to bleached—and still the Chief smoked on. He watched the scolding tugs and the ferryboats that crawled over the top of the water; he stood in rapt contemplation of the electric signs in Jersey, while the ship's bells marked the passage of time to eternity, while the Quartermaster slept in his bed, while the odors of the river stank in their nostrils and the pressure of the ship's lifebelts weighed like lead on their clammy bodies.

At eight bells—which is midnight—the Chief emptied his twenty-fourth pipe over the rail and smiled into the gloom beneath.

"Ye'll better be coming up," he remarked pleasantly. "I'm for turning in mysel'."

He wandered away; none of the watch was near. The ship was dark, save for her riding lights. Hand over puckered hand they struggled up and wriggled out of the belts; stark naked they ducked through passageways and alleys, and stowed their damp and cringing forms between sheets.

The Red Un served the Chief's breakfast the next morning very carefully. The Chief's cantaloupe was iced; his kipper covered with a hot plate; the morning paper propped against McAndrew's hymn. The Red Un looked very clean and rather bleached.

The Chief was busy; he read the night reports, which did not amount to much, the well soundings, and a letter from a man offering to show him how to increase the efficiency of his engines fifty per cent, and another offering him a rake-off on a new lubricant.

Outwardly the Chief was calm—even cold. Inwardly he was rather uncomfortable: he could feel two blue eyes fixed on his back and remembered the day he had pulled them out of the river, and how fixed and desperate they were then. But what was it McAndrew said? "Law, order, duty an' restraint, obedience, discipline!"

Besides, if the boys were going to run off with the belts some damned first-class passenger was likely to get a cabin minus a belt and might write to the management. The line had had bad luck; it did not want another black eye. He cleared his throat; the Red Un dropped a fork.

"That sort of thing last night won't do, William."

"N-No, sir."

"Ye had seen the signs, of course?"

"Yes, sir." The Red Un never lied to the Chief; it was useless.

The Chief toyed with his kipper.

"Ye'll understand I'd ha' preferred dealin' with the matter mysel'; but it's—gone up higher."

The Quartermaster, of course! The Chief rose and pretended to glance over the well soundings.

"The four of ye will meet me in the Captain's room in fifteen minutes," he observed casually.

The Captain was feeding his cat when the Red Un got there. The four boys lined up uncomfortably; all of them looked clean, subdued, apprehensive. If they were to be locked up in this sort of weather, and only three days to sailing time—even a fine would be better. The Captain stroked the cat and eyed them.

"Well," he said curtly, "what have you four young imps been up to now?"

The four young imps stood panicky. They looked as innocent as choir boys. The cat, eating her kipper, wheezed.

"Please, sir," said the Captain's boy solicitously, "Peter has something in his throat."

"Perhaps it's a ship's lifebelt," said the Captain grimly, and caught the Chief's eye.

The line palpitated; under cover of its confusion the Chief, standing in the doorway with folded arms, winked swiftly at the Captain; the next moment he was more dour than ever.

"You are four upsetters of discipline," said the Captain, suddenly pounding the table. "You four young monkeys have got the crew by the ears, and I'm sick of it! Which one of you put the fish in Mrs. Schmidt's bed?"

Mrs. Schmidt was a stewardess. The Red Un stepped forward.

"Who turned the deckhose into the Purser's cabin night before last?"

"Please," said the Doctor's boy pallidly, "I made a mistake in the room. I thought ——"

"Who," shouted the Captain, banging again, "cut the Quartermaster's rope two nights ago and left him sitting under the dock for four hours?"

The Purser's boy this time, white to the lips! Fresh panic seized them; it could hardly be mere arrest if he knew all this; he might order them hanged from a yardarm or shot at sunrise. He looked like the latter. The Red Un glanced at the Chief, who looked apprehensive also, as if the thing was going too far. The Captain may have read their thoughts, for he said:

"You're limbs of Satan, all of you, and hanging's too good for you. What do you say, Chief? How can we make these young scamps lessons in discipline to the crew?"

Everybody breathed again and looked at the Chief—who stood tall and sandy and rather young to be a Chief—in the doorway.

"Eh, mon," he said, and smiled, "I'm aye a bit severe. Don't ask me to punish the bairns."

The Captain sniffed.

"Severe!" he observed. "You Scots are hard in the head, but soft in the disposition. Come, Chief—shall they walk the plank?"

"Good deescipline," assented the Chief, "but it would leave us a bit shorthanded."

"True," said the Captain gloomily.

"I was thinkin'," remarked the Chief diffidently—one hates to think before the Captain; that's always supposed to be his job.

"Yes?"

"That we could make a verra fine example of them and still retain their services. Ha' ye, by chance, seen a crow hangin' head down in a field, a warnin' to other muschiefmakers?"

"Ou-ay!" said the Captain, who had a Scotch mother. The line wavered again; the Captain's boy, who pulled his fingers when he was excited, cracked three knuckles.

"It would be good deescipline," continued the Chief, "to stand the four o' them in ship's belts at the gangway, say for an hour, morning and evening—clad, ye ken, as they were during the said infreengements."

"You're a great man, Chief!" said the Captain. "You hear that, lads?"

"With—with no trousers?" gasped the Doctor's boy.

"If you wore trousers last night. If not ——"

The thing was done that morning. Four small boys, clad only in ship's belts, above which rose four sheepish heads and freckled faces, below which shifted and wriggled eight bare legs, stood in line at the gangway and suffered agonies of humiliation at the hands of crew and dockmen, grinning customs inspectors, coalpassers, and a newspaper photographer hunting a human-interest bit for a Sunday paper. The cooks came up from below and peeped out at them; the ship's cat took up a position in line and came out in the Sunday edition as "a fellow conspirator."

The Red Un, owing to an early training that had considered clothing desirable rather than essential, was not vitally concerned. The Quartermaster had charge of the line; he had drawn a mark with chalk along the deck, and he kept their toes to it by marching up and down in front of them with a broomhandle over his shoulder.

"Toe up, you little varmints!" he would snap. "God knows I'd be glad to get a rap at you—keeping an old man down in the water half the night! Toe up!"

Whereupon, aiming an unlucky blow at the Purser's boy, he hit the Captain's cat. The line snickered.

It was just after that the Red Un, surmising a snap by the photographer on the dock and thwarting it by putting his thumb to his nose, received the shock of his small life. The little girl from Coney Island, followed by her mother, was on the pier—was showing every evidence of coming up the gangway to where he stood. Was coming! Panic seized the Red Un—panic winged with flight. He turned—to face the Chief. Appeal sprang to the Red Un's lips.

"Please!" he gasped. "I'm sick, sick as h—sick as a dog, Chief. I've got a pain in my chest I ——"

Curiously enough, the Chief did not answer or even hear. He, too, was looking at the girl on the gangway and at her mother. The next moment the Chief was in full flight, ignominious flight, his face, bleached with the heat of the engine room and the stokehole, set as no emergency of broken shaft or flying gear had ever seen it. Broken shaft indeed! A man's life may be a broken shaft.

The woman and the girl came up the gangway, evidently to inspect staterooms. The Quartermaster had rallied the Red Un back to the line and stood before him, brandishing his broomhandle. Black fury was in the boy's eye; hate had written herself on his soul. His Chief had ignored his appeal—had left him to his degradation—had deserted him.

The girl saw the line, started, blushed, recognized the Red Un—and laughed!

The great voyage began—began with the band playing and much waving of flags and display of handkerchiefs; began with the girl and her mother on board; began with the Chief eating his heart out over coal and oil vouchers and well soundings and other things; began with the Red Un in a new celluloid collar, lying awake at night to hate his master, adding up his injury each day to greater magnitude.

The voyage began. The gong rang from the bridge. Stand By! said the twin dials. Half Ahead! Full Ahead! Full Ahead! Man's wits once more against the upreaching of the sea! The Chief, who knew that somewhere

(Continued on Page 73)

He Lay on the Floor and Directed the Fight

THE QUIET LIFE

By Robert Shackleton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"The Phrase 'Abandoned Farm' Meant to Us Alchemy or Sorcery"

THEY were born city-dwellers who had longed for a home in the country; but not a suburban home! To them, in their exalted state of mind, that would have been mere pretense of country. They were determined to have a place of many acres.

They would not need to make a living from their land however. If it would give them quiet and beauty that was all they would ask. They would maintain the land; the land need not maintain them. They had a comfortable sufficiency, with enough left over for experiments and pleasure. "And this was to be unalloyed pleasure," as the husband put it to me; "and we felt so sure of it that we did not deem it an experiment."

For some years he would continue at his work, which was fortunately of a kind that permitted of his spending a considerable part of his time wherever he wished, and this considerable part he would spend at the farm. When he could finally retire and have all his time at his disposal they would live for eight or nine months of each year—so they planned—at their farm, and spend the remaining months in New York or in travel.

"What we wanted," he went on—I had not seen them for over a year and we had unexpectedly foregathered one day in New York, and they were bubbling over with their experiences—"What we wanted was the relaxation, the restfulness, the general happiness of the quiet life."

"The looking out over our broad acres; the long and pleasant evenings of sitting quietly as we talked and dreamed and looked up at the moon or stars; the hours of reading in shady nooks; the loitering walks along lonely lanes!" came from his wife antiphonally.

Arduous Idleness Instead of Rest

"WITH our cow giving milk, our garden giving vegetables, our trees giving firewood!" said he. "And we certainly had the hazy but delightful notion that we should have nothing to do but hire some necessary help and do a little picturesque superintending."

"George Washington, riding round his estate on horseback!" put in his wife with a mischievous smile.

"And Martha, with a book of verses, underneath the bough!" responded he.

"In short, our life in the country was to be both idle and ideal," commented his wife.

"It has turned out to be an arduous idleness!" he said.

"Yes; it has been principally work and weeds!" said she.

"But we like it!" they exclaimed in eager concord. "And we never worked so hard in our lives."

"We are in love with the whole thing. We're glad we began and we're going to keep it up!" summarized the husband. "As you know," he went on, "my work makes me travel a great deal, and it had been simply impossible to have a home in the ordinary normal way; but we always wanted one. And we gradually came to feel that the home must have plenty of breathing space. I had often looked from car windows at the fields and trees and streams and envied the men who could live among them."

"We used to go visiting for week-ends every chance we had," said she, "at country places all white paint and green shade, with hosts in white flannels and hostesses in the white linen of idleness. The only drawback, all of them declared, was that they had too little land and too near neighbors, and were altogether too near the city. They boasted of their fruit, their flowers, their trees, their grass, their hills. It was My this! and My that!—nothing like it in the world! Each seemed to find his land flowing with milk and honey. All the paint was white and all the drives scratched and rolled.

"They all knew the names of every growing thing and could gently correct us with big sounders like *Juniperus communis*, variety *Hibernia*, when, meaning to be appreciative, we said their cedar bushes looked like Italian cypresses in the moonlight. There was never any hint of work or harassments. Each time we went to the suburbs or the country on a visit my husband tried to learn the value of land by the acre and marked it on his New England or New Jersey map. I could see he was struggling to learn what grew in a field by looking at it. He could, by the end of summer, say safely: 'What a fine field of corn!' But that was about all.

"And then we got our own place, with none of the disadvantages!"—they smiled at each other, appreciatively reminiscent of their ignorance—"with none of the disadvantages of the places of our friends!"

"The phrase 'abandoned farm' meant to us all that alchemy or sorcery meant to the man of the Middle Ages—perhaps because I was a middle-aged man! One day, as I was starting back to New York from Boston, I wired my wife that I would stop off somewhere and look for our farm. So I stopped off, made some local inquiries and almost at once hit upon a place that marvelously matched our dreams and wired my wife I had bought it. It was one hundred and sixty-five acres, three miles from a railroad station that was four and a half hours by train from New York. Twenty acres of it was woodland and there was an old-fashioned house not too tumbledown for repairs. I got it absurdly cheap and in a way to make me a great capitalist in the eyes of the countryside—for I paid for it! And the man who sold it to me loomed locally large as one who was able to get cash for land; for farms in that immediate section are sold for a small sum down and a mortgage for the rest, and no one seriously expects a mortgage to be taken up—the interest being for the purchaser to pay annually as if it were rent, and for the seller to receive as a little income."

"But you didn't say ——" began the wife.

"How much I paid? Didn't I? Why, for everything, house and farm, and farm buildings and woods, only ten dollars an acre—just one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars for the whole big thing!"

"With a running stream," put in his wife softly.

"Yes; with a running stream—a delightful reminder!"

"And a view."

"A dozen of them—each one better than the other!"

"And something else," smilingly added his wife. "There was hay!" And at this they both laughed.

"You see," said my friend's wife, "we had been up there just a few days when one evening there came a knock at the door and there stood a farmer.

"'Don't ye want to sell your hay?' he drawled.

"I hesitated. What did he mean? I didn't know of any hay! But I didn't say anything. I just stared for a moment and he took my hesitation for unwillingness to sell.

"'I'll give ye eighty dollars for it.'

"'I'll speak to my husband,' I replied.

"I hurried in to him.

"'Have we got such a thing as hay?' I demanded.

"'Hay!' said he. 'Hay!' You ought to have seen his face! 'We haven't planted any and there isn't any in the barn; but if that farmer says we've got hay we've got it though Heaven knows where it is! But one thing's sure: If a man offers eighty dollars it must be worth a hundred. I'll sell it to him for that.' He did; and next day the farmer began cutting the tall grass that covered the whole place, which we had been wondering how to make into a tidy, low-set green, such as covered the suburban lawns of the friends we had visited."

When I smiled the husband said, rather nettled:

"Oh, you needn't think you'd 'a' known better if you'd never seen hay, except as dry stuff in a bale!"

"Even yet I'm not sure we'd always know the difference between hay and straw!" murmured his wife.

Poor Old Angelina

"PERHAPS not. Well, just to see how the thing worked out, we watched that man cut for days and then load, and together we managed to keep tab on him—not critical of our bargain, for we were proud of it, but just so's we'd know something. Well, that farmer cut and hauled fifteen loads, and I found out by asking at the railway station that it was worth twenty-five dollars a load!"

"But we had another way of learning the price of hay," put in the wife.

Her husband laughed.

"Yes; it was a good one on me, for I had just bought a horse and it was to come the next day, and I forgot it would need hay itself; so for the whole summer I had to keep buying my own hay back at the full market price. I don't suppose I quite paid back the whole hundred dollars for hay for Angelina, but it certainly seemed as if I did."

"Angelina was a wonder!" said the wife. "We christened her Angelina before knowing her real name was Nelly, and Angelina stuck. She cost one hundred dollars and the man that sold her said she was eight years old; but farmers who were obliging enough to look into her mouth at the ancient relics there estimated their antiquity so highly that we came almost to believe that the hundred dollars had been a dollar a year! And she is great for backing, this Angelina of ours. It pretty much came to be that the best way to get her to go north was to aim her south; but on the whole we manage to get along with her pretty well.

"And the horse wasn't all the livestock we bought!" exclaimed the wife inconsequently. "We bought a bulldog for fifteen dollars, and when we closed the house and went to town for the winter we had to board him out at eight dollars a month. When we were home he put in most of his time chasing the cow.

"We didn't buy the cow—just rented it; and we really got it to please a thrifty cook. There was so much skim

milk to throw away that the cook thriftily worried a lot about it, and there was nothing for it but to buy two pigs to consume the extra milk! I think, by the end of the season, we had paid out a great deal more than we ought for cow rent and pigs. But we enjoyed it all!

"Once, when my husband had to be away, leaving me in charge, the cook, in spite of the cow and pigs, left—and her husband, the hired man, left too; and all at once I realized that the horse was to be fed, and the cow watered and milked, and the pigs and the dog cared for! It made me gasp—it took the whole day!

"The getting of help was the constant trouble. First, for a maid I hired a local girl. She wouldn't wear a cap and I didn't try to have her do so, but I did insist upon a white apron for the dining room. At the first dinner in she whisked with the roast, in a blue gingham apron. I looked hard at her and I thought she understood, for she threw the tail of it over her arm and shot out to the kitchen; but in a few minutes, with the vegetables, she whisked in in the gingham again. With the dessert—it was real country pie—it was again the gingham apron! I gently spoke to her afterward.

"'Well, you see, I wasn't going to stay in the room; so what was the use of the white apron? I went in and out so fast I thought you couldn't see it was blue.'

"I had to be patient, for I had driven miles upon miles to get her. It was worse when she developed a complaint I might have expected from a city girl, taken out there, but not from one to the country born for it was loneliness! I felt positively brutal. And when she began: 'I want to go home to my mother! I want to go home to my mother!' of course I let her go.

"We came to know that refrain! Extra wages, tips, personal attention, frequent days off, presents nothing seemed to help. 'I want to go home to my mother!' was always the reiterated cry."

Worried by a Worrier

"ANOTHER local girl—and they were few and hard to find developed this complaint, and another even worse, for she was particular about her bed! The new white iron one that had been bought held for her all the elements of danger that go with the unknown. 'I never slep' on an iron bed,' she said disapprovingly. 'It makes me afraid when it thunders.' So I got a wooden bed for her. But down went her disapproving upper lip again. 'I never slep' on springs,' she said. 'I want a feather bed. Feathers are never struck by lightning. I want to go home to my mother!' And I sent her home."

"The capable Mrs. Quain did not want to go home to her mother," remarked the husband.

"No! And I shan't forget the capable Mrs. Quain. I got her up from New York, highly recommended by a family that was going to Europe; and her husband came along to be hired man.

"She was a good cook and in most ways an excellent servant; but I didn't give her enough to do at the same time that we were giving ourselves too much to do. That was the rock we split on. She was a great worrier about everything. She was the one for whom we got the cow and the pigs. And she worried about our working on our own place with our own hands.

"You see, we were having the intense joy of fixing up a charming old house. Of course we had carpenters as much as possible; but they were very hard to get, and there were always lots of things we could do ourselves and we wanted to get them done. Mrs. Quain, after putting away the breakfast dishes and pottering round a little, would very likely come into a room where we were hard at work nailing, pulling nails, tearing out, hammering up, sawing, lifting, working hard at anything and having the time of our lives. Whereupon, time hanging heavy on her own hands, she would set herself to manage ours.

"Standing in the doorway, in immaculate order herself, she would shake her head sadly.

"'I'm too old to help at this kind of work,' she would say with subdued respectability.

"'We don't want you to; just keep us fed and we'll work, one of us would respond with mouth full of nails.

"She was really pained.

"'But I never worked for a master and mistress that worked themselves!'

"'Then you are experiencing a new sensation,' she would be told.

"Her very back would express severe disapproval as she disappeared to get the noon meal, and we would very likely hear a murmur of worried criticism.

"About one-thirty she would restlessly show up again. 'I am too old to help at this sort of work,' she would say.

"'But we don't want you to. You gave us a good luncheon; you keep us well supplied and we'll do the work.'

"Again would come the murmur of worried helplessness:

"'I never worked for a master or mistress that worked themselves!'

"Of course a real clash was inevitable and we lost her—or she lost us.

"My husband went down to New York and heard of a carpenter he could get at four dollars a day and 'kept,' with a wife who would come as cook at six dollars a week. The wife had been a clerk in one of the big department stores and, as it turned out, had never cooked in her life, even in her own home! Ice-cream sodas were very much more in her very pert line. However she was clever and she was willing to learn; and within a couple of weeks she had become a fair plain cook. The husband was really a good carpenter and we could find things for a carpenter to do for far into the future. However there were disadvantages. For example, he would be working on the parlor floor at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. 'John! John! You go and bring up some potatoes for dinner!' 'All right!' Whereupon John quits his four-dollars-a-day-and-kept job and goes down cellar for potatoes; then, following his wife's further orders, he goes out to the garden for corn and beets—and he washes the beets so his wife won't get her little hands soiled. There was lots of that sort of thing, but the two did work pretty well and really got things done; so we breathed easy and didn't criticize. But they tired of the country. After all it wasn't their farm, and I suppose they couldn't be expected to feel thrilly about it."

"He 'Reckoned as How a Late Spring Frost Must 'a' Struck the Putty'!"

The Putty Man

"THE other day I had a brief ultimatum from a desirable Dane," said the husband. "'Forty dollars and kept,' I accepted. Then he bought two horses and said: 'Sixty dollars for self and team—all kept.' I hadn't thought of getting a team besides Angelina; but after all, there was a good deal of hauling to do and some grading and stone moving. So I accepted that too. I shan't know until I get back there whether or not he's bought several more horses and raised his figures.

"I've had all sorts of troubles," he continued. "Most of the glass in the windows was loose. An oldtimer said the house hadn't been painted since 1877, and if he had said 1777 I shouldn't have doubted him. Well, I found that an old fellow in the village would do the windows, only he wanted them down at his own house; so I loaded up every window and sent them to him, leaving only screens and shutters till the job was done. It was so he could do them leisurely, as he put it. And he did the work leisurely enough!—so leisurely that he used no zincs, only putty; it was too much trouble to get zincs.

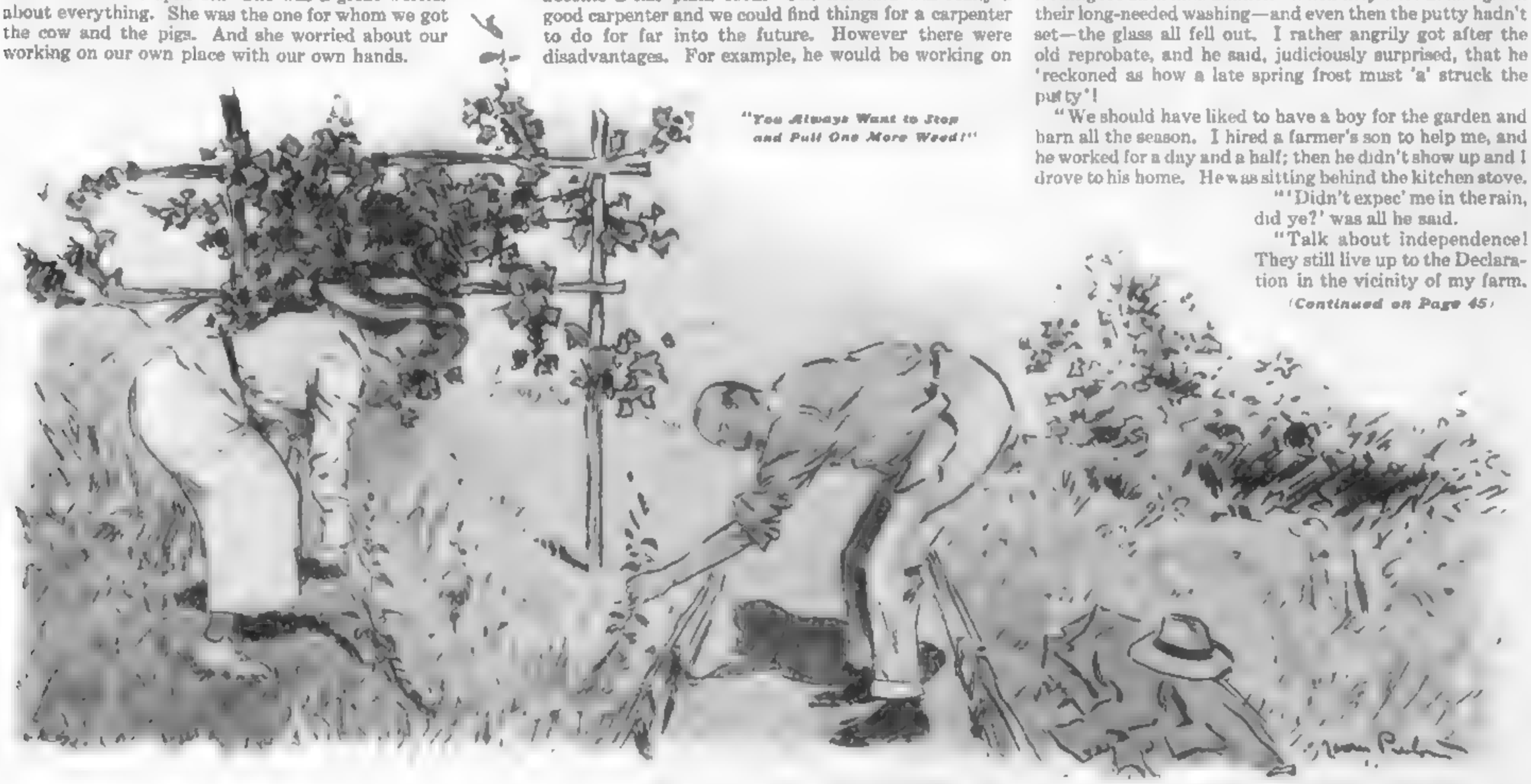
"Then he insisted, after the windows were put back, that they must not be washed for three months—'So's the putty kin set!' So there they were, a smudgy and untidy-looking lot until midsummer. When they were at last given their long-needed washing—and even then the putty hadn't set—the glass all fell out. I rather angrily got after the old reprobate, and he said, judiciously surprised, that he 'reckoned as how a late spring frost must 'a' struck the putty'!

"We should have liked to have a boy for the garden and barn all the season. I hired a farmer's son to help me, and he worked for a day and a half; then he didn't show up and I drove to his home. He was sitting behind the kitchen stove.

"'Didn't expec' me in the rain, did ye?' was all he said.

"Talk about independence! They still live up to the Declaration in the vicinity of my farm.

(Continued on Page 45)



"You Always Want to Stop and Pull One More Weed!"

Elkanah Browne's Letter Books

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT HAD become a tradition along La Salle Street that nobody could possibly beat Elkanah Browne, though he could beat anybody he pleased; so when he unloaded Calumet Trolley on Thomas Hood & Co. the Street simply laughed.

The unloading was accomplished in the following manner: Nicholas Benson, Elkanah's private secretary, gave Hood & Co. an order to buy a thousand shares of Calumet Trolley; Mr. Browne, he said confidentially, was going to take it into his United Traction system. Whereupon Thomas Hood & Co. bought a cartload of it themselves. Later on, when the shares were delivered to them, they discovered that the seller had been none other than Elkanah, and the next day—far from taking Calumet Trolley into his traction system—he threw it into the hands of a receiver. With sickening celerity Calumet Trolley dropped from thirty-six dollars a share to twelve.

Now this was quite in harmony with Elkanah Browne's general conduct and reputation; but to the victims it seemed very different, because Thomas Hood & Co. were not as other houses. Bradshaw—through whom Elkanah had dumped Calumet Trolley—said that Thomas Hood set up in the brokerage business at Chicago the week after the Fort Dearborn massacre and had exactly the same customers now as on the opening day. Among them were Enoch Poole, who had made a comfortable fortune shipping cattle in wartimes; William Higgins, whose active business career dated back to steamboat days on the Mississippi; and Judge Grantham Hanna, who had acquired riches and a high reputation for sagacity by taking over, for debt, some State Street lots he considered worthless at the time.

The old house stuck to its rather shabby office on Dearborn Street, with black walnut furniture and not even a blackboard to post quotations on, long after the new generation of brokers moved over to La Salle Street and flowered in rosewood and marble. The newer generation called it the Old Settlers' Home and the Tightwad Club—and sighed with envy over its steady trade in first-mortgage bonds.

"It's infamous! Simply infamous!" gasped Thomas Hood to Enoch Poole, William Higgins and Judge Grantham Hanna, who had joined him in the unfortunate purchase of Calumet Trolley. "Does that new-rich scoundrel think he can play his dirty tricks on me? Why, fifteen years ago, when the wretch was getting this traction stuff together, I kept him on his feet! He'd have gone to the wall if it hadn't been ——" The old gentleman's utterance choked and for a moment he glared at his aged friends in speechless indignation. "You remember, Enoch," he appealed, "you and I helped him get the Clark Street Horse Railroad that he started with. Why, you and I are both directors of it to this day—and the low upstart puppy sending that scurvy blackleg, Benson, to gull us! Bosh! Nonsense!" Again words failed the venerable broker, and his sere hand shook as he tugged mercilessly at a sparse white side-whisker. "Does he think I'll tamely submit to that sort of treatment?" he demanded when he got his voice. "Johnson!" he shouted. "Get me a cab." Glaring round the board he announced: "I'm going to tell him what I think of him!"

He did not see Elkanah Browne however. He was kept waiting in the anteroom half an hour, his wrath increasing every minute, and was then shown into the office of Nicholas Benson.

On the Street—and behind his own ample back—the private secretary was affectionately known as "Piggy" Benson. He had no neck to speak of; his small ears were imbedded in his broad jowls, and his shoulders were so wide and square that they might have been constructed of plank. His large mouth was meagerly thatched with a black mustache, and his taste in haberdashery ran decidedly to the brightest colors and most youthful effects. He was standing at the corner of his desk, one hand full of papers, when the old broker strode in, just at the bursting point.

"Mr. Browne can't see you today," the secretary announced very curtly before Thomas Hood could open his mouth—"or tomorrow or the day after. He's very busy this week. Telephone me next week and maybe I can make an appointment for you." With which he marched briskly to the door at the right, leading into his chief's office, and disappeared.

If any other person had been in the room at the moment no doubt Thomas Hood would have beaten that person over the head, irrespective of race, color or condition. Indeed, he grasped his gold-headed cane firmly in the middle and took a step toward the closed door. Then, someway, his blurry eyes happened to see a letter-copy book lying on the corner of the secretary's desk. This was at half past eleven in the morning.

"So It's You—You Blackleg!"

At half past three that afternoon Thomas Hood surreptitiously beckoned Benny Wilcox into his private office and carefully locked the door. The young man had red hair, a classic profile and a skin so fair that the tan, to his perpetual mortification, never would hide the freckles. He was of a slim, wiry build, and visibly overflowing with nervous energy and indiscretion. Six months before this he had been financial reporter for the Messenger, but Thomas Hood had taken a great liking to him and invited him into the brokerage house—with better prospects than reporting afforded. In response to the senior's surreptitious nod the young man came so rapidly that a thin veil of smoke still issued from his right-hand trousers pocket, into which he had thrust a brier pipe—the head of the house retaining an old-fashioned prejudice against nicotine; and behind the locked door he looked into the old gentleman's dim eyes with such an air of alert obedience that Thomas Hood was reminded of a fine, intelligent puppy, anxious to learn its lesson, and his aged heart was constricted. In an embarrassed manner he described the circumstances of his visit to the United Traction offices.

"I must have been completely beside myself, Benny—completely beside myself," he explained nervously. "I can't account for it any other way. You see, the way those puppies had treated me, and then to show me the door as though I'd been a beggar —— By George! But I mustn't let this temper of mine run away with me again. Always control your temper, Benny! An uncontrolled temper is a terrible thing. Someway I happened to see the book lying there and I was in such a towering rage —— Well, I had some sort of crazy notion, you see, that I would make Elkanah Browne himself come down to my office and apologize on his hands and knees before I would give him back the book! I don't know but I thought I'd make him sit up and bark. I was completely beside myself—and I just whipped it under my coat and made off. Of course it was an utterly childish thing to do—utterly childish!" The old man passed a humble and trembly hand over his bald poll.

"Why, I don't think so at all, Mr. Hood," Benny declared.

"So you see what a terrible predicament I'm in now," the broker continued, ignoring the flattery. "It was larceny—a theft; nothing less than a downright theft!" he repeated firmly. "There it is. I could be sent to jail for it—and ought to be." So saying he opened the top drawer in the desk beside which they were standing, lifted out a book and laid it before Benny. It was a letter-copy book, bound in red morocco, the front cover bearing the initials E. B. and the number eighty-seven in gold. "I never supposed I should live to do such a thing. I must be getting old," Mr. Hood added very humbly.

Benny remained discreetly silent.

"You see what a terrible fix I'm in," the broker continued. "I stole it! The question, of course, is how to get it back—and I thought perhaps you, Benny—being familiar with the offices up there ——"

"Oh, sure—sure!" Benny interrupted eagerly. "I can slip it back without any trouble at all. I remember exactly where the letter-copy books are—in a lacquered steel rack just inside the vault off Piggy Benson's room I've noticed 'em twenty times. Why, I'll fix it for you, Mr. Hood."

"Will you, really?" said the old man anxiously. "You don't know what a load it would take off my mind! Without, you understand—without anybody knowing. By George, I'd hate to have to apologize to Browne and that dog Benson for having stolen their book!"

"Don't you worry! I'll fix it for you. I'm sure I can think up a scheme that will work," the young man affirmed—and all the time he was looking curiously at the red-bound book.

"That'll be good of you," said the broker; "and—h'm—of course you see the situation, Benny. That book—who knows how many reputations there may be inside it, or whose? That book—h'm! I'm honor-bound, you see. And so—your word, Benny, that you won't even open the covers."

"On my word!" the young man replied soberly, whereupon Thomas Hood silently patted his shoulder.

Later that afternoon—in a select boarding house on Dearborn Avenue—Benny Wilcox paced his bedroom floor with his hands plunged in his trousers pockets. The morocco-bound letter book lay on the writing table, as he had taken the precaution to lock the door. It fascinated him, and every now and then he paused in his pacing to look down at it. He couldn't look at it without recalling some fresh instance of Elkanah Browne's perfidy and rapacity, or of Piggy Benson's meanness. In that book he had them both, so to speak, in the hollow of his hand! Three or four times he ran his index finger thoughtfully round the edge of the cover. It seemed like flying in the

The Secretary Muttered an Oath and Glared at the Table

face of Providence—but, of course, Thomas Hood's honor was involved—he had given his word; and with virtuous resolution he doubled the sinful finger and thrust it back into his trousers pocket.

The next forenoon being Saturday, he telephoned Piggy Benson that he had some street-railroad news which the private secretary would probably like to hear, and made an appointment to call at two o'clock

Appearing at that hour he carried a raincoat in a careless wad over his left arm and a bag of golf sticks.

"Going on up the North Shore for a little golf," he explained as he entered the secretary's office and dropped his raincoat on a chair by the vault door. A square mahogany table occupied the center of the room, and Piggy sat at the north side of it with the premises under his vigilant eye. The vault was in the west wall, and opposite it, in the east wall, was the closed door to the directors' room, beyond which lay Mr. Browne's room. The vacant chair that callers usually took was on the west side of the desk, so placed that its occupant would have his back to the vault. Before taking it, however, Benny kept on his feet and made a jocular remark, at the same time taking a rapid survey of the vault's interior. The lacquered rack, holding half a dozen or more morocco-bound copybooks, stood just inside the vault door, exactly as he remembered it.

Being thus assured, Benny leaned his bag of golf sticks against the table. As he did so an electric annunciator buzzed imperiously, and Piggy, rising mechanically, bolted toward Mr. Browne's office.

He was gone only a minute and returned red in the face.

"You heard that buzzer, didn't you?" he appealed to Benny, who was examining a large photograph of a new-style street car that hung on the wall near the vault. "I'm sure it rang, but Mr. Browne says it didn't!" the secretary commented, seating himself. "Maybe the wires are crossed. What is this strike business now?"

As Mr. Benson asked the question peevishly and seemed in an ill humor, Benny surmised that his chief had said something unpleasant to him for coming in without being summoned. Elkanah was apt to be unpleasant.

Benny sat down and unfolded his news, which concerned a secret attempt then under way to unionize the traction employees with a view to striking for higher wages. It was a quite plausible story, for he had taken some pains to think it out. As he talked it occurred to Benny that he had never before noticed how much like a pig Piggy really looked. He couldn't help thinking, also, how very different the outcome would have been if Thomas Hood's private correspondence had fallen into Piggy's fat white hands!

The secretary was not very deeply impressed by Benny's story. They'd tried that game of unionizing the men half a dozen times, he observed contemptuously; but the company had plenty of informers—it always found out what was going on and nipped the scheme in the bud by promptly discharging the leaders. He added rather negligently, however, that if Benny got any more exact and detailed information in the future he would be glad to receive it.

"And, by-the-way, Wilcox," the secretary continued, his unhandsome face darkening with a formidable frown, "what's the matter with that old goat you're working for, anyhow? He's going round town shooting off his senile old mouth about me to everybody who will listen to him. Ain't he got any sense at all? Can't Mr. Browne and I tie a can to his tail if we want to without his pawing up the whole face of the earth about it?"

With that polite, modest and respectful query Piggy expelled his breath portentously through his flat nostrils—a habit that presumably was due to an asthmatic ailment.

The color rose rapidly under Benny Wilcox's fair skin and he batted his brown eyes rapidly. There was an instant when Piggy's flat nose seemed almost irresistibly attractive. The next instant he turned quite cool and remarked modestly, with downcast eyes:

"The old goat is getting pretty aged, you know."

"I should say he was!" Piggy affirmed, again breathing heavily. "He'd better go into an Old Ladies' Home. Wish you'd tell him so with my compliments."

"Well, I'll see my man Monday and if he's got any more strike news I'll let you know," said Benny, rising. "I must be going on if I'm to get any golf." He reached for the bag of golf sticks—and the electric annunciator buzzed.

The secretary muttered an oath and glared in savage indecision at the table, beneath which the buzzer was fastened; but it buzzed again, and muttering another oath he rose and went through the door in the east wall.

He was gone a little longer than before and returned still redder in the face. Benny Wilcox had departed then, with his raincoat and golf sticks.

Leaving the Traction Building Benny walked west as though to take the elevated; but at the first corner he turned south, and in that circuitous manner soon reached his select boarding house. In its palmy days it had been a packer's residence—a large and homely creation of red brick, with brownstone trimmings. There was a lawn at the south, and at the rear a red-brick and brownstone stable long lapsed from its original uses into a kind of catch-all for broken furniture and other junk.

Locking the bedroom door behind him, Benny extracted from the folds of his raincoat two morocco-bound letter-copy books, bearing on the front covers the initials E. B. in gold and the numbers, respectively, eighty-six and eighty-seven. Looking down at them the young man gave a somber smile of satisfaction, which presently changed to a chuckle that took in the furniture, as though it understood the joke. He chuckled even a little louder as he reached to the bag of golf sticks and gave a gentle pull at a brassy. An electric buzzer sounded from the bag.

The sticks were sawed off a foot from the butts, and the space thus left in the bag was occupied by a battery and buzzer. He burned the sawed-off sticks in the grate, and

"Elkanah Won't Do a Thing to Piggy When He Finds Out Those Books are Gone!"

stamped the battery and buzzer into shapelessness. He then got his old golf sticks out of a bureau drawer, put them in the bag and started for the golf links, going out through the stable.

It was eleven o'clock when he returned that evening; but the landlady was waiting for him, her mind divided between solicitude for the high repute of her house and curiosity over her boarders' affairs.

"Two detectives came here about four o'clock, with a search-warrant, and went through your things, Mr. Wilcox," she said. "A fat, ugly-looking man, with a little black mustache, came with them. I never supposed, Mr. Wilcox, I should have the police in my house; but I told them I was sure you hadn't done anything wrong." She waited in considerable agitation and dubiety for Benny to confirm this opinion—with all the details.

"Oh, that's all right!" he replied cheerfully. "I was expecting 'em; but I forgot to tell you."

Inspection showed that every possible hiding-place in his lodging had been thoroughly ransacked; and again he chuckled.

"Elkanah won't do a thing to Piggy when he finds out those books are gone!" Benny reflected cheerfully.

Sunday evening he called on his old friend, the managing editor of the Messenger, and Monday morning that powerful organ contained an item, conspicuously set in the front page, to the effect that a local magnate had lost two letter-copy books and was secretly exerting himself to regain them. Many people guessed, from the context, that the magnate must be Elkanah Browne; so the item provoked much interest in financial and political circles. But to the Evening Mercury, which he owned, Mr. Browne gave a denial that he had lost any letter books. It was a principle with him to deny whatever the independent press said about him.

The Evening Mercury, containing this denial, had been on the street a couple of hours when Benny left the office of Thomas Hood & Co. and fairly ran into Piggy Benson, who stood against the building beside the doorway, waiting for him. The secretary wore a very novel and nobby black-and-brown plaid fall overcoat, which magnified his bulk about two diameters, and a lemon-colored derby hat with a red band round it. His gloves were red and he was carrying a bamboo stick that had a curved tortoise-shell handle, mounted with platinum.

"Want to see you, Wilcox," he growled, stepping into the young man's path and making a significant little switching motion with his stick.

"Pretty busy just now, Piggy; suppose you call up next week and I'll see whether I can give you an appointment," the young man replied cheerfully, looking the secretary squarely in the eye.

Mr. Benson expelled his breath in a snort and turned purple. "You stole those letter books, all right, and the old man's going to send you to the penitentiary for it!" he affirmed, glowering at Benny. "You know Elkanah Browne! If he sets out to send you over he'll do it. You know him!" he repeated menacingly.

"Sure, I know him!" Benny replied. "And, by-the-way, what's the matter with the old goat anyway? Can't I tie a can to his tail without his pawing up the whole face of the earth?"

A painful spasm contorted the secretary's impurpled face, and his manner abruptly changed to a lament.

"Why, see here, Benny, you're queering me personally!" he mourned. "It's me you're hurting—not Elkanah Browne. I know you've got those books. Of course the old man blames me for the loss of 'em. He's treated me like a dog, and he's put it up to me to get 'em back. I've always been a good friend of yours. I've always helped you all I could. Look at all the news I used to give you!"

"A good deal of it wasn't true, Piggy," the young man replied in mild reproach.

"Oh, come, now! Be decent!" the secretary pleaded. "I did the best I could by you. And now you're queering me personally! I tell you the old man's raising the devil with me, and I can't make him see it's you that took the books for a holdup. He thinks I let the Messenger get hold of 'em somehow, and it drives him crazy! Not, you understand"—he corrected hastily—"that there's anything really important in 'em. It's only the annoyance."

Looking Piggy in the eye the young man smiled.

"No, there's nothing important in 'em," he said mildly. "I understand that."

As the secretary had every reason to suppose that Benny was acquainted with the contents of the books, another spasm contorted his face. "I'll give you five thousand dollars cash if you'll hand 'em back to me this afternoon. It's my own money too," he wailed. "You see it's me you're hurting. You're holding me up, Benny!"

"I'll tell you what you do," Benny replied after a moment's consideration. "You go over to the Elysian Café and take a seat in the far corner, next the orchestra. Probably hardly anybody will be in there at this hour. You wait for me there—with the cash."

The secretary wavered a moment. "It's an awful lot of money—but, yes; all right. I'll be there!" he concluded hastily as he thought the young man was about to turn away.

Glancing over his shoulder a moment later Benny observed the ponderous figure in the black-and-brown plaid coat plowing down the street. "Rare old sport, Piggy is!" he commented to himself. "Give him all the trumps in the deck and he'll bully you right out of the game; but if you hold a trump he's just a timid, mooing cow!" With that contemptuous reflection he went home and stayed there, leaving Mr. Benson to wait in the Elysian Café; but he kept running over in his mind what he had just learned concerning the relations between Elkanah Browne and his private secretary.

Meanwhile, in financial and political circles, gossip concerning the lost letter books persisted; and on the morning of the second day after the street interview with Piggy Benson the following advertisement appeared in bold black

(Continued on Page 65)

A TERRIBLE NIGHT

THREE ADVENTURERS SEE THE REAL PARIS UNDERWORLD

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"Cochon! Pig!—That You Should be Here!"

THE first detective had his whiskers trimmed to resemble the ace of spades. No one commented on this, for art, in Paris, extends to beards. They perform prodigies of facescape gardening in that hirsute city.

Moreover, had ribald remark been contemplated by any of us, it would have been stilled when the first detective explained that this beard accomplishment was a grand conception of his own. At the moment, his whiskers resembled the ace of spades; but instantly, with the aid of a comb and some pomade, he could transform that beard to the veritable contour of the ace of clubs or the ace of diamonds. The gentleman must admit, he said, that the affair was a stroke of genius; for any criminal who expected to be trailed by a detective who wore his beard in the shape of the ace of spades would be nonplused to discover himself tracked by a detective whose whiskers were of the true form of the ace of clubs, and become an easy captive. *Très bien!*

The other detective wore merely a long, flowing mustache, and was of no particular consequence. His chief function was to listen to what was said by the Ace of Spades and adopt a rapt expression during the saying, twirling the ends of his mustache in a confirmatory manner and exploding into ecstasies of enthusiastic and laudatory French. He was the claque. No man, said the Ace of Spades, knew so much of the devious ins and outs of the underworld of Paris as himself; no man struck such terror into the hearts of the bloodthirsty Apaches; no man was so skillful in discovering their lairs—and the Other One assured us this was the truth. Vidocq, it appeared, was a mere bungler compared with our prize. The Other One, with tears in his eyes and much manipulation of his mustache, besought us to believe this. On his sacred honor it was the truth! We had the real thing in the Ace of Spades.

Brave and Armed to the Teeth

THE expedition was organized by the English Author. He desired local color for a novel he was writing, with some of its scenes laid in the slums of Paris. He did not want to see the sort of thing the professional guides who slither along the Rue de la Paix have to offer, and he went to the Commissioner of Police and asked for two detectives—men who knew the underworld of Paris to its very depths. The arrangement was made. Two detectives were assigned to take the English Author to those parts of Paris rarely penetrated by a foreigner and to show him exactly what he desired—how and where the Apaches live.

The English Author asked the English Journalist and myself to go along. He said he had heard from friends of his of many interesting and curious sights to be seen on the outskirts of Paris and in its slums, and he was vastly curious to visit the Apache in his local habitation. So was I. I had read stories of the bloodthirsty Apaches of Paris for years and years, and the chance to look at them at close range, accompanied by sure-enough Parisian detectives, seemed too good to be lost. The English Journalist felt the same way; and we grabbed at the invitation.

Saturday night was the night—Saturday night, because then the Apache rests from his laborious murdering and garroting and robbing, and disports himself at his favorite resorts with his ladies. Saturday night is the Apache's night off. It would hardly do, explained the Ace of Spades, for him, an instrument of the law, to conduct us on any other night, inasmuch as he would be compelled to leave us should he discover an Apache murdering some one, as he was very likely to, and valiantly arrest that Apache, regardless of what might happen. In that case, he assured us, we should be at the mercy of other garroters, with no one handy to protect us. Tonight it was quite possible there would be no danger of this sort to be encountered; but in case there was! In case there was! Ah! He produced two automatic pistols from his overcoat pockets and, turning to his colleague, the Other One, asked: "You, too, are armed, *mon camarade?*"

He was. He had two big pistols also; he waved them in the air and told us they would defend us with their very lives.

It was reassuring. Here were two brave Frenchmen who would see to it we were not murdered while investigating these fearsome hidden recesses of the slums of Paris. No Apache would garrote us, or any of us. If a gang of them attacked us out would come those pistols, and Apache after Apache would die in whatever narrow street the assault occurred—die miserably, for the Ace of Spades said he never missed. In addition to being a great detective he was a sure shot.

We met at a certain place. The two detectives came together, arm in arm, the Ace of Spades alert and watchful, with his eyes never quiet for an instant, but constantly peering into places for something to detect. The Other One twirled his mustache prodigiously. Still, he said when he encountered an Apache and killed him he did not consider mustache twirling necessary. He only did it in the moment of his relaxation. I noticed during the night that he ceased twirling at other times, principally when he was having a *bock;* but even a French detective can hardly be expected to twirl his mustache and drink a *bock* at the same time—though it can be done, I suppose. Ours did it while he smoked our cigarettes.

Ten-thirty was the hour. Prompt to the minute came the detectives. But we did not get away at ten-thirty. Ah, no! It was fifteen minutes after eleven when we sallied forth, for it took forty-five minutes for our detectives to tell us what we were to see. The price for them was agreed upon. They were to have twenty francs each. The important thing, it seemed, was to arrange for the various fees and expenses of the evening. These were related to us in minute detail. It took half an hour for the Ace of Spades to explain. He went into centimes—a most painstaking and particular detective! There were so many expenses to be set forth. Was it not so, messieurs? It was, as we discovered.

"We shall be gone hours—hours!" said the Ace of Spades. "I shall show you sights never before seen by any English gentlemen—or American either!" he added hastily. "I shall take you to the veritable lairs of the Apache. Ah!—terrible!"

"Extraordinary terrible!" echoed the Other One.

"It will rack your nerves to see what I have to show you, gentlemen. It will place you in positions of the greatest danger; but be not afraid! Myself and my trusty comrade will protect you. We shall penetrate to the very depths of Paris, to the places where none but the bravest dare go—too dangerous, by far, for the gendarme, who never sees them. I, personally, am of the bravest! Is it not so?"

"It is—the bravest of the brave!" confirmed the Other One.

"Be not afraid, gentlemen! The sights I am to show you will cause your cheeks to pale and your brow to grow cold with the perspiration; but fear not. I am there! I!"

"He is there!" murmured the Other One adoringly.

"As you can very well see, in penetrating these dangerous places it will require money for fees. We must pay at times at doors, and to hangers-on who will open for us the passages we are to explore. I myself know them all; but there are times when one must be generous. Is it not so?"

"It is," chortled the Other One.

"Very well," said the English Author. "How much do you want?"

The Ace of Spades took out a pencil and made a long computation. He finally announced that he thought he could get along for a time with a hundred francs.

"We'll start you with fifty," said the English Author, "and when that is exhausted we'll give you another fifty."

The Ace of Spades looked disappointed. The Other One nearly wept. But they both said after a few gulps, "Have it as you will!" and eagerly took the fifty francs. The plan was for the Ace of Spades to do all the paying. He was the cashier for the party.

Into the Depths by Taxi

THE English Author had a list of places that had been given him by a friend of his who knew Paris intimately. These were on streets outside the tourist beat and in the dark interior of the town. To his intense amazement, Ace of Spades assured him that all these haunts of the Apaches had been closed. They were gone—vanished.

"But," protested the English Author, "they were open a time ago."

"Ah, yes," assented the Ace of Spades; "but owing to my efforts and the efforts of my brave colleague those dens are no more. They are closed forever. The places I take you to are the ones that are the veritable lairs. The others were mere show places for tourists, and they have been swept out of existence. Advance with me, gentlemen, and we shall go to the depths."

We advanced. The Englishman was skeptical, for he was quite sure his list was a good one; but the Ace of Spades swept grandly out and hailed a taxicab. He took the seat with the driver and we piled inside. We rattled over the stones for fifteen minutes and came to a dark

"Be Not Afraid! Myself and My Trusty Comrade Will Protect You"

little street that ran out of a wider one. We stopped at the corner. Half a block down in the darkness an illuminated glass sign gleamed faintly; and on the sign I saw the word, "*Bal!*"

"Are you taking us to a dance?" I asked.

"*Oui,*" said the Ace of Spades. "*Oui,* monsieur—the ball of the Apaches. Terrible! Of a certainty, terrible!"

We walked up the street to the sign. It shone over the door of a place that looked like a saloon. There was a barroom in front, with a very fat Frenchman behind the bar and a gendarme in full uniform talking to him.

"*Cochon!*" hissed the Ace of Spades. "Pig!—that you should be here!"

The gendarme appeared to be astonished. Why, he asked, should he not be there, at the bar of his very good friend Antoine, whose place was well known to all in that part of the city? Why not?

"*Cochon!*" hissed the Ace of Spades again.

It seemed to disconcert our detective to find a policeman at the very door of this dangerous lair of the Apaches; but he explained to us that, nevertheless, it was one of the most desperate dens of vice and crime in Paris, where, on Saturday nights only, the Apaches came to dance. Here we were to see the Apache in his most terrifying aspects.

He told us we must be prepared for anything, and grandly motioned us through a narrow door that led to a room behind the bar. He was there to protect us, he assured us; and he examined his pistols to make sure they were in good order and ready for instant use.

Apaches in Their Lairs

THE room we came into was a long, narrow one. There were half a dozen low tables on each side, extending out from the walls with a narrow aisle between and benches to sit on. In the middle of the room there was a small dancing floor, and beyond that more benches and tables. A fat man in his shirtsleeves sat up in a little balcony in one corner. He was playing an accordion. A dozen couples were dancing decorously, two-stepping to the music of the accordion. A dozen other women sat on the benches, and perhaps thirty young men—all wearing caps of heavy woolen cloth and flannel shirts—a pasty-faced, narrow-chested, stolid-looking lot.

The dance ended and a motherly old woman came and asked us what was our pleasure. The Ace of Spades bought five *bocks*, which we did not touch. Presently the fat man in the balcony, with the accordion, began another two-step, and a dozen couples danced as decorously as before.

"Terrible!" said the Ace of Spades. "Here you see the murderous Apache! But be not afraid! I shall protect you. You are in no danger."

That seemed to be the truth. We apparently were in about as much danger as we would have been in an omnibus. The men and women were punctilious in their polite observance of the dance; and if they were real Apaches, as they undoubtedly were, the Apache dances they put on our stage are somewhat exaggerated, to be conservative about it.

The fat man with the accordion played and they danced. The motherly old woman circulated and solicited patronage for the bar. The place was clean, the air was good, the dancing circumspect.

"Or ree-ble!" declaimed the Ace of Spades.

"Or-ree-ble!" ventured the echoing Other One.

"Shucks!" I said. "It's a nice, quiet party."

The Ace of Spades rose majestically.

"You dissatisfied?" he asked. "Wait! You shall see! This is but the beginning. You shall be sufficed. Advance!" And he motioned toward the door.

A burst of loud laughter came from the barroom. When we went out we found four gendarmes there, joking with the man behind the bar.

"*Cochon!*" hissed the Ace of Spades. "They spoil everything!" in an aside to the Other One.

"Speaking for myself," said the English Journalist when we reached the street, "that struck me as a particularly innocuous exhibition of blood-thirsty, murderous Apaches. You must do better than that, old top!"

"Wait!" answered the Ace of Spades. "You shall see."

"*Oui,*" chimed in the Other One, "you shall see of a certainty."

The taxicab was at hand. The Ace of Spades gave the driver some directions. We rattled away.

Two-Stepping to the Music of the Accordion

Ten minutes later we came to a café on a corner. It was a bit chilly and there were few people sitting outside, but the inside was crowded.

"Here!" said the Ace of Spades. "Here! Observe!"

"What is it!" I asked.

"Terrible!" he explained. "Terrible! Here they sell alcohol for two sous a glass. Terrible! Come! I will show you this sight."

We went in. The people were drinking beer and coffee, and sirups in water. They were very decent-looking people of the working class, and they were quiet and not at all desperate in appearance.

"Observe," said the Ace of Spades. "Two sous a glass!"

"Two sous!" exclaimed the Other One. "It is frightful!"

So the Ace of Spades and the Other One each took a couple of glasses to show us; and the Ace of Spades paid for it grandly out of our fifty francs. "What you think?" he asked. "Is it not a sight?"

"It is not," I said. "Let's get along and see something of these depths of Paris you were telling about."

He Cautioned Us to Make No Noise, for Men Were Sleeping Everywhere

And while the Ace of Spades was corralling a cab a friendly gendarme told me that M. Loubet, the former president of France, lived just round the corner!

The cab came.

"Now," said the Other One "now for the grand sight! Now! Ah! It will be terrible!"

It took half an hour to get to the real place. We stopped at the bottom of a hill. A narrow street ran up between two rows of old, dilapidated houses. The ground floor of each house was a shop, but most of these shops had their shutters closed and the street was very dark. The Ace of Spades elaborately placed the Other One ahead of us, and walked behind. They drew their pistols.

"Proceed!" he said. "The danger is here, but we will guard you."

We climbed the hill in the middle of the street, stumbling over the cobblestones, until we were three-quarters of the way up.

"Stop!" ordered the Ace of Spades. "Await my coming."

He disappeared into a shop that was alight. We could hear music. The Other One stood valiant guard, a pistol in each hand. In a moment the Ace of Spades came out. "Approach!" he said.

We went in. There was a bar in the room, as there had been at the other place. This bar was bigger and the man behind it looked more prosperous.

"The Apaches are here!" whispered the Ace of Spades.

We went along a passageway and came into another dancing room arranged like the first one we had been in. The only difference I could see was that the furniture was better and the dancers had finer clothes. Also there were two men in the orchestra, one with an accordion and the other with a harp. The floor was crowded with couples two-stepping. Presently the orchestra began the tango, but the dancers danced it with not a quarter of the exaggeration the dancers use in the big places of Montmartre. There were old men and old women here, and some children.

"A special sight!" whispered the Ace of Spades. "We are fortunate. It is not often one can find this dance in progress." He had not seen the big sign that hung in the front room announcing dances there every Wednesday and Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoons and nights.

When I called his attention to that he bowed and said I did not appreciate his efforts, which was the fact.

We sat down and watched the dancing. Two gendarmes came in and each took a turn with a girl. An old man danced with his daughter. An old lady twirled round with her son. The floor manager knew everybody and, being an old man, assumed paternal airs and called them "Son" and "Daughter"—and found partners for the shy ones.

The Crowning Surprise

"IS THAT what you call an Apache dance?" asked the English Author rather sternly.

"Wait!" said the Ace of Spades, and he stalked out. We followed. There was no cab and none to be had. When we went down the hill the two detectives did not bother to guard us with their pistols. Apparently they felt they were not being appreciated—nor the danger we were in.

No cab was in sight. We walked for fifteen or twenty minutes. Presently the Ace of Spades grew communicative again.

"Come," he said enthusiastically. "I have a grand sight for you. The station of the police! Ah! It will surprise you. The station of the police!"

Ten minutes more and we were at a police station. We were told to wait outside until the necessary arrangements had been made. We waited. Then we were told to enter. We went into a little police station that had three cells. In one of these cells there were three women. In another there were two men. The third was vacant. We peered through the gratings at the men and women, who sat on benches along the wall; and then, with a great flourish, we were taken to the empty cell.

"Observe!" said the Ace of Spades. "See the writings on the wall—all done by famous criminals!"

(Continued on Page 69)

The Butterfly

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

V

DID you ever take a walk down the main street of a town where you were known to at least a quarter of the population, at half-past eight in the morning, when innocent young co-eds are wending their way toward nine-o'clock biology on University Hill, and sweater-clad students of yours are hastening frantically toward club boarding houses and dairy breakfasts—did you ever, I ask you, walk half a mile through a scene of bustling, bright-eyed industry like this, clad in a silk hat and a last night's dress suit? It's an experience I wouldn't wish on anybody, not even an enemy; not even—confound it on Dorgan—because I did it that Saturday and I know.

"What Do You Know About the Present Whereabouts of Miss Elaine Arthur?"

You see, being a respectable professor of the drama instead of a vagrom performer of it, I woke up at 7:45 sharp with the orderly idea in my mind that my first appointment for the day was my ten o'clock Saturday seminar. We were studying exposition that semester and today we were down to Pinero.

I opened my eyes at this point and realized that I was in Carrington's spare bed. And with that realization I ceased to be a prosaic professor and became, instead, the highly unrealizable young man who had begun his career by being kissed by mistake at five o'clock on the preceding afternoon in the little sitting room adjoining the room where I lay. I could see the very chair I had sat in. It had my dress trousers thrown over the back of it now.

Since that kiss nothing had happened as things had been wont to happen to me. There must have been sorcery in it.

But was Elaine the sorceress? Was it Elaine's kiss that I had got by mistake? I began to doubt it. I hadn't as yet an authentic kiss of Elaine's to compare it with. My doubt sprang from a new estimate I was forming of her character. Somehow, I fancied, it wouldn't be like Elaine to steal up and kiss anybody from behind. She'd do it squarely, face to face. And she wouldn't run away.

But the substitution of an unknown *x* for Elaine in the equation wouldn't go far toward solving it. Neither did it afford any clue through the maze of mysteries and coincidences that I had wandered about in since—the mysteries that led up to and connected somehow with that obscure murder last night in the room above where I lay.

Matters wanted a little orderly thinking over, that was clear. To begin with the little hunchback himself: He could hardly have meant to murder old Mrs. Robinson when he came to the hotel. He'd have arranged things better if he had. No man as easy to identify as that would set about a crime in that recklessly open way. But a sufficient degree of provocation will account for the murder of almost anybody. Dorgan, for instance—almost any one might murder a man like him. Suppose the hunchback had, in a moment of rage, committed the crime. There was nothing for him to do but go away just as he had done. He went down in the elevator because that was quicker than the stairs. But once out of the hotel, why had he not resorted to some swifter means of flight instead of stumping along down Main Street and turning in at precisely the most public place in town that night—the theater? Of course, if you were not suspected there was no need for flight; and if you were pursued there was very little use in it. If a hue-and-cry were actually raised after a hunchback it would be impossible for any hunchback to get away very far. Certainly turning into the theater could have been counted upon to give him a respite for a little while—an hour anyway—because his pursuers could not venture to search the house.

But he had got away—at least out of the seat in the ninth row, which he had found so opportunely vacant—and he had left his crutch behind him. So far as I could see, the only possible inference was that he had friends in the theater who had contrived either to carry him out between them, without appearing to do so, after disguising him in some way that passed the scrutiny of those on watch for him, or—this seemed more likely—had hidden him away in some odd, unsuspected nook in the theater itself. Anyway, it seemed pretty clear that his turning into the theater with the pursuit at his heels had not been a desperate, impromptu device for securing a half-hour's immunity from capture, but a precalculated plan of escape.

Well, then, who were the friends who had helped him, and who were keeping him in hiding now?

When I asked myself that question I had a disagreeable sense that, as children say, I was getting warm. My mind went back to Elaine and I arranged my handful of little mysteries chronologically about her.

Carrington had told me, in the first place, that a queer change had come into her mood within the past two weeks. She had come here to Monroe of her own choice and for no assignable reason; she had been crying and was evidently very much excited when she called up Carrington on the telephone; and she had admitted that it wasn't altogether the fault of the wall paper. She had seen somebody going up in the elevator, and at the sight had grown white as a ghost. Most important of all had been her first question after she had heard of the murder from the proprietor of the hotel. She hadn't asked who had been murdered, but who had done it.

But suppose it had been to Elaine that the little hunchback had come for shelter, with his crime fresh upon him; suppose he was shut up at this moment in Elaine's big wardrobe trunk there in Elaine's dressing room at the theater, with a hole bored in the top of it for air, then wouldn't she have asked that question exactly that way?

Oh, but confound it, that was too ridiculous! Could she have greeted me like that, could she have shown that heart-whole interest in sausages, with a red-handed murderer locked up in her trunk?

Well, then, take Carrington: He hadn't had a word to say about the murder all the way back to the hotel, nor while we were getting to bed. And that was a bit queer, when one came to think of it. He had seemed more or less preoccupied and disturbed all the evening. Elaine had remarked it as well as I. To be sure, he had said that he was worried about Elaine; but Elaine, as I had seen her in the dressing room right after the performance, certainly hadn't looked like a person who had just gone through a harrowing experience. And then —— Look here! Carrington had left me in the balcony of the theater at the end of the first act—that must have been just about nine o'clock—under a promise, remember, to come back immediately, and I hadn't seen him again until I found him standing beside me—beside the chair the hunchback had been sitting in too—at the end of the performance. Maybe he had come back to get the crutch.

Oh, hang it all! It was too ridiculous. I'd be suspecting myself next. It was all a dream, that was what it was, and when I opened my eyes this time I'd find myself snug in my own bed with nothing more exciting to think about than Pinero's exposition.

No, I was in Carrington's spare bed all right, and—this thought brought a little gasp that completely waked me up—the person who was undoubtedly at this moment fast asleep in mine was Elaine Arthur.

I rolled over on my side, and once more the easy-chair out in Carrington's sitting room came into view, with my dress trousers hanging over the back. Slowly the blood in my veins congealed to the temperature of ice water.

Those trousers and the coat and the waistcoat and other things that went with them were all I had to wear. My clothes—my real clothes—were all hanging in the closet of the room where Elaine, with no intention of waking up until eleven o'clock, was fast asleep.

I had to meet my Saturday seminar at ten.

In a minute or two, though, I was visited by a happy thought: I'd make Carrington get up and dress, go to my apartment, and enter into a treaty with Elaine's maid for my clothes, pack them in a suitcase and come back to the hotel. It seemed a sort of pity to wake Carrington, he was sleeping so quietly—I hadn't heard a sound from him—but it was the only way.

I turned over on the other side and called to him—that is, I got as far as the second syllable of his name, and then I saw that what I had taken to be Carrington out of the tail of my eye was nothing more than the hump his rumpled bedclothes were left in.

Carrington was gone. I might have made a mystery out of that, I suppose, but I was too busy with my own troubles to care much. I thought it all over and could see no way out. I couldn't write a note to Elaine's maid; I couldn't ask Elaine herself to wake up and select suitable clothing for me out of my wardrobe. There was nothing for it but to put on my dress suit and go myself.

Well, as you know, that is what I did.

I tried to fortify myself, before starting out, with the reflection that, however striking and damnatory my appearance might be, I had a heart and conscience clear. I must remember that. There was nothing to be ashamed of.

I managed to turn an imperturbable back upon the elevator man and to assume what satisfied me as a cool and lofty demeanor, tempered by a touch of nonchalance, as I crossed the lobby.

Nothing really happened till I had gone about a hundred yards from the hotel. That was where I met little Mrs. Harper. I saw her coming before she saw me and I had plenty of time to prepare for the encounter. There wouldn't be time to stop and explain—I realized that. I would just meet her eye—frankly, firmly—give her an urbane bow and a pleasant smile, and pass on.

The trouble was I hadn't counted on what Mrs. Harper would do. She started violently as I swam into her ken; flushed, tried to avoid appearing to have seen me at all, and then gave me a panic-stricken little bow. Of course that rattled me, but something I did myself made it worse.

I always wear, except on dress occasions, a soft hat. When you take off a soft hat you grasp it firmly by the crown.

But it is impossible to take off a silk hat that way. I tried and I know. I got it off at last, though, and smiled encouragingly, I thought, at Mrs. Harper. But right in the middle of it, somehow, my smile went dead. I felt it stiffen, become inane.

She got by at last and my horrible grin relaxed. But the experience finished me. From then on I slunk along like a burglar caught in the gleam of a bull's-eye; and no small yellow dog with a canful of pebbles tied to its tail ever turned up his own alley with a profounder gratitude for port after storms than I into the entry that led to my apartment.

VI

I KNOCKED feebly at my own door and Elaine's maid opened it a little way and stood in the gap. I thought, for a while, that she wasn't going to let me in at all, and really I could hardly blame her. But at last she did.

It seemed she spoke no English beyond a phrase or two. For my part, I have a respectable professorial knowledge of French. I can read it perfectly well, that is, and I go occasionally to the monthly meetings of the *Cercle Français*, chat about the weather with the undergraduates and tell little anecdotes. But when it came to saying bluntly that my clothes—my regular day clothes—were all hanging up in Elaine's closet, and that I wanted them brought out, I found myself simply stumped.

The maid was stumped too. She made out that I had some sort of designs upon the room where Elaine lay, presumably asleep, and she disapproved of them heartily.

The door between was shut, but it was not a particularly good fit and I suppose, in my endeavors to make myself understood, I spoke pretty loud, because presently, in a sleepy, drawly voice:

"What in the world are you trying to say to her?" called out Elaine.

"Thank goodness!" I gasped. "I'm trying to tell her," I explained, "that I want my clothes. I'll tell you what I want and then you can translate to her and she can go in and get them."

"Silly!" cried Elaine. "Come in and get them yourself."

I cautiously opened the door, and with a rigid avoidance of a glance in the direction of the bed I started across toward the closet door—on tiptoe, ridiculously enough, in an unconscious attempt to emphasize the intensity of my discreetness.

"Well," demanded Elaine, "aren't you going to say good morning?"

"I thought I'd wait," I said, "for a more respectable occasion."

Elaine lifted her head off the pillow and cast a judicial glance over herself.

"Why, I think I'm awfully respectable," she said.

"You may be," I admitted, "but I'm not. I feel like a pen-and-ink illustration of Sir Mulberry Hawke in Nicholas Nickleby, when he had designs on little Kate."

She watched me while I rummaged my clothes out of the clothes closet and hauled out also a suitcase. She wanted to know what I meant to do with that.

"Carry my clothes somewhere where I can put them on," said I.

"Send my maid in here to me," she suggested, "and put them on in the other room. I don't want you to go away. I want to hear the news. I wouldn't go out again," she added while I hesitated; "you will look ever so much worse going away than you did coming."

The blinding truth of that assertion convinced me.

"All right," I said. "But you needn't wait till I'm dressed, for the news. The morning paper must be here. You can read that while I'm dressing."

I added, as I stood with my hand on the doorknob in the act of beating a retreat: "It's a shame to have waked you up like this, only I couldn't help it, you see."

"Oh, you didn't wake me up," said Elaine, yawning behind her fist. "Your friends have been calling up on the telephone for ever so long. Miss Blunt and Mrs. Lake and ——"

Good heavens!" I cried in alarm. "You don't mean that—you really answered the telephone yourself?"

"I had to," she said. "Poor Henriette can't talk into a telephone at all. She goes all to pieces, and it rang and rang and rang, so I got up and answered it to make it stop."

My teeth were chattering, but I managed to ask the question: "Do you mind telling me what you said to them?"

"I said I was your housekeeper, and that you hadn't waked up yet, and I didn't exactly like to disturb you," she said calmly. "That's what she would have said, isn't it?"

Well, you can see it was a perfectly natural thing for Elaine to think. I didn't tell her that my housekeeper had a brogue that you could cut with a shovel, or that she stood in such awe of those magisterial ladies who sometimes summoned me to the telephone that she would have attempted to wake me even from the dead in order to answer them. Neither did I advance the suggestion that they had, in all probability, actually recognized Elaine's voice, though their calling me up in rapid succession that way made it seem likely that it had been for the purpose of comparing impressions.

For the second time that morning my veins ran ice water. I could hear the story going from lip to lip. "My dear, Miss Blunt recognized her voice perfectly, and she said he hadn't waked yet and she didn't like to call him."

The tale wouldn't be exaggerated. It didn't need any exaggeration. It was perfect just as it stood.

I thought of calling up Miss Blunt and presenting my alibi, then remembered the fate of my simple, honest little explanation of Elaine's tardiness at the reception yesterday. No, it would be no use. My goose was cooked. My hash was settled. My goat was got. Until the trump of Gabriel should put me right, I was a marked man.

I looked over at Elaine, covered demurely to the chin in blankets; at her flushed, sleepy face, with the affectionate, lazy little smile upon it; at the two thick braids of her wonderful hair, that made her look somehow like a little girl. Probably most of the men she looked at like that got marked sooner or later.

Well, the conclusion of the whole matter was that Elaine was worth it, even though I hadn't fallen in love with her

I smiled back at her.

"You do look awful," she said. "Run along and dress and I send Henriette in with the paper."

I had got pretty nearly dressed—was in the act of tying my cravat—when I heard Elaine give a cry. It was half smothered, and not loud, just a sort of wail really, but it had an urgency in it that made me fling open the door without a moment's hesitation.

She was sitting up in bed, the newspaper crumpled at her side, her head on her knees, her arms clasped round them; and she was shaking, shuddering, all over.

"My dear, my dear!" I cried. "What is it?"

Elaine looked up at me and her eyes were like those of a person in a nightmare.

"I—don't know what to do," she managed to say breathlessly. "I've got to do something, but—I don't know what to do."

I didn't know what to do either—the change in her mood was so sudden, so utterly unforeseen, and I am always rather a fool when taken by surprise. So, for a moment, I just stood there in the doorway, trying to crank up my mental engine.

She held out her hands to me. "Oh, come here," she cried. "Don't stay away off there."

I came over beside her and she clutched at my hands and clung to them. Her own were like ice.

"I'll tell you what I'd do, if I were you," I said presently. "I'd send for Maurice Carrington and tell him all about it. He knows there's something that's been terrifying you. He spoke of it to me. He'd be very happy if you'd let him help—and he could help, I'm sure."

"It's been like a nightmare," she said dully. "At least as long as I was the only person that was in it, I could pretend it was a nightmare—pretend that when I was awake it wasn't there at all. But now there's some one else in it. I've got to do something and I don't know what to do."

"Let me go and find Carrington," I repeated.

She pulled her hands away from mine with a vehemence that astonished me.

"No!" she cried. "I couldn't tell him—ever. And you mustn't You must promise that you won't."

"He's a very understanding person," I persisted, "and he's very, very fond of you."

"That's why," she said. "Can't you see?"

Vaguely I thought I could. "Well, then," I suggested, "why not tell me? I'd like to help, and I'm not in love with you the least bit."

Her hands came out to me again. "That's a comfort," she said. "You are a dear. But what's the good of telling? You couldn't do anything."

"It's the best treatment in the world for a nightmare," I assured her. "Things get a different look when more than one person knows about them."

"No," she said, "I can't tell even you. I could almost do it; I could tell you if I could tell anybody, but—oh, it's no use!"

She pulled me down so that I sat on the edge of the bed beside her and looked at me intently. I thought she was going to change her mind and tell, but, instead, she shuddered again, let go my hands and buried her head in her arms.

I thought perhaps a question or two would help.

"Look here!" said I. "Did you kiss me yesterday afternoon?"

She obeyed the injunction to "look here" with a puzzled little frown.

"Yesterday afternoon?" she repeated thoughtfully. "I don't think so. Did I?"

"If I Were Going to Kiss You I Wouldn't Do It by Mistake"

Evidently trifles like that were troublesome to remember.

"By mistake," I suggested, "thinking I was somebody else."

"By mistake?" she echoed. "Who should I have thought you were? No, of course not."

Then, though her general air was still woebegone, she added with a flash of a smile: "If I were going to kiss you I wouldn't do it by mistake."

"All right," said I; and then I hazarded another question: "Who was it you went out for a walk with yesterday afternoon, just before you telephoned Carrington?"

"I didn't go for a walk with anybody. I was in my room all the afternoon till I came up to you and Maurice. Why, but I told you that!"

I felt like a brute of a lawyer cross-examining a witness.

"I thought perhaps I'd misunderstood," I explained lamely. "Somebody at the reception said she'd met you out walking—with a man."

"But it isn't so," Elaine protested. "It really isn't so."

"I just got the idea," I went on, "that you had some reason for coming here to Monroe; that you came here to meet somebody, somebody perhaps that you were half afraid to see. I thought that might account for what has been puzzling Carrington. Wasn't it something like that?"

Her eyes went a little blank. "No," she said. "You see, Monroe is a university town and I thought it might be a good thing to play a performance or two here before we opened in Chicago."

I said nothing to that. Even if it had been a good explanation the manner in which it was offered would have cast doubts upon it. I turned away a little, in the hope that she wouldn't see.

"Do you want me to tell you something?" she asked after a little silence. "Something I have never told anybody about myself?"

I looked back at her. Her face was alive again. The mask was off.

"Don't ask me any questions," she said. "It never does any good. You know how people wink if any one makes a sudden motion toward their eyes. Well, I'm like that. When people ask me questions I tell lies. I can't help it—even if I know it won't do any good, know I'll be found out.

"You see," she went on with a rueful shake of the head, "I'm not a good person to try to help. I'm not worth bothering about, really."

I made some sort of protest at that. I can't report it exactly. Thoughts of Miss Blunt, of my hitherto blameless respectability, and of my Saturday seminar waiting for light from me on the subject of Pinero's exposition formed a riotous sort of tapestry background in my mind while I said and did what seemed appropriate to convince Elaine that, lies or no lies, I was enlisted in her service.

"That's the basis of the treaty, then," I said at last. "No questions asked." And I held out a hand so that she could shake on it.

"I Said I Was Your Housekeeper"

But Elaine didn't ratify her treaties that way. It was a slender but boyishly muscular arm she flung round my neck. I'm not pleading *force majeure*. I merely present the fact.

"That wasn't by mistake," said Elaine when she had kissed me. "Now go away and let me dress."

I went back to my sitting room and once more set about tying my cravat. Would things ever again begin to happen in the old, prosaic way? I had made a half-turn and started pulling the end through the loop when there came a knock on my outer door.

I suppose if I had really been the disreputable person that scandal was beginning to paint me I should have kept dead still and given my unknown visitor a chance to go away. But you can't become a finished performer at anything since five o'clock on the preceding afternoon. I sang out a cheerful "Come in"; then, noticing that the catch had not been checked on the door, I went over and opened it.

"Good morning, professor," said my visitor. "Glad I found you. I want some information from you about last night's business."

It was Dorgan.

VII

I SUPPOSE the best way to start this deplorable chapter will be with a candid confession that I made an ineffable ass of myself. It was easy enough to see, when it was all over, what I ought to have said and done. I suppose I might have done it, if my nerve had not been so badly shaken by what had already happened that morning. The notion of little Mrs. Harper comparing notes with Miss Blunt, dovetailing their bits of evidence into a sort of Rake's Progress for me, had, as the young ladies and gentlemen who form my classes would say, got me going; and Dorgan's highly inopportune visit finished me off. So that, instead of telling him all I knew before he had a chance to ask a question, informing him that I had loaned my apartments to Elaine for the night on account of the murder, turning upon him an eye of steel and a face of brass and letting him think what he liked, I began our conversation with a panic-stricken attempt to get rid of him.

"Last night's business!" I echoed blankly—standing there in the doorway, mind you, and trying to tie my cravat instead of asking him in. "Do you mean the murder? But I don't know anything about that."

I wasn't surprised to see Dorgan's face harden a little at that and a sort of professional look of the inquisitor on his mettle come into his eyes. I knew how false my innocence must have sounded to him by the way it sounded to me.

He stroked his little mustache and smiled and his voice became brassier than ever.

"Not about the main facts of it, of course, professor. I don't suspect you of having committed the

(Continued on Page 61)

THE INCANDESCENT LILY

VI

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

AND Chudder nearly fell in. He had been leading for a long time through a level forest of stunted pines, catching now and then glimpses between treetops of a jade-colored rock as big as a mountain, and, owing to his interest in the unusual peak, not looking any too carefully for what might be immediately in front of him. So it was that he came to the very edge of the forest floor rimmed with a dense mass of rhododendrons, burst through them, put forth his right foot, and realized, with a gasp of wonder, that his next step—if he persisted in taking it—would be something like two miles long in a downward direction.

He sat backward into the rhododendrons, said "Hi-yi!"—it is unknown why—and wiped the sweat from his brow. Then the others came up; and Wang, the interpreter, went forward alone upon his elbows and stomach. Chudder followed him; and they lay side by side, craning their necks and breathing hard.

Two miles away the peak of jade-colored rock towered a sheer mile above the rim of the abyss. Two miles below, its roots were lost in an amethystine mist of distances. They were, you may say, on the edge of a vast well, marked for identification by a monolith. Thick silence oozed up to them and they looked down upon the back of a slowly gyrating eagle—and he was but a dark speck.

Unless for discovering a way down, or rather the beginning of such a thing, Chudder's glasses, magnifying twelve diameters, were of no use. A pale mist, as read even like water, filled the depths and kept the place's secrets. Others of the party crept forward, and the sun shone brightly on their backs, while the immeasurable valley passed through a swift dusk into the darkness of night.

"I think him tap intestines of earth," said Wang.

"Yes," said Chudder; "but if I don't make out to get down there I'll eat my honorable grandmother's hat."

"I think tomollow," said Wang, "every man scatter himself hither and yon, and meet somewhere else by appointment, to say if he have found some way down and up again."

"Sure," said Chudder; "it's the way up that counts. Wang, that hole must go below sea-level. It's probably full of water."

As if to contradict him there came out of the darkening place a wonderfully sweet evening smell of flowers. Instantly Chudder thought of Dum Dum's kid sister and a lump swelled in his throat. "Better beat it back to water," he said presently, "and camp."

With the simple comment, "Good water heap scarce!" Wang drew back from the perilous edge of things and rose to his feet.

The whole party was excited and elated. Until late at night the staccato voices of the coolies were never silent, while Chudder and Wang, smoking more than was good for them, made heartfelt plans for the morrow.

Then followed three days of utter discouragement. Without miles and miles of rope, a derrick and a donkey-engine, there seemed but one possible way down—namely, to jump.

And the next morning Chudder woke nauseated, his head wickedly aching, and with a heavy sickening-sweet smell in his nostrils. "Wang," he said, "are you there?"

And even as he spoke he realized that he was not lying out under the open sky, but under a ceiling of chestnut-red lacquer and upon many thick skins of beasts. He sat bolt upright and then staggered to his feet. His face felt curiously naked. He lifted his hand to his chin and found that during the night he had been delicately shaved of an eight-day beard. He bent his head and looked himself over—and found that he was arrayed in wondrous pajamas of heavy green silk. He pushed open a sliding window of oiled paper and looked out upon an ocean of purple pansies, their faces all toward him. In the midst of them, like a dark island, funeral cypresses wept over a snow-white tomb. Beyond, staggering his powers of belief, he saw the base of the jade-colored rock; and, looking up, the unmistakable outlines of its top flecked with white puffs of cloud—and, stretching to right and left, dim in the distance, the very rim of the abyss into which he seemed to have descended.

"It's a perfectly good dream," said Chudder. "Hi, Wang! Wake me! I'm having a nightmare." There was no answer, and Chudder shouted: "Oh, you Wang!"

And now a bell tinkled; presently a door opened and there entered a precise little woman in flowery brocades; gray-streaked hair parted in the middle and plastered to the shape of her head; pale eyes behind gold-rimmed eyeglasses; common-sense shoes, and large front teeth like a rabbit's. She reminded him of Miss Prism in the play "a female of repellent aspect, remotely connected with education." He was not in the least surprised when she spoke to him with a distinct English accent.

"How are you?" she asked with brisk kindness.

"Not at all well," said Chudder. "I think I must have eaten something ——"

"Not yet," she said; "but you shall. My dear sir, you were drugged and brought here in a litter. It just happened that our caravan was coming in with teas and porcelains from the emperor. It stumbled on your camp and brought you along. The princess has been hankering lately to see an Englishman. And here you are."

"But I'm an American!"

"Dear me, she won't know the difference in this far-off hole! Could you eat a bite?"

"I'm not sure. I think if I could have a cold tub —— "

"At least you have lived in England!" she exclaimed.

"Believe me, Americans also bathe!"

"Now really! You don't say! Well, in this world there is something new to be learned every minute. In there you will find everything—a pool—soap—towels—washrag—tobacco ash, the best possible dentifrice; and when you are quite done ——"

"What was the use in drugging me? I wanted to come; a polite invitation would have been sufficient."

"Don't you see if you knew how to get here you'd know how to get away? So would I—and we could escape together."

"Escape?"

"Believe me, it is quite hopeless. Do you prefer tea or coffee?"

"Tea, thank you." And she whisked out of the room.

Presently Chudder had shed his pajamas and stepped into a pool of ice-cold water.

"If I'm not awake," he said, gritting his teeth, "this will wake me."

He lay down gasping, his head cleared and the last fumes of the drug left him; and he leaped from his bath, all gooseflesh without and sharp appetite within.

VII

A BREAKFAST of tea and muffins and wild honey made a new man of Chudder, and the wonderful brocade clothes that a roundfaced valet laid out changed him into a Chinese magnate of great beauty. And to the door of his house they brought a curtained litter of red lacquer and invited him to enter it. This done they carried him across a field of pansies, and into a wonderland of red-stemmed pines, of ferns and falling water.

At the foot of a fall, which in America would have been called the Bridal Veil, seated upon a rock out of reach of the spray and calmly knitting a washrag, was the English lady whose acquaintance he had already made. She rose at his approach and dropped her needles and yarn into an ample workbag.

"There you are!" she said. "Now if you'll get out of that thing I'll take you to the princess."

"With pleasure, Miss "

"Mrs. Cannon. She's drying her hair at the mouth of the Blowing Cave. It's just up here a bit."

Mrs. Cannon led the way briskly, placing her commonsense shoes with the skill and certainty of a trained climber.

"Does the princess speak English?"

"To be sure she does. I brought her up. But I regret that she has renounced the church I taught her to embrace, and returned to the infidel beliefs of her countrymen—such as ancestor worship and—love at first sight."

"Is she young?"

"The Princess Lo is seventeen."

And therewith Mrs. Cannon knelt and in a businesslike way touched her forehead three times to the ground.

In the full sunlight at the mouth of a little cave, in pale mauve brocade, her black, coarse hair loosed and falling about her face and shoulders, there sat a diminutive and slender girl with bright black eyes that slanted upward at the outer corners, and a deep dimple in her left cheek.

Her hair moved in the drying draft that came out of the cave. Otherwise she was motionless, her hands clasped about her knees, her face inscrutable. She looked like a little child pretending to be Buddha.

Upon the ground beside her was a box of gold lacquer, open, and filled with immense round pearls—pink and black. The princess had been playing marbles.

She looked at Chudder for a long time. Then she said

"Please go away, Mrs. Cannon. I want to be alone with him."

Chudder, feeling nervous, advanced two steps.

"My hair," said the Princess Lo, "is not hanging about my shoulders. It is done up in the latest fashion and with the most gorgeous butterflies. It wouldn't be proper for you to see it down. Do you think it is pretty?"

"Indeed I do," said Chudder; "but if you've just washed it won't that draft give you cold?"

"No," she said, "it won't. Come and sit down. Not beside me! I should have to twist my neck to look at you."

He selected a rock and sat facing her, his eyes a little puckered with wonder and amusement.

"They were afraid you would eat me," she said; "but I wasn't. And I sent them all away. We are quite alone. I have never been alone with a man before. It is very agreeable. What is your name?"

"Chudder."

"And what is your honorable business?"

"I collect plants—new kinds."

"You have come to just the right place."

"But I didn't come. I was brought."

"Does your head ache?"

"It did."

"I am sorry. Is it true that you are not an Englishman?"

"Quite true."

"That is a pity. My head merchant had a standing order to bring me a good-looking, lively Englishman. And he has brought you! Never mind. A few drops of boiling oil down the back of his neck —— Now tell me, as Americans go, are you good-looking and lively?"

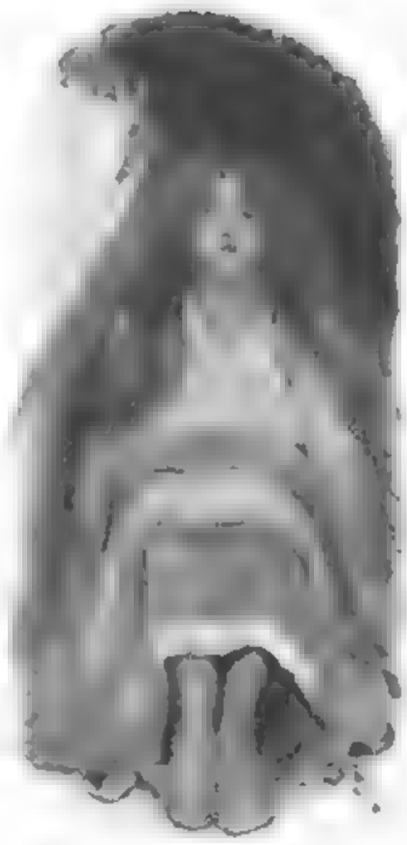
"The latter, I believe," said Chudder.

"What is the difference between an Englishman and an American!"

He explained as well as he could.

"Then I think I shall be satisfied with you," she said. "Would you like to comb my hair?"

She took up a great comb of carved ivory; and Chudder, dreadfully embarrassed, but clever-fingered from handling delicate plants, proceeded under constant direction to comb and dry the little lady's hair.



She Looked Like a Little Child Pretending to be Buddha

"If they saw us," she said at last, "they would strangle themselves with silken cords. This is the most improper I have ever been. I love it! Are you tired? But remember you are not combing my hair. It is combing itself."

Presently she lifted her hands to her head and sighed. "I'm afraid it is dry. Now we shall climb a little higher and I will show you a pretty view."

She leaped nimbly to her feet and began to frisk up the steep path, a delicious flash of mauve. She stopped suddenly and faced him. She thrust forth from her brocades a tiny and shapely foot—bare, the sole protected by a sandal.

"You will observe," she said, "that, according to Chinese custom, my feet have been so deformed by bandaging that I am unable to walk. You will remember, therefore, in after years that you carried me up this path. The poor Princess Lo cannot run and leap and dance like the fortunate peasant girls. She has to be wheeled or carried."

She turned, went lightly on, and stopped once more as upon a sudden thought.

"It is wicked," she said, "to tell nothing but lies all the time. You are my guest. It is proper for you to be kissed on the forehead, the cheek and the chin. And when people ask you, you will lie and say: 'Thus she did to me, according to custom.' It is proper that some of your reminiscences should contain a modicum of truth. So come here!" And she kissed him lightly upon the forehead, the cheek and the chin. Then she said: "I am getting to like you. You are handsome and lively. Carry me!"

He laughed a little and blushed a little, and set her upon his left shoulder—and wished she was Dum Dum's kid sister. A tiny hand upon his shoulder, she steadied herself.

"Say that you like me!" she said.

"I do, princess ever so much."

"I shall have beautiful robes made for you," she said. "You shall have one the color of moonlight seen under waves. That will be for the night the lilies bloom. I like you more and more! I shall mark the place where you stood when I first saw you by a lump of lapis lazuli—the place where you knelt when you combed my hair by a lump of rock crystals. I shall mark those places for the ages of ages. In my palace I have cushions of eiderdown, but I would rather sit upon your strong, bony shoulder. And this is a grave matter, for I am not the kind of girl who takes up with the first stranger who comes along. Not that way—to the left! Oh, but this world is green and beautiful! Now put me down. Now look!"

Have you ever seen the Yosemite Valley? Then imagine yourself in one twice as deep, and not less gentle and serene. Chudder's heart swelled and swelled in his breast.

Afar off among the trees a great bell began to toll slowly and solemnly.

"That is the Bell of All True Lovers," she said. "When that bell sounds all true lovers in this valley put aside their work and write down upon ivory tablets such loving and blessed thoughts as occur to them."

"Say That You Like Me!" She Said

The bell tolled and tolled, and at last ceased. A breeze light and perfumed blew in their faces. The Princess Lo studied his profile.

"Chudder!" she said.

"Yes, princess?"

"Nothing—I keep thinking what a beautiful name it is."

Chudder grinned, for a line of an old song had flashed into his memory:

"'Ow'd you fancy 'Awkins for your other name?"

She possessed herself of his hand and held it a long time. He had the impulse to resist; but so simple she seemed, natural and naïve, he lacked the heart.

"I shall have you brought to the palace to live," she said presently. "You shall have views of the Jade Mountain and of the Court of Peacocks. I shall do all I can to make you feel at home. And now let us go. If you wish I will walk; but I would rather ride on your shoulder."

Chudder smiled gayly.

"Well, princess," he said, "in that case you've just won a debate."

And he lifted her to his shoulder; and she laughed like a child and pretended that she was riding on an elephant.

VIII

THE next time Chudder saw the Princess Lo she was seated upon a throne of carved teak inlaid with hunting scenes in gold and mother-of-pearl. At her right hand and her left were shallow fragile bowls of white porcelain filled with ivory apples colored to the life. Her little feet rested upon a stool of lapis lazuli. She held between her little paws a great sphere of rock crystal. Her hair was piled high on her head, and butterflies with transparent jade wings had perched upon it here and there.

She was surrounded at a respectful distance by waxlike officials in primrose yellow and gosling-green. And there was one priest in scarlet—and one in black. Upon the steps that led to the throne a small green monkey was playing with a necklace of huge black pearls.

"Chudder," said the Princess Lo, "you have asked us for an audience. What has troubled you?"

"I wish very much," said Chudder, "to communicate with the rest of my party—to tell them that I am alive, and to order them to wait for me."

The princess smiled inscrutably.

"They shall be told," she said. "They shall be ordered to wait. What else, my friend?"

"Leave to go freely about the valley to hunt for new fruits and flowers—leave to collect roots and seeds."

"All our fruits and flowers," she said, "save one, grow in the palace gardens. That one which does not, being sacred, is neither to be looked on nor dug."

"But if I should see it by chance?"

"By chance you will never see it."

"But you will show it to me?"

"Hush! Our prime minister imagines that he understands the English language. Do you take me, then, for a sacrilegious person and one who does not know what is proper? And why do you wish to collect roots and seeds?"

"To beautify the gardens in my own country."

"Are you earnest in the intention to return to your own country? Your men shall be ordered to wait for you, Chudder—but they will wait in vain!"

"Am I a prisoner, princess?"

"No such thing, Chudder! The way out of the valley is always open."

"Then ——"

"And you have only to find it."

"I am free to look?"

"You are as free to look as the eagle is to fly over the sea. And now I am tired of this hard seat and these stiff clothes."

"Princess," said Chudder very sweetly, "why do you wish to keep me against my will?"

The inscrutable aloe eyes betrayed a little mischief and amusement.

"Is it by their will that you dig roots and set them in gardens across the seas? And if the root clasped its hands and said, 'Oh, Chudder, I am not happy here. Let me go back to the Princess Lo's valley, where I am better understood!'—what would you do? You would change its food, its position, its soil; you would do everything you could to make it happy and strong, but you would not let it go. You would keep it until—it died."

"If I am to stay here till I die," said Chudder, "I will spend what remains of life looking for the way out of the valley."

"That is a very rude speech. But you will tire of rude speaking and vain seeking. I am angry with you! Go away!"

For three days the princess sulked and did not send for Chudder. He, meanwhile, made a circle of the cliffs that walled the valley and found them almost as smooth and steep as the inside of a tumbler. And he went to sleep on the night of the third day, very sore and angry. The morning of the fourth day he botanized sullenly in the palace gardens. Here was much that was new to him, both in species and in garden design. And at moments, forgetting his captive state, he was filled with delight and enthusiasm; at other moments he thought about Dum Dum's kid sister and was very homesick.

In a grove of hawthorns, kneeling, sitting upon her heels and contemplating her Oriental charms in a deep pool, he came suddenly upon the Princess Lo and her little green monkey. The latter, eyebrows closely knitted, was engaged in pulling a thorn from the palm of his left hand.

"Are you still angry with me, Chudder?"

"Yes, princess."

"But you liked me at first and I liked you. It is a great pity!"

"If you no longer like me, why keep me?"

Here the little green monkey climbed into her lap and fell asleep.

"I kept the monkey," she said, "until he liked me. At first he was all for the wildwoods; but now—you see?"

"If you are going to class me with a monkey ——"

"I'm not. You will be harder to tame; but time is a wonderful thing. And now tell me—you have spent three days trying to find your way out of the valley; have you any hope left?"

"Not much," Chudder admitted, "unless you turn kind."

"But I am exceptionally kind. I wish to be warm friends with you—to make you rich and noble; only, when you pull a long face and show that you think nothing of me, it makes me angry."

"No man likes to be a prisoner."

"You do not like it because I think you are a prisoner in your own country. I have talked with Mrs. Cannon and we have concluded that you are only out on leading strings and that the American ends are held in a woman's hands. Are you in love, Chudder?"

"Yes," he said. "And now surely you'll let me go!"

She did not answer for a long time. Then she sighed and said:

"Would you be happier if I said: 'A month from now, if you do not wish to stay, I will let you go'?"

His face brightened immeasurably.

"So be it," she said abruptly. "What does she look like? Tell me all about everything."

He sat with her under the hawthorn and told her the story of his life.

And the Princess Lo seemed so interested and sympathetic that Chudder began to like her again. Every day she made him tell her about Dum Dum's kid sister, and he liked her more and more; so they became completely at ease with each other and almost inseparable companions.

"If I Don't Get Down There I'll Eat My Honorable Grandmother's Hat"

IX

THE belief that he had but to remain firm in his wish to depart at the end of the month lifted a world of worry from Chudder's heart, and he fell to botanizing the valley and to companioning the Princess Lo with immense zest. His one regret was that a place so rich in new species should not have fallen to a man more deserving by years of patience and labor. It was really bad luck on the others that the youngest and most helter-skelter of botanists was about to reap so great a reward of fame. He had the feeling so often experienced by the light-fingered—"It's almost a shame to take the money!"

To describe the vegetable wonders, beauties and curiosities of that valley would take a mind great in sciences and in imagination. The present writer, alas, is like Van Bibber in the story: "Yes," said Van Bibber, "I think I know a horse when I see one and," he added mentally, "that's about all!" And so it is with the present writer. He thinks he knows a tree when he sees one—and that's about all; but I have heard Chudder talk and describe, and become exasperated because even he could not find just the right picture-painting words—and because it is impossible to describe a taste or a perfume, or the falling of water, or the notes of birds.

"All the open levels," he told me, "were pansies instead of lawn, and all their little faces were always turned toward you. Brooks moved quietly through them, over white sand and many-colored rocks; and the bottom of the valley couldn't have been below sea-level, else where did the brooks flow? There were forests of rhododendrons a hundred feet high; and there were monstrous pines, with scarlet stems and foliage like mist; and edgings everywhere to things of azalea and a glorious blue lilac; and the forest floors were infinities of new ferns and broad-leaved evergreens; and there were roses that had the same pleasure in existence and the act of climbing that our own poison ivy has. There were a dozen crabapples and cherries that I had never seen before; and high up, always out of reach, where pockets of soil had formed on the cliffs, were flashes and blazes of color, rosy vines that garlanded down a hundred feet—yellow vines. And Nature had so gardened the place that, though it bloomed with every known color, there was never an outrage or a loud swearing. And the place was almost too sweet! You could shut your eyes and imagine yourself at a fashionable wedding—or a funeral."

"Tell me," said the Princess Lo one day, "why do you wish to give fruits and flowers to people you have never even seen? My world is beautiful all the way to the rim of the cliffs. Beyond that I cannot see. Therefore it may be dust for all I care."

"You," said Chudder, "are rare and charming. When I go away do you think I shall keep that knowledge to myself? Not a bit of it. I shall try to make everybody I meet understand how rare and charming you are. Just so, if I take some beautiful flower home to my country and it grows well there, I shall want it to be in every garden. Why, if I rented a house for a few months and was never to see it again I should still take the trouble to plant things in the dooryard for those who should come after."

"The important thing," said the princess, "is that I am rare and charming!" Chudder laughed. "I do wish I could show them to you!" she said.

"Show what?"

"I told you that everything which grows in the valley is represented in the palace gardens."

"And you were wrong. There are dozens of wonderful things here that none of you seem to have noticed."

"You know what I mean," she said, womanlike. "But we have a lily—the sweetest and most wonderful of all our flowers. It is coming into bloom now. I wish you could see them."

"Why can't I?"

"Because if I showed them to a foreign devil my soul would be cast into the Lake of Fire for a thousand years."

"Princess," said Chudder, "that is nonsense! And you know it! Come on; show them to me. Be a sport!"

(Continued on Page 57)

BEATING BACK—Convict 31,539

By Al J. Jennings and Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"Men, Sit Down! Nobody Will Be Punished for This"

CONCERNING my fourteen months in county jails after our capture at Rock Creek I have little memory after all. Troublesome as it was, the wound I had received in the battle at the Spike-S helped to soften my change from a wild man loose in the wilderness, living an out-of-doors, adventurous life, to a flabby prisoner. The hardships I endured in that week of pursuit had given me a bad turn. For a little time I didn't care whether I lived or died.

Bill, my brother Frank and I were placed under guard in a hotel at Muskogee. In the last stage of our ride from the Spike-S we had left Bud behind us sick. Sam Baker, who led us into Bud Ledbetter's trap, betrayed him also; when the officers brought him in they dumped us all together into a cell at the Muskogee jail.

Little Dick—the fifth member of our gang—we never saw again. He had arrived late at our rendezvous on the Spike-S. By then both his pals and the marshals had gone. For seven months he was on the dodge all over Indian Territory. At last they cornered him and shot him dead. A time was coming when I considered Little Dick the lucky member of our outfit.

That confinement in one cell just suited me. It left us apart from the other prisoners and gave us a chance to build our fences. The months went on and the territorial authorities had a hard time to get convictions against the Jennings Gang. Every day, it seemed, people came to the door of our cell, under escort of the guards, to look us over. Among them I recognized men who had the goods on me absolutely; but they always shook their heads before they went away

The jailers and marshals used every dodge known to the police. One such attempt I remember for its absurd finish. The Spanish War broke out three months after they put us in jail. I had been a great reader of history and military tactics; I always wanted a chance at real warfare. Here was the chance—and I couldn't take it! Lieutenant Capron came along, recruiting his company of the Rough Riders. He visited me in jail and we talked over the regiment.

A Declaration Under Ether

SO I WAS full of war and patriotism when they operated on my leg. The steel jacket from Bud Ledbetter's rifle and the bit of corduroy which had been driven ahead of it remained in my wound. The detectives had heard that a man under ether will sometimes tell everything he knows. As soon as I had lost my senses half a dozen deputies stepped into the operating room. They had with them a prison chaplain, who was present out of curiosity, I suppose.

They say that I lay like a log until the ether had nearly gone from me. Then I spoke just one sentence: "We're all Americans under the flag!" From that time on, no one could make the chaplain believe I was not innocent. He said a man with such sentiments in his heart could not possibly be a criminal.

The first charge they lodged against me involved a minor affair. A year or so before I had robbed the safe in the post-office at Foyil. This was only an experimental job. A burglar named Yankee had brought into camp a set-screw, used for twisting the lock from a safe. In robbing a train I had always used dynamite on the safe, which was cumbersome and dangerous. This looked like a better plan, and I robbed the Foyil post-office just to see how it worked. The lock came off easily and we took seven hundred dollars, just to pay expenses. The test didn't prove anything. This was an obsolete safe; and as my burglar friend says, you need only a parlor match to open those old-fashioned safes.

When they placed me on trial my lawyers had prepared a careful alibi—and an honest one too. The people who swore I was elsewhere on the day of the Foyil robbery were simply mistaken. However, I got myself free of that charge by outwitting my own lawyers. The postmaster saw me in jail just before the trial. I was wearing a mustache and goatee. He went on the stand and testified that he had seen me in his store, wearing a mustache and goatee, on the afternoon before the robbery. His memory played a trick on him. Just before I went to Foyil I was wearing a beard. At the hotel I met a traveling salesman, who had the first safety razor I ever saw. He offered to let me try it. I accepted and appeared at Foyil with a face as clean as a baby's. When he made the slip in identification I saw a chance. I went on the stand and astounded my lawyers by admitting that I was at Foyil on the afternoon of the robbery. Then I had the salesman called to testify as to my shaving. This discredited the main witness for the Government and the jury acquitted me. I was guilty, of course.

Next they tried me for shooting Marshal Bud Ledbetter in the battle at the Spike-S—assault with intent to kill. There I stood no chance. Yet they worked on me some wild and woolly law. Ledbetter had no right to open fire unless he caught me in the act of robbery or announced that he was an officer with a warrant. His only announcement that morning was a bullet through the ranch-house window. In this opinion I am contradicted by the Supreme Court of Oklahoma and sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. The jury found me guilty; the judge sentenced me to twenty-one years at Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary. That night some one called his attention to a little mistake—the maximum penalty was five years. He was thinking of the law in Arkansas, where he used to practice. He hastily reconvened court, revoked the former sentence, and handed me the five years.

I am speaking now from the legal point of view, not the human one. And from a legal point of view the next step was the most arbitrary of all. The authorities wished to get rid of me, because I had made a great deal of work for the law in Indian Territory. More than that, the marshals and deputies wanted the price on my head. There were no rewards for the Foyil robbery or the assault at the Spike-S Ranch—no rewards for anything on which I could be convicted in the jurisdiction of Muskogee. Without warning and without process of law, the deputies took us all out of the Muskogee jail and spirited us away to Ardmore. Not until a woman with a child in her arms looked into my cell did I know the reason. She was the keeper of the section house between Chickasha and Minco. Hers was the child to whom I gave the bananas after the Rock Island train robbery.

Another Alibi to the Rescue

SO THEY tried me separately from the other three on a charge of robbing the United States mail with force of arms, thereby endangering life. For that offense, under the old Federal law, there is only one penalty—life imprisonment. I was rather glad they had picked out this job. I have told before how I rode all night and impressed a false date on the minds of District Attorney Pittman and Sheriff Motley, in order to prepare an alibi. I confided this alibi to Judge Cruce, my attorney. Convinced of my innocence, he prepared a magnificent defense. District Attorney Pittman and Sheriff Motley, after the manner of witnesses, strengthened their testimony when the prosecution impugned it.

I had a dozen acquaintances among the passengers on that Rock Island train, most of whom knew that the little man in the bearskin mask was Al Jennings. None of them came forward to identify me. The only strong testimony for the prosecution came from the express messenger. It was not true that I had robbed the mail—only the express safe. However, a registered letter was missing when the smoke cleared away. The Government presumed that I had taken it.

The United States attorney, I understand, hoped only for a disagreement; but here the authorities capped the climax of illegal law. They wanted to get rid of me, collect their rewards and proceed with the next bandit; so, while the jury stood ten to two for acquittal, the judge sent to them a marshal with a special message. If they would find me guilty he would give me the lightest sentence under the law. Believing this meant a year and a day, they returned a verdict of guilty. They even smiled at me reassuringly as they entered the courtroom; but I was a lawyer and I understood. There was only one possible sentence—life; which the judge promptly gave me.

I am not complaining, understand. I committed that robbery—and many more. As the law stands, I deserved about all I got. Neither am I talking wild. Ten of the jurymen have sworn to this transaction; their affidavits are on file with the Department of Justice. I'm relating these

circumstances of my conviction only because they explain what happened later—why I am sitting now at a desk in a comfortable hotel room, expecting to go to the theater tonight and to attend court at Enid tomorrow, instead of standing at a machine in a dark, foul prison factory, expecting nothing so long as life remains but darkness, silence, routine, brutality and dull torment of soul.

While the jury was deliberating and when—though I didn't know it—the authorities despaired of convicting me, father called me to my cell door. He seemed to be in special distress of mind.

"Joe," he said—Joe was his old pet name for me—"I must say something to you I thought I'd never have to say in all my life. If you and Frank will tell the whole story, implicating every one who's been associated with you, they'll let you walk out free."

I loved and honored my father more than any other man in the world, and my answer came hard.

"Father," I said, "I'd rather be taken to prison and carried out by the ants in pieces!"

Father's face changed; he looked almost happy as he said:

"God bless you, my boy! You're my son after all. It was my duty—but I'm glad you won't betray a friend. Joe, stand it, boy! though this is the bitterest moment of my life."

So I rose in court for my sentence. I've heard about that moment when the actual words are spoken and his fix gets on a man's imagination for the first time—how it goes through him like a knife! It had no such effect on me. With half my brain I'd been expecting the worst. With the other half I was still doing lawyer tricks—figuring on errors, new trials, pardons, commutations. Even when they started me for the Ohio State Penitentiary, at Columbus, where the Government used to send part of its Federal prisoners, my imagination worked only by fits and starts.

Beginning My Life-Sentence

NOW and then, when I'd get a flash of Indian Territory from the car window—the prettiest country God ever made—the thought would strike me that I'd never again see those little green hills and chestnut groves and clear streams. Now and then, when I'd see a pretty, pleasant-looking woman, I'd remember with a jerk of my heart that I could never talk to a woman again; and the world would go black before my eyes. These were only spasms. Most of the way I talked and joked with my guards—and I wasn't acting either.

In a daze I made the passage from the Columbus station to the building of the great stone walls. In a daze I saw two uniformed men step forward and begin searching me. The indignity seemed to wake me. I turned and said a word to the guard at my right. He made no answer—only went on exploring my pockets. I spoke to the guard at my left—he did not even seem to hear me. When they had finished one of them said a single word:

"Come!"

I stepped forward between the guards to the big door that separates the warden's office from the main prison. Another silent guard unlocked it. If he had been letting water through a sluice-box he would have noticed it more than he noticed me. We stepped through; the gate closed behind me with a peculiar, reverberating clang.

And there my imagination woke at last. I can feel yet the shock that ran through my whole body, the tightening of my scalp, the stiffening of my backbone. That gate had closed on me for ever and ever. While life remained I should not pass that threshold again! The thing they would carry out, after twenty—thirty—forty years would not be Al Jennings, but only his shell. Commutations, pardons, processes of law—I forgot them all.

The silent, automatic guard guided me down a dark corridor, with a blank, whitewashed wall on the left and tier upon tier of uniform, miserably small cells on our right. Another silent, automatic guard opened a little door. We were facing a long building with two barred windows. These windows were a nightmare of pale, drawn faces: and there came to me a chattering, broken with screams. One man, as we walked on, thrust his arms between the bars. His hands were not clenched, as you would have expected; they hung limp. I looked at the guard, but I held back my question. However, after a minute he began talking as though to the air.

"Nut-house!" he said in a low monotone. "After they're in here a few years men go crazy and we have to confine them there."

That comment, as I learned later, was a special mercy and against the rules. Before that shock passed we had entered a long room with rows of tables which looked like rough writing desks.

"Sit down!" said the guard.

Another automaton appeared from the doorway. He was carrying a pie pan full of molasses, a square piece of reasonably white bread and a can of water. I glanced at this food; then I folded my arms and sat looking straight ahead. Several minutes passed.

"Go on and eat!" said the guard finally, still in that monotone which seemed to fray every nerve I had. "I can't stay here all day."

"I don't want anything," I said.

"Come!" said he.

We moved across the deserted prison campus, through another steel door. Now I was facing three crude barbers' chairs made of common boards. The guard motioned; I sat down.

The barber stepped forward as though some one had pulled a lever and started him going. In silence he shaved my face and head. It was the silence that was killing me. I felt that I must have some human response, I didn't care what, or I should burst inside and die.

As we started back I remembered I had left my hat. I turned and faced a man in a gray suit—a trusty, as I learned afterward. He was wearing my hat; and he stood holding out to me a little brown slip of a thing that looked not unlike a clown's cap. Full to overflowing, I ran over.

"Give me my hat!" I demanded.

"You've got no use for it!" he said.

I exploded into action. With one hand I grabbed at the hat and with the other his hair. I brought the human response. The barbers—all convicts—laughed; but my guard never cracked a smile. He laid his hand on my shoulder and said:

"You're going to have a hard time here—too much temper. Come on!"

Next we were in the state shop. Men—all alike in appearance and costume—sat making and mending clothes. Two of them rose as we entered. As silently and automatically as the rest they stripped me and dressed me in an ill-fitting gray suit with a blue stripe, like that of a cadet uniform, down the trouser-seam. I am only five feet four in height and those clothes were large enough for a broad-shouldered six-footer. I had to roll up the sleeves and the trouser-legs to move my hands and feet. They took away a good pair of shoes and gave me brogans with copper rivets in the sides. These were number sevens—and my size is four. Only by shuffling as I walked could I keep my feet in them. The cap, on the other hand, was a size too small. I didn't know until afterward what this meant. Cowboy fashion, I was particular about my clothes. I had arrived too well dressed, and they hung these clothes on me to humiliate me. They succeeded most admirably.

We went to the bathhouse, where about a pint of water was sprinkled over me—the usual prison bath, except when they send a man to the cellar for punishment. Then he gets too much.

Next it was the transfer office. A clerk at a little window bade me look up while he read in a monotone the book of rules. I didn't hear a word until he ended briefly:

"Number 31,539."

That was my number. I had lost my name.

"Where Did You Get the Saws?"

The Feather-Man in the Idle House

WE PASSED on to the idle house where men are held temporarily until assigned to a cell and a company. There the guard who had been with me since I entered turned without a word and left me. At the end of the room was a raised platform, where another guard sat in a kind of high-chair.

"Sit down!" he said—after which he paid no attention to me. Here was I, a new arrival—I expected at least some curiosity. I wondered if they were treating me like a log of wood to humiliate me!

After a few minutes of absolute quiet I began to look round. The room was dingy and cobwebbed. It seemed as though the windows had never been washed. In the shadows I made out three or four companions sitting on the pine benches at my right. My eyes became glued, with the fascination of disgust, to one of them. He had a long nose like the beak of a bird and deep-set eyes of an uncertain greenish yellow. His hair had grown out; on his face was a stubble of beard that reminded one of a wheatfield newly mown. He was chewing tobacco and the amber juice was running from the corners of his mouth.

He held in his fingers something that I saw in time was a feather. He was stripping it into little pieces. He would tear off a filament, blow it into the air, and keep on blowing until it got beyond range of his breath. All the time he would follow its course with his fixed, dead, incurious eyes. And I wondered how long it would be until I, too, should lose my grip and go to stripping feathers!

Then a little monotonous buzzing caught my attention. I looked and saw that a bluebottle fly had been caught in a cobweb at the window. He was trying to release himself. For a space like a century he buzzed and fought.

Every Night Louis Sneaked Past a Sleeping Guard and Brought Me a Bit of Substantial Food

I felt that I must release him. I turned to the guard. He had fallen asleep in his chair, his head on his breast. All day I watched that fly struggling for his liberty and I thought he had a better chance than I.

There was a dank odor in the air—a mustiness very sickening to the senses. I get that smell sometimes from old cellars and it brings back to me that day when I sank into the very depths. The half-wit in the corner—the impersonal, sleepy guard—the trapped fly—the odor—they did their work in my soul. Never until then had I thought of suicide; but if I had possessed the instrument I should have killed myself that afternoon.

That was the bottom of the curve. I was to learn later that a prison is, after all, a little world, with its own peculiar ambitions, intrigues, worries, hopes—and even pleasures; but then I thought of it as a thing which makes machines out of men. And that is hell—to turn a living, growing thing into a machine!

A whistle blew; the guard woke, formed us into line and marched us outside. A company of convicts came up, halted, took us in, and went on to the dining room. There a waiter slammed down the same ration of molasses, bread and water. Still I couldn't eat, though I tried. A negro sat at my right. By a gesture he indicated that he wanted my food. I nodded. He picked the flies out of the molasses and my rations vanished like a flash. Then a guard said:

"Come!"

He led me to a cell in the third tier of the A and B block, locked me in, and ordered me to put two fingers of one hand through the bars until he returned for the night's count. I fumbled in the darkness to survey my surroundings. I felt a little swinging iron bed, drawn up by chains against the wall; a shelf with a Bible; a tin pail fastened to the door by a hook. I did not understand its purpose until a convict came down the range and filled it with water.

"Don't I get a light?" I asked. He made no response, but turned and went on.

Presently I heard a voice down the range and recognized the call of a newsboy. Though I didn't know it then, certain convicts earned a little money of their own for overtime, and they were allowed to spend it for papers. As he came nearer I heard him call the name "Al Jennings!" I wondered, and I crowded close to the cell door. He came into sight presently—a convict with a paper-sack under his left arm. I saw him glance deliberately up and down the range before he stepped into the alcove in front of my grating and began to talk in a low voice.

"I've sold all my papers except this one, on account of you," he said.

"I have no money," said I.

"That's all right. This is on me," he replied. And he passed it between the bars. I told him I needed a light. He said there was a gasjet that I might use until nine o'clock; and he handed me a match. "But don't tell anybody I talked to you," he said, "or I'll lose this job. They've got you in a bum cell, but a fellow like you will soon be getting the gravy of this institution."

A Promotion

I LIT the gas and looked over the paper—the Columbus Press-Post. The front page opened with three columns about me and my arrival at the prison! All the time when the impersonality of the place had been eating into my soul I had been a sensation. I didn't know, as yet, the prison language, which expressed whole paragraphs by the turn of an eyelash.

I slept little that night. I've been asked since if I felt any remorse, and I'm forced to answer that I didn't. I was not yet broken; but I did go down to the very depths.

I dropped off to sleep in time. A reverberating gong woke me. I didn't realize where I was until I saw the bucket hanging on the grated door. And as I struggled awake I found that the sickening sense of despair had left me; I felt that I was going somehow to get out of that prison. As I fell into line for breakfast I began to read the prison language. Here and there men would shift their eyes toward me and shift them instantly back to attention. I knew by instinct that they were looking at the fellow of whom they'd been reading in the papers. Some of them have told me since they didn't believe I was Al Jennings in that makeup. I went back to the idle house. The half-wit had gone to the "feather foundry," where they worked the weak-minded men not yet bad enough for the nut-house. The fly had escaped from the spider's web. Yes, decidedly, things were better.

As I waited a well-dressed man came through the door. The guard rose and saluted.

"I want 31,539," he said.

"Number 31,539, stand up!" said the guard.

I sat there—I hadn't thought of my number since they hung it on me. The stranger looked over our line. As no one rose he added:

"A man named Jennings."

I stood up in a hurry. The gentleman looked at me as though I were really a human being.

"I have an order from the deputy for you," he said. "My name is Laney and I'm superintendent of transfers. We've had some good letters, speaking highly of you. When I learned you'd arrived I asked the warden for you."

So we talked freely and pleasantly as we walked across to the deputy's office, a brick building in the middle of the prison campus beside the chapel. Just before entering the door Mr. Laney said:

"Be guarded in your conduct before the deputy. He is a pretty good fellow, but rough, and he is the boss round here. Even I have to take orders from him."

A tall, broad-faced, big-eyed man, with huge shoulders, sat in a swivel chair. He turned as we entered and looked me over. It was one of the deputy wardens, the strong man and the character of that prison. In a deep but quiet and drawling voice he asked:

"Your name is Jennings?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You're a lawyer, ain't you?"

"No, sir. I used to be."

"Well," said the deputy—almost purring, his voice grew so quiet—"you won't get much practice in here. The warden has turned you over to Mr. Laney. I wouldn't have done that—don't believe in it. I think a fellow ought to get used to this place before he's handed any favors. You'll have one of the nicest places in this institution—a clerk. You've got a long time to stay in here—if your health is good! Still, seven or eight years on the average lets out a man who has a life term. They get pardoned somehow—but not always. Behave yourself! Obey the rules!" He stopped. I started to turn away, when he added: "And don't trust anybody. This is a prison. It's full of the worst men in the world. That's all."

As we walked away Mr. Laney was laughing.

"He spoke to you more kindly than I ever heard him," he said.

So I was jumped at once into the first class and made a clerk in the transfer office. It stood then at the end of the G and H block. Built up four or five steps higher than the main floor, it had two windows—heavily barred, of course—and a closet which entered a tower. From the windows you could look across to liberty—the river; Spring Street; the steward's office, just across the street. Mr. Laney led me in. A young man in the gray uniform of a first-class clerk sat working at a set of books.

"He'll teach you your duties," said Mr. Laney—"he's going out."

He was a life-termer, for all his youth, that fellow in the gray uniform; he had been in prison since he was fourteen. As he began to instruct me in my duties he talked in a monotone from one corner of his mouth. I took it then for a little congenital peculiarity—really it was a habit he had formed while in the shops. Conversation was forbidden to all but the first-class convicts. When a lower-class convict wants to talk he looks past his hearer to a distant object and speaks from the corner of his mouth nearest his listener. You could watch the other side of his face all day and never see a movement. This man had learned the habit so young that he couldn't break it even in the transfer office, where there was no rule of silence.

Suddenly My Red Temper Exploded. I Jumped at Him

On Bankers' Row

AT INTERVALS we talked of other things besides business. I told him he was lucky to get out—I didn't dare expect as much. He said:

"Neither did I. Those things come about somehow; but I don't know whether I'll be in any better shape. I got one jolt when I was a boy. After I was released nobody would give me work. There was nothing to do but go back to the graft. I croaked a fellow in a job and got a life bit. I have no trade and as soon as I hit the street the bulls will be after me again. I'll be back—here or somewhere else—before long."

A few days later I bade him good-by. I've never heard from him since.

So I settled down as transfer clerk. Though I wasn't a trusty yet, I had most of a trusty's privileges. I was free—after supper and on Sunday afternoons—to go to the office instead of to my cell. That's a privilege no one who hasn't been a convict can appreciate. My duties weren't especially hard. Transfer clerk means what the term implies—I kept track of the entries and departures, of the shifts from one department or one gang to another. Every night, when the men were locked in their cells, a guard counted them.

According to routine, when there were two men in the same cell he'd make one thrust out one finger of his right hand, and the other two fingers of his right hand, to make sure there had been no escape. My books and slips must tally with his count, or I had to reckon with the deputy. I ate in a separate dining room—called "Jericho" in prison slang—with the other first-class clerks. Besides, men in the shops were given, for special services or extra good conduct, weekly tickets to Jericho now and then. We were allowed knives and forks. The food was plain but wholesome. Best of all, we could talk.

They gave me new quarters on Bankers' Row. These were the largest, airiest cells in the place—and here were confined men of means, like cashiers, directors, and the like, who had gone up for embezzlement or juggling funds. Of course they had money—and, of course, they used it.

(Continued on Page 34)

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Some Big Business

FORTY-ONE per cent of the area of the United States drains into the lower Mississippi. Every few years flood waters from thirty-one states spread over a strip containing some thirty thousand square miles of exceedingly rich land between Cairo and the mouth of the river. The damage is immense.

Inhabitants of this threatened strip have spent over sixty million dollars on levees that are still insufficient to restrain the muddy ocean which the whole Middle West periodically pours down on them. Congress is asked for sixty millions, but hesitates. The Atlantic and Pacific regions are well out of the wet, anyway, and may object to contributing.

Again, Congress is asked to build a national coast-to-coast highway; but, however ingeniously that highway might be laid out, many of the people on whom the cost would fall would be remote from it.

Why, for all great public undertakings, must we rely either on a state or on the nation? The one unit is often too small, the other often too large. The Chicago Sanitary District affords an example of a specially created public corporation that conforms to none of the old political divisions. The corporation idea has been wonderfully developed in our time. We believe it may be still farther developed, to accomplish many public objects independently of the old political machinery.

About Park Benches

IS THERE a public park in your town, and does it contain benches bearing a legend to this effect—"These benches are for the exclusive use of women and children"?

Offhand it seems to us that we can remember seeing that legend on benches in about a thousand parks; and we cannot remember ever having seen a solitary bench so designated on which men and boys did not sit whenever they felt like it.

We might take that legend as a symbol of city government in the United States. The general idea, you see, is to stick up a sign—or otherwise to publish a prohibition—such as: "Men must not sit on these benches"; or, "Gambling strictly forbidden in this town"; or, "Graft positively not allowed." And having stuck up the sign the government puts its hands in its pockets and strolls away, dismissing the matter from its mind.

Hence naturally a good deal of public contempt for government generally. That sort of city government—the prevailing sort—reminds us of an old gentleman's description of a young gentleman in one of Henry James' stories: "He's a nice chap, but an inveterate liar."

Next time you visit the park notice the benches.

Interlocking Directors

OUR valued old friend, John P. Morgefeller, describes his afflictions to us in the following moving terms:

"Formerly I did not want to bother with directors' meetings; so I had my private secretary and individual stenographer and office boy and janitor and various other persons elected as directors of corporations in which I was interested. The newspapers found it out and complained terribly about these dummy directors. It was said that directors should represent actual ownership.

"I thought there was something in that point; so I permitted myself to be elected a director of my corporations. It was quite a nuisance—though you will find, if you look up the records, that I very seldom attended the meetings. Well, latterly the newspapers and Congress have been complaining terribly because I am on so many boards. They seem to have forgotten all about dummy directors. The cry now is all against interlocking directors. What is a poor man with a billion dollars or so to do?

"Why, bless their souls," Mr. Morgefeller added benevolently, "don't they know it does not matter a whoop to me whether I'm on a board of directors or not? The poor fellows are only fighting with my shadow, not with my substance. They think I derive power from being an interlocking director. The fact is, having the power to begin with I become an interlocking director. The power is there exactly the same whether I dummy or interlock. I wish they would make up their minds whether the shadow is to fall to the right or to the left."

The Clerk's Loan

A REMEDIAL loan association is a concern that undertakes to supplant the loan shark by making advances to persons of small means—generally secured by a chattel mortgage on the furniture—at an interest rate of two or three per cent a month, dealing honestly with the borrower. Many wealthy men supply capital to remedial loan associations as a form of practical philanthropy.

There is a National Federation of Remedial Loan Associations, and its recent annual report says: "The day has passed when social workers contented themselves with the passage of laws designed solely to eliminate the usurious moneylender." In other words it seems every one now realizes that the needy clerk must pay very high interest.

Farther along in the report appears the statement that nine societies made during the year over twenty-one thousand loans, aggregating a million and a quarter dollars; and the total loss on these loans amounted to but little over five thousand dollars, or less than half of one per cent.

If the loss is so small why must the interest rate be so high? True, it costs more to lend a thousand dollars to twenty borrowers than to one borrower; but must they always pay from four to six times as much interest as the one borrower pays? Paying thirty-six per cent interest is a form of extravagance we should not wish to cultivate. We think coöperation could do something here.

The Railroad Investment

IN PAYING its fall dividend the Pennsylvania Railroad mailed checks to more than eighty-five thousand stockholders, more than half of whom were women. The stock represents only about half the total investment in the system, and the bonds, no doubt, are held by as many different persons as the stock is; so we have here approximately an investment of a billion dollars owned by perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand persons.

Now there are roughly a hundred and fifty thousand farmowners in Wisconsin and in Minnesota, and in each state the value of farmland approximates a billion dollars; but the farm is a form of wealth everybody understands, while the railroad is not. We want more steel cars, better signal systems, larger terminals, prompter service. The public constantly and properly demands improvements. Pressure of public opinion continually and rightly forces the railroads to arbitrate wage questions, and practically every arbitration increases the payroll.

A railroad cannot get money out of the air however. It has no conjurer's hat. Every improvement involves an investment of fresh capital, which can be obtained only by paying a price that is satisfactory to investors. Net income must finally keep pace with increased investment. For the last three years it has not done so. A crippled transportation system would be a worse calamity than any crop failure. The public would always better give the roads five per cent too much than five per cent too little.

The Trouble in Washington

AT THE National Capital they have been holding a sort of coroner's inquest on the census. That the last census has pretty largely broken down is hardly disputable. Only a few of its many volumes are yet available to the public. Those few contain schedules the accuracy of which is very doubtful, and figures that cannot be satisfactorily compared with the figures in former censuses.

The value of a census depends on its accuracy, on the comparableness of its figures, and on the promptness with which they are published. In the last two respects, at least, the thirteenth census is largely a failure, though it has cost over fifteen million dollars.

Formerly the Census Bureau was a temporary affair, going out of existence at the completion of each decennial enumeration. For years Congress was urged to establish a permanent scientific bureau, which might collect and retain year after year a staff of experienced experts. At length Congress acceded to that demand and it is precisely this permanent scientific bureau that has made such a mess of the thirteenth census.

A sort of coroner's jury has been sitting on the case. Its verdict has not been announced, but we already know what the trouble was with the census—to wit, politics; the same thing that is the cause of trouble with every other department at Washington.

Pressure on the Banks

WE SEE no injustice in the Government's compelling national banks to invest in stock of Federal reserve banks, provided it makes adequate provision for the conversion or retirement of the bonds the banks hold as a basis for their circulating notes. With that proviso the Government is entitled to attach any condition it pleases to the privilege of being a national bank.

A bank that does not like the conditions need not take or retain a national charter. It is very much like your giving a man the privilege to use your name in his business. You can fix any terms you like, and the man can take it or leave it.

The expediency of bringing the banks in by compulsion is a very different matter. Certainly if the terms finally fixed by the Glass-Owen Bill are so onerous that national banks come in only very reluctantly and by way of standing a fine rather than surrender their Federal charters, then the state banks will not come in at all; and the more inclusive the new scheme is, the better it is likely to work. It can be put into operation without the state banks—and even without many of the national banks in small towns; but it would be much stronger with the bigger state banks and the national banks in country towns.

Both the state banks and the country national banks—provided their bonds are equitably taken care of—are in so independent a position that Congress will have to consult their wishes if it gets them in. We hope it will do this.

The Discredited Legislature

CONCERNING the public's profound distrust of state lawmakers, Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, recently said: "In many of the states a session of the legislature is looked on as something in the nature of an unavoidable public calamity. . . . Not only is the convening of the legislature looked forward to with dread, but while it is in session a spirit of unrest prevails and an adjournment is always hailed with genuine relief."

This dissatisfaction with legislatures is of long standing. Throughout the nineteenth century states placed restriction after restriction on the lawmaking body—as, for example, by prescribing that it should meet only once in two years—and then for a limited number of days. The argument for this, as Mr. Bryce points out, was: "If the legislature meets it will pass bad laws; let us, therefore, prevent it from meeting."

Every attempt to improve the legislature only makes it worse, and that will continue to be our experience until the lawmaking body itself is thoroughly remodeled—with greatly reduced membership, probably with only one house instead of two, and with very frequent if not continuous sitting.

The Demand for Capital

SOME men think out a gasoline carriage and within a few years their invention has absorbed hundreds of millions of dollars of capital. The Wrights discovered how to fly, and millions will be spent this year in aërial navigation. Every thought that comes into a man's head—if it has any commercial use—immediately creates a demand for fresh capital wherewith it may be exploited.

The call for capital is one of the amazing phenomena of our day. For example, Frank A. Vanderlip calculates that electrical development along lines already well laid out will require four hundred million dollars a year for the next five years.

Within the same period over a billion dollars' worth of railroad securities will mature, while in the last five years railroad development absorbed two billion dollars of new capital; and bonded improvements by states and cities took a billion and a half more.

"These are bewildering figures," Mr. Vanderlip observes. "They sound more like astronomical mathematics than statistics of round, hard-earned dollars."

The point is precisely that if these developments are to go on—and unless our friends the Socialists come to the rescue by abolishing capital—somebody must not only make all these billions of veritable dollars but save them for investment.

The demand for capital is enormous and the need that this demand be met is vital. These are reasons why we are opposed to certain political tendencies, such as overzealous trust-busting, which in our opinion tend powerfully to waste capital. In point of fact, we have not got it to waste.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Sailor-Banker Senator

INASMUCH as literature, art and the fine arts, a few slugs of science and culture—oodles of that—are so fittingly and worthily represented in the United States Senate for Massachusetts by Henry Cabot Lodge, LL. B., and Ph. D., and A Number One on the list of immortals selected partly by himself, it is entirely proper and suitable—not to say apposite and appertinent—that the other leading industry of Massachusetts, aside from those symbolized by Mr. Lodge, to wit, the garnering of money and the assiduous retention of the same, which is—money is, so to speak—almost as highly prized in the old Bay State as Culture and the evidences thereof, including the broad A—almost, but not quite—joke—it is seemly and consistent that this phase of the basic activities and interests of the Massachusetts folks should have its representative in the Senate also.

Wherefore, as Massachusetts always does things in due form, we behold in the said Senate some two hundred and sixty pounds of envoy and exponent of that feature of the pursuits—and pleasures—of the residents of that favored commonwealth in the person of John Wingate Weeks, who succeeded Winthrop Murray Crane and added much-needed avoirdupois to the scenery.

Henry Cabot Lodge is a lean man and a sparse, as he has to be, for he is so exceedingly polished that the Harvard folks could not possibly have finished him had he been of greater extent; and when Murray Crane weighed one hundred and one he began to bant, for fear he was getting fat. Besides, it was a humiliating situation, with Senator Heyburn gone and Ollie James looming upon the other side; and Massachusetts came nobly marching to the front to save the face of the Republicans in this regard.

Neither Massachusetts nor any other state could save the face of that Grand Old Party in other ways that might be mentioned; but, of course, that is neither here nor there—but was last November.

Not, of course, that Senator John Wingate Weeks does not carry his two-sixty with grace and aplomb, but that he has it to carry. The point is there. And not that he carries all of it amidships, either, for quite a fair-sized chunk of it is brains; and, when you come to think of it, that amidships comparison just forced itself into this epigrammatic epitome, for, though you would never suspect it now, John Wingate Weeks is a sailor—or was—and, as the old saying goes, once a sailor always a salt, or words to that general effect.

Yes; it is true. John Wingate Weeks was—and is—a sailor. He sailed the Seven Seas in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis for four long and stormy years, and he sailed such other seas as they sent him to sail for two years thereafter. Then, much to his chagrin, he discovered he was getting so stout that his new uniforms would not fit any longer; and what is there to sailing the seas unless one's uniforms fit? Nothing!

Besides, he was not exactly suited for the sea. It is widely known—literature abounds with instances—that sailormen are lamentably inefficient in business affairs; and John Wingate Weeks, communing with himself during the long hours when he was watch officer on some dreadnought or other, and trying to figure out how in thunder he could get his practically new belt round him, discovered latent symptoms of a commercial mind.

The Call of Busy Marts of Trade

HE HEARD the counting house calling him. The lure and magic and mystery of the sea were great, of course—and if he stuck he might get to be a retired rear-admiral with the gout and a long tale of woe as to how much better they did things in the old days.

John Wingate Weeks felt he must away, much as he regretted it—and who does not regret to leave the deck of one of those giant warships where perchance one may gain heroic fame and, on the board-of-inquiry other hand, one may be set down forty numbers if she runs on a mud flat? Who indeed? Not John Wingate Weeks! He did not want to put all that behind him.

Still, there was something within that said: "A fine sailor you will make, Weeks! Why, you know about stocks and bonds and interest, and all that sort of thing! You have glimmerings of business acumen in you. A sad sort of seadog you will be if you stick here and ram round on boats, or get into a swivel chair in Washington. No, Weeks—not at all! Business for you! The bank and the busy marts of trade!"

There was no resisting it. Always of a logical mind, John Wingate Weeks plainly saw he would be unhappy if he continued boxing the compass instead of following his natural bent and encompassing the cashbox. So he up and quit, leaving the navy flat on its back temporarily; and he went to Newton, Massachusetts, and became a banker and broker, which is about as far removed from being a sailor as anything I can think of—unless it is being secretary of the navy.

He retained his interest in the sea; but that was a sentimental interest. Really the interest he was looking after was the kind the bankers get, and he retained a good share of that also. He joined the Massachusetts Naval Brigade, commanding that organization for six years, and going gallantly to such war as he could find in 1898.

Also, he had political leanings. Now it may be said that in our navy there is nothing incompatible with being a politician and a sailor. Indeed, no man can get much work or position as a sailor unless he is a politician. If a sailor is a mere sailor he is the lad—of course I am speaking of officers—the lad who goes to sea and stays there; but if he is a politician first and then a sailor he is the boy who acquires the soft places on shore.

Weeks, taking his later career as a criterion, might have done a heap for himself in a political way and remained a salt; but he could not with that strong business sense urging him into the banking and broking business.

So, combining politics and banking, he was elected an alderman of the city of Newton, serving for three years and then progressing to the mayoralty, which place he held for two years. This but urged him forward to greater things. He had himself elected to the Fifty-ninth Congress, and he continued the process biennially until he entered the Sixty-third Congress, which is the present one.

Meantime Senator Crane, desiring to retire to private life and reflect on the utter lack of appreciation displayed by the people for his efforts at Chicago a year ago last June, when he triumphantly—in company with B. Penrose and B. Barnes—nominated Mr. Taft, announced that he did not intend to seek reelection.

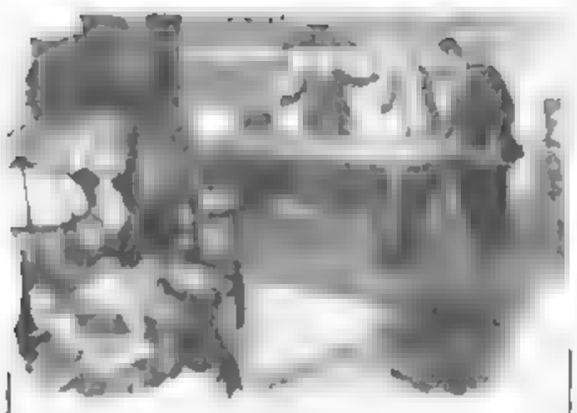
That cleared the way for Weeks. Senator Crane was a business man. Sam McCall, who opposed Weeks, was merely a statesman. So the people of Massachusetts turned to Weeks; and thus do we observe what a chump he would have been had he remained in the navy; for when you come to compare the wearing of a toga and the wearing of a uniform—even if it has a lot of gold lace on it—there can be no doubt the toga has much greater decorative effects. And, as I have intimated, Senator Weeks has a grand little figure over which to drape a toga.

There is nothing showy or spectacular about Weeks. His whole manner gives one the idea of solidity and stability. He is a big, calm, self-contained man—able, experienced, studious and sound. He was an efficient and a useful representative and there is no doubt he will be a useful and efficient senator.

John Wingate Weeks has a comprehensive grasp of public questions, and an earnestness and sincerity of purpose that make him potentially of great value to his party and the people. He is not given to talking; but when he does talk he talks in a direct, forceful and illuminating fashion. And in everything he does he gives the same substantial impression his appearance predicates.

There are few bankers in the Senate and fewer sailors. Also, there are not many persons as substantial as Weeks, who is both banker and sailor—a combination deserving of the mention here received.

Who Said "Academic"?



"A run of nine. You've got to go some to beat that!"

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EXCESS BAGGAGE

(Continued from Page 7)

one that suited him, he camped across the way from Maddox. Sam Horgan clattered in from the street, sweating a little. Where he got the news I don't know, but he looked as if he had been running.

It was as good as a play to watch those three rascals pretending to read newspapers and trying to act as if they had just happened to pick out the same place to sit down. A blind man could have seen that each one of 'em thought he was the only fellow who knew that the girl was going away and didn't want to tip it off to the others. When she came out they made a rush for her.

"No, thank you!" I heard her say. "I'm not going to the game this afternoon. I think I'll stay here at the hotel."

They followed her to the elevator, all talking at once and of course saying nothing about her going away.

"Will you take dinner with me, Miss Irma?"

"How about a little auto ride after the game?"

"Are you going to be here all the afternoon?"

She waited until the elevator door was half shut.

"Maybe!"

That was every word she said. It answered all three questions without saying yes or no to anybody and it left all three of 'em in a position to do some guessing. That's what I call generalship. If you fix it so that a man can draw his own conclusions from what a woman says he'll usually pick the cards he needs to fill a strong hand.

"There'll be quite a race back to the hotel after the game." It was Mrs. Aiken again, still looking for information.

"Race for what?" says I.

"Why, to check the excess baggage!" says she. "Look here, chief! You needn't pretend to be so innocent."

I didn't say a word. I didn't dare to. I was expecting some telegrams; so I waited at the hotel until all the boys had started for the park. As I was standing at the desk in came a big whale of a man—a square-shouldered, light-haired young fellow, with a couple of suitcases marked: A. J. O., S. F. About nine bellhops made a run at him. He looked like money.

"Can you tell me," says he to the clerk, "whether Miss Irma Lacey is in her room? . . . She is? Put me on the 'phone, please. . . . Hello! . . . Yes, this is Al; I'm downstairs . . . just got in! . . . You'll be right down? Fine!"

He turned round and snapped his fingers. "Boy!" he says. "Call me a taxi!"

V

I READ the riot act in the clubhouse before the game.

"Here we are," I says, "just hanging in the lead by an eyelash, when by rights we ought to have this pennant cinched to a fare-ye-well! You haven't been beaten by better clubs or outlucked either. The games you lost were thrown away because you've been too busy fighting among yourselves. You've been using this ball club as a clearing house for your troubles, and there's going to be an end to that foolishness right here and now! You dig in and play baseball from now on and forget that there's anything, or anybody, on earth but just the folks that we've got to beat to get into the World's Series. There ain't going to be any girl in the grandstand today!"

Well, it worked like a charm.

At the end of the fifth inning we had 'em licked to the tune of four to nothing. Cut Shiver was putting a lot of stuff on every ball and working as hard as if he was pitching in a World's Series. The St. Louis batters were chopping at his fast one after Fatty Cutts had it folded in his mitt, and missing his slow curves by six inches. Ben Maddox had made a couple of healthy-looking hits. Sam Horgan was cavorting round the offcut corner like a two-year-old; and Bully Runkle was playing second like a wild man.

In the sixth inning Maddox got his third long hit—a double—and he had to slide to second base in order to make it. It was an easy hook slide. I was where I could see and I'll swear that Ben didn't hit anything but the dirt; but instead of getting up he rolled round and groaned so loud I could hear him away over back of third base. I ran out to him.

"Hurt, Ben?" I says.

How this instrument

Makes You the Immediate Master of All the Masters

THE advantage of playing a piano by hand is this: The instrument *responds* to whatever feeling you put into the fingering.

The drawbacks are these: 1st—The feeling you can put into the fingering depends upon the dexterity of the fingers in picking out the keys. 2nd—No matter how perfect your technique may be, the music you can play is limited to the possibilities in ten fingers. You can play only *selections* from the great orchestral compositions, such as symphonies, overtures, operas, etc., or *arrangements* of them. You cannot play them as the composer wrote them.

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The Manualo pedals and the mechanism they control are to the Manualo what the keys are to the piano. They transmit the performer's musical feeling as perfectly to the piano action as the piano keys transmit it.

Let your musical feeling say "Pianissimo" instinctively you pedal lightly, and the Manualo mechanism makes the music *play* pianissimo. Let your feeling say "Fortissimo," instinctively you pedal forcefully, and the Manualo makes the music *play* fortissimo. Let your musical feeling call for accent on certain notes, instinctively you accent the proper strokes of the pedals and the Manualo mechanism makes those notes prominent above the others.

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"I think I've sprained my ankle," he says, gritting his teeth and sucking in his breath. "Get a couple of the boys to help me off the field."

Billy Runkle had come over with the others to have a look at Maddox.

"Get up, you big tramp!" says Billy. "You ain't hurt any more than I am. Get up and quit stalling!"

Ben pretended he didn't hear him.

"I can feel it swelling," says he. "I don't believe I can walk. Maybe I'd better be carried."

Ben gave a dying-gladiator look, rolled over twice, sat up and took his ankle in both hands—his right ankle, as I noticed.

"Let it alone!" says he, groaning louder than ever. "I've had enough sprains to know what one feels like. What I need is hot water and liniment. Golly, but it hurts! Whee-ee!"

Well, what could I do? I had to give him the benefit of the doubt, of course. He went off the field, with one arm round the neck of the negro rubber, Doctor Bones; and by the way he limped he might have had anything from a sprain to a compound fracture.

"Say, chief," says Sam Horgan, "wouldn't it be a good thing to have Ben stay in the clubhouse until after the game? You want to see how bad he's hurt, don't you?"

"Huh!" says Billy Runkle. "He thinks he's got a date—outside of that he's all right. Don't let him put one over on you, chief. Make him wait in the clubhouse."

I could see their point of view. They figured that Ben had stolen a march on 'em and was going to beat 'em to the hotel. I didn't know whether he had or not, but I made up my mind that I'd have a good look at that sprained ankle. Runkle and Horgan hung round me and crabbed and peeved until I had to remind 'em of that fine. They were still growling when they went on the field for the seventh inning. I had to put Eddie Reeves at first base in Ben's place. I hated to do it because Eddie is weak on a low ball and a bad throw bothers him.

Caley, the St. Louis shortstop, beat out a bunt and started to steal on the first ball pitched to the next batter. Caley is a streak of fire on the bases, but Fatty Cutts made a perfect peg to second and from where I sat it looked as if Billy Runkle got the ball on Caley as he slid. Tom McGinn, the umpire, didn't think so. He squatted and spread both hands.

The next thing I knew, Billy was jumping up and down in front of McGinn and calling him pet names.

"Why, you blind burglar!" yells Billy. "You poor old petty-larceny crook! I had him a mile—a mile! The ball was here waiting for him and he slid into it! Safe? You're crazy!"

McGinn backed away, shaking his head, with Billy after him. Tom is a little man, but peppery—an umpire who won't stand for anything in the way of rough stuff on the diamond.

Every ballplayer in the league knows that to lay the weight of a finger on Tom McGinn is just the same as wishing himself out of the game—with a fine and maybe a suspension on top of it.

I smelled it coming and started on the run for Billy, but I was too late. He walked up to McGinn and grabbed him by the collar. He didn't do it like a man acting on a sudden impulse either. It was cold and deliberate, and done in such a manner that McGinn couldn't overlook it—and right there was where the light flashed on me. I could have cussed myself for not seeing it before and warning Tom. Billy wasn't kicking on account of the decision at second base; he was kicking to get himself chased off the field. Ben had a little head-start on him, but Billy had found a way to give him a race and he was using Tom McGinn to help him do it.

Sam Horgan must have tumbled to it about the same time I did. He couldn't see Billy and Ben both on their way and him left out in the cold; so he came tearing over and grabbed Mac too.

"A little home umpiring, eh?" roars Sam. "Robber!"

Between 'em they shook that little man like a woman shakes a blanket. They jounced him up and down until his teeth rattled; they spun him round like a dancing bear. I made a dive for Horgan to drag him away, but my hand slipped and struck McGinn in the face.

"You too!" he gasps. "To the clubhouse—all three of you!"

Continued on Page 31

"Jump, if you want to!

This won't."

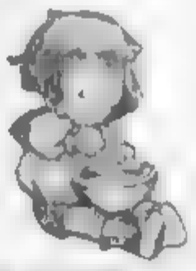
No indeed! No matter how high the food-prices go, the cost of Campbell's Soups to you remains the same.

Think of the nourishing food-value you get in

Campbell's BEEF SOUP

It is made from whole quarters of prime fresh beef—a strong rich stock containing also plenty of the juicy meat which has not been used for stock. And with this are included carrots and white turnips cut into dice, peas, barley, celery, leeks, and the proper seasoning to make a perfect soup. It is so hearty and satisfying that it is almost a meal in itself.

Why not enjoy it at *your* table *today? Your money back if not satisfied.*



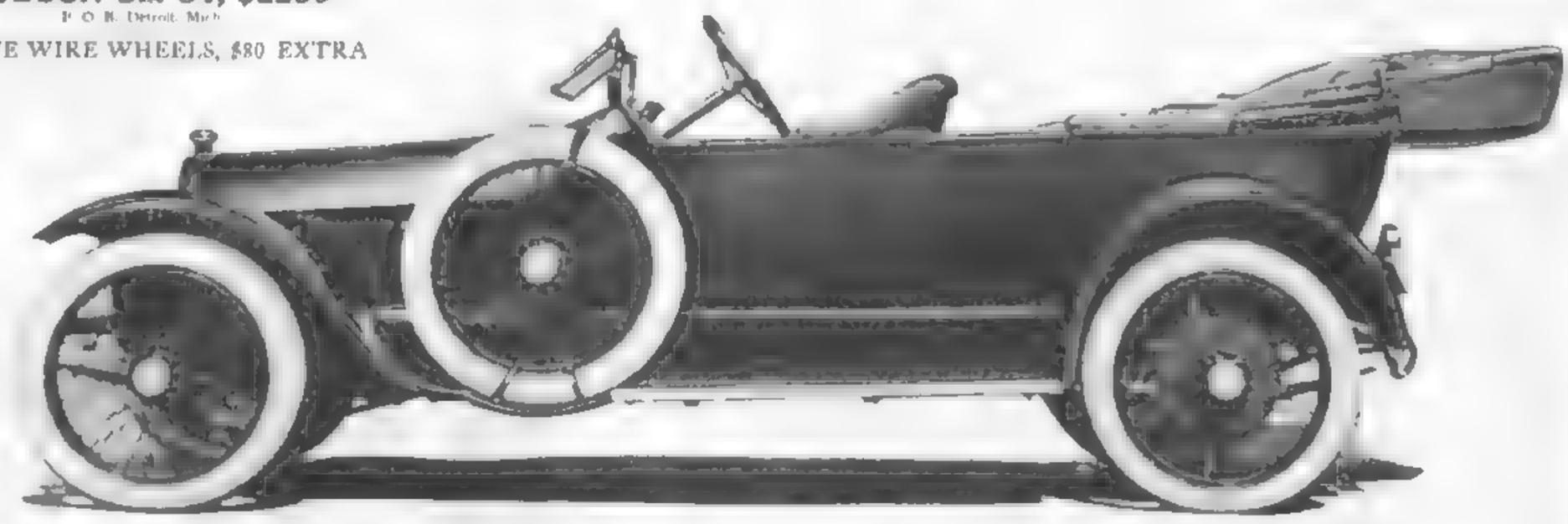
Gave sugary joys
To my boys
But Campbell's Soup say I
Rather be I
Of a bowl like this
Than a bake-shop full of pie."

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox-Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

HUDSON Six 54, $2250
F. O. B. Detroit, Mich.
FIVE WIRE WHEELS, $80 EXTRA



"RIDES LIKE CONSTANT COASTING"

What Do You Know About Any Motor Car Save the One You Own?

JUST think of the cars you have ridden in during the past year! Have you driven any other car than the one you own? Not one automobile owner in a hundred rides a dozen times a season in any other than his own car.

Under such conditions, with a limited knowledge of other cars, it is natural that every motorist is apt to think his is the best car built.

It is like the man who claims that his town is the best yet who never goes to any other town.

Remember the old Second Reader story about the pigs that thought they knew the world until they got out of the pen and climbed the hill?

Now Let's Make a Good Examination of Six-Cylinder Cars

If you have never driven a Six, you can know nothing of their smoothness.

The man who never saw an electric lamp could easily be persuaded to believe that a kerosene lamp was just as good.

You'll never know the superiority of the Six except by actual experience

Riding in a Six will convey some of the sensations of flying. You'll not experience any vibration. The motor will purr—almost noiselessly—and because there is a constant power impulse being imparted to the rear wheels, the grind and growl of the rear axle will not be heard.

When you take the wheel, you get an entirely new sensation in motoring. It is not high power that accounts for it. Four-cylinder motors can be made just as powerful as a six—or a one-cylinder could be, for that matter.

But, in six cylinders, because of their overlapping power impulses, and freedom from vibration, you get marvelous smoothness and flexibility.

How to Determine Six-Cylinder Differences

Of course, all Sixes are not equally smooth.

Design means much.

To be sure to get the very finest impression of what a Six means, drive a HUDSON Six 54.

Go to any HUDSON dealer. If you drive, have him let you take the wheel, and over any road, through the maze of city traffic, over the rough roads, up hill and down, you will see why it is possible to do 300 miles in a day with safety and comfort.

New Features in HUDSON Six 54

True streamline body—the handsomest car you ever saw. Highest standard of HUDSON design and construction. The very best we know in beauty and finish. Left-side drive. Right-hand control. Entrance to driver's seat from either side. Electrically self-cranked and electric lighted.

Accept Howard E. Coffin's 1914 Automobile Review—We'll Send It!

No automobile buyer should fail to read Mr. Coffin's Automobile Review.

He shows why six cylinder cars are now so popular.

He explains the reasons for their smoothness, and why they are so desirable. With diagrams, and in the clearest language he makes you understand why so many makers are now manufacturing sixes exclusively.

He tells about left side drive and right side drive—about gasoline economy—electric and other gear shifts—streamline bodies—speedometer drive—new things in lighting—wire and wood wheels—and other features embodied in the 1914 designs.

No man is more eminently qualified to prepare such a review. Mr. Coffin's reputation as an engineer, and his many contributions to the progress of the automobile industry both as a designer of many successful cars, and a contributor to engineering literature make his review authentic.

Of course he refers to the HUDSON Six 54. No discussion of automobile tendencies would be complete that omitted mention of this new car.

Can you afford to consider the purchase of any car costing $1,500 and over without knowing what such an authority as Mr. Coffin has to say upon the subject?

Send your name and address.

HUDSON Motor Car Company

7733 Jefferson Avenue Detroit, Michigan

Is Your Suit Yours?

IT is not personally and possessively *yours*, unless it is measured to your proportions, mated to your personality and matched to your little likes and whimseys. If it was made without *you* in eye and in mind, how can it be *yours*?

Kahn-Tailored Clothes

$20 to $45

are measured, mated and matched to one man alone—*you*. You "captain" every detail from cloth to cut—from body-lines to coat-linings. Thus, your Kahn Suit is *yours* in fact and in feeling, down to the very collar-notch and pocket-flap—down to the dot of an "i" and the cross of a "t."

TO-DAY—go to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Autumn Suit or Overcoat. He will show you over 500 pure-wool rare-weave *merchant-tailoring* fabrics. Our seal—your guarantee—is in his window and on our label. Don't forget—go *to-day*.

Kahn Tailoring Co.

of Indianapolis, Ind.

Progressive merchants serving a discriminating clientele are invited to write for our Tailoring Department Proposition.

(Continued from Page 29.)

That was what they were waiting for. The words were no sooner out of McGinn's mouth than they let go of him, picked up their gloves and away they went, neck and neck in a sprint for the clubhouse gate. Tom stared after 'em with his mouth open; and no wonder!

Now everybody knows that when a ballplayer is ordered off the field it takes him a long time to get started. First he has to talk with the umpire about it. "Who, me? What for?" When he finally gets it through his head that he is the party the ump is after, he chucks away his glove—and has to walk over and pick it up.

Then he heads for the bench, turning round every two steps to tell the umpire something that has just occurred to him. On the bench he has to pick out his sweater—usually tries on two or three before he finds the right one. After that he must have a drink of water and borrow a chew of tobacco and attend to a few other little matters.

At last he marches off the field, slow and dignified, like a pallbearer at a funeral. Hurry? He wouldn't hurry for a farm. You know what the old Irishwoman said: "I'll go—but the likes of ye can't put me out!" That's it exactly. It's tradition for the ballplayer to use up every second of the time the rules give him. It's a kiddish trick and there's no sense in it; but they were doing it when I broke into the league and they'll be doing it so long as baseball lasts.

"Holy cats!" says McGinn. "First time I ever saw that! Look at those birds fly! Did they want to get out of the game?"

"They did," says I, "and you gave 'em their wish!" Hopping mad as he was, Tom had to smile.

"Mac," I says, "be reasonable! I was only trying to pull Horgan off and my hand slipped. It did—honest!"

"All right!" says McGinn. "It was an accident if you say so. Why didn't you tip me off? I wouldn't have let 'em out of the game. Get back on the bench."

You can imagine the fix that left us in—three substitutes playing the infield, one shortstop with a brainstorm, and the whole team a mile in the air! I put Lannon at second and Ed Kilmer at third—and prayed for luck.

Up came the St. Louis batters and began to bunt—the very best way to go after a nervous infield. Kilmer heaved one over Reeves' head into right field; Lannon booted away an easy chance; Sliver Wheatley got rattled and lost control—and in no time at all they had two runs home, the bases were loaded and nobody was out.

I benched Wheatley and sent Bob Aiken in, but there was no stopping 'em; they had us on the run and they knew it. They scored seven times before we got 'em out and we dropped into second place in the percentage table with a crash that jarred the entire league.

It was a savage bunch that headed for the clubhouse after the agony was over—final score, eleven to five! Everybody knew that Sam and Billy had kicked themselves out of the game on purpose and everybody knew why. There was a lot of loose talk about what ought to be done to 'em for it. In the general excitement I came near forgetting about Ben's ankle. Doctor Bones reminded me.

"Good land, chief," says he, "I nevah did git no chance to doctah that man's ankle—none a-a-at all! He comes in yere, busts into his things like he's goin' to a fire an' beats it, singin': 'Every Day'll be Sunday By and By!' I reckon he ain't as bad hu't as he thought. . . . No, suh! Don't ast me nuthin' 'bout that ankle! He wouldn't lemme see it even. He say I ain't a reg'lah practishner nohow. Mist' Ho'gan an' Mist' Runkle they come boilin' in and seem quite peeved to fin' Mist' Maddox gone a'ready. Mist' Runkle he sent me out to hire a taxi—a fast one—an' a man whut know how to drive! Look to me like they's some rasmustidiousness goin' on round yere, chief!"

VI

I MADE a beeline for the desk as soon as I got to the hotel.

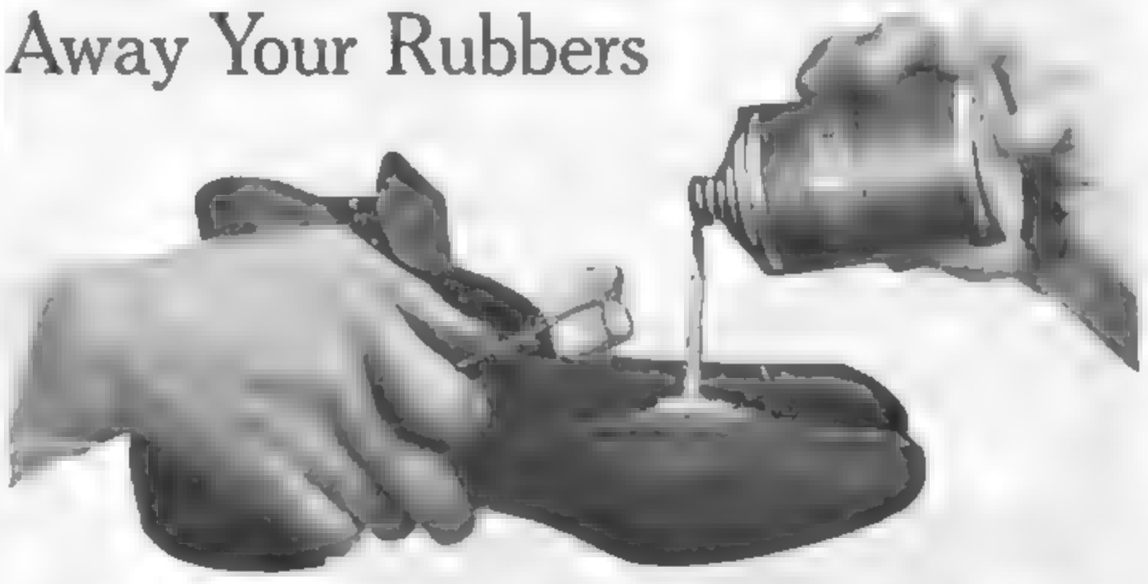
"Tough game to lose, chief!" says Shaun Ryan, the clerk.

"You bet it was!" says I, "Maddox been here?"

Ryan grinned. You can't fool the Irish about some things.

"All three of 'em got here about the same time," says he, "They were looking for a certain party, but she wasn't in. She went out about two and hasn't come back yet.

Do this Once, then You May Throw Away Your Rubbers



One thorough application of Dri-Foot will keep your shoes water-proof for the season.

DRI-FOOT

Waterproofing

soaks into the leather, keeps it soft and pliable under all conditions, and makes it wear much longer. The shoes are never greasy nor sticky, it does not change the appearance, and you can polish them as easily as untreated shoes.

Rubbers are usually forgotten when wanted most. "Dri-Footed" shoes are ready for any weather. "Dri-Foot" doesn't "draw" the feet or add unnecessary weight to your shoes.

Notice to Shoe Dealers

These Jobbers Carry Dri-Foot:

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles—California Leather Co.
Sacramento—A. A. Van Voorhies & Co.
San Francisco—Dolliver & Bro.
S. H. Frank & Co.

COLORADO
Denver Leather Co., H. H. Merrill
The Jos. P. Dunn Shoe & Leather C
Pueblo—The P. Mayer Leather Co.

CONNECTICUT
New Haven—The Butler & Tyler Co.
Waterbury—H. Darkloff

WASHINGTON D. C.

GEORGIA
Atlanta—

ILLINOIS
Chicago—
Peoria—
Rockford—
Springfield—W. K. Leather Co.

INDIANA
Ft. Wayne—S. Freiburger & Bro.
Indianapolis—Shoe Store Supply & Leather Co. Nolz & Groskopf
Terre Haute—Oscar Dunaway

IOWA
Davenport—H. Stefani Leather Co.
Des Moines—Alexander, Sandberg & Polders Co.

KENTUCKY
Louisville—Brown Bros.

MAINE
Bangor—J. M. Arnold Shoe Co.
Belfast—
Portland—
Hacke & Wheeler Shoe Co.
J. W. Brandt Shoe Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore—
F. H. Volk & Co.
Edw. J. Reilly & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—A.
Brockton—
Springfield—
Worcester—

MICHIGAN
Detroit—
Grand Rapids—
Ridge, Kalmbach, Logie & Co.
Saginaw—W. Carlisle & Co.
Ypsilanti Hide & Leather Co.

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Duluth—Schulze Bros. Co.
Minneapolis—C. F. Allerdt Co.
N. Gordon & Co.
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St. Paul—F. R. L. Handenbergh & Co.
Scheffer & Rissom Co.

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Kansas City Leather Co.
The Joors Leather Co.
St. Joseph—Henry E. Bragg & Co.
St. Louis—James Clark Leather Co.
Alfred Seengel Leather Co.
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MONTANA
Butte—Montana Shoe Co.

NEBRASKA
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Brady Bros.
Omaha—Hoffock Parker Leather C.

NEW JERSEY
Camden—Joseph H. Dixon
Hoboken—
Newark—O. T. Vogelee & Son
Paterson—J. & L. Leather Co.
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Albany—Herbert L. Mann
Smith Herrick Co.
Amsterdam—Christy & T.
Binghamton Shoe & Rub.
Truitt Bros.; H. J. W.
Buffalo—Griffin Leather Co.
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New York City—A. R. Rogers
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Oneida—N. L. Cramer
Oswego—A. F. McCarthy & Co.
Plattsburgh—E. G. Moore Co., Inc.
Rochester—Cross Bros. Co.
Ernstein Potter Co.; F. W. Hahn & C.
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Syracuse—A. Fox & Son
Troy—M. Day
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Portland—Berryman Leather Co.
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Altoona Leather Co.
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Salt Lake City Leather & Findings Co.
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WASHINGTON
Seattle—Curtis-Greene Shoe Mfg. Co.
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Chippewa Falls Shoe Mfg. Co.
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CANADA
Montreal—L. H. Packard & Co.
Toronto—Philip Jacobi
Vancouver—B. C. Leather Co.
Slaves & Campbell
Winnipeg—Adams
Brun. Harness Co.

Good for Black or Tan

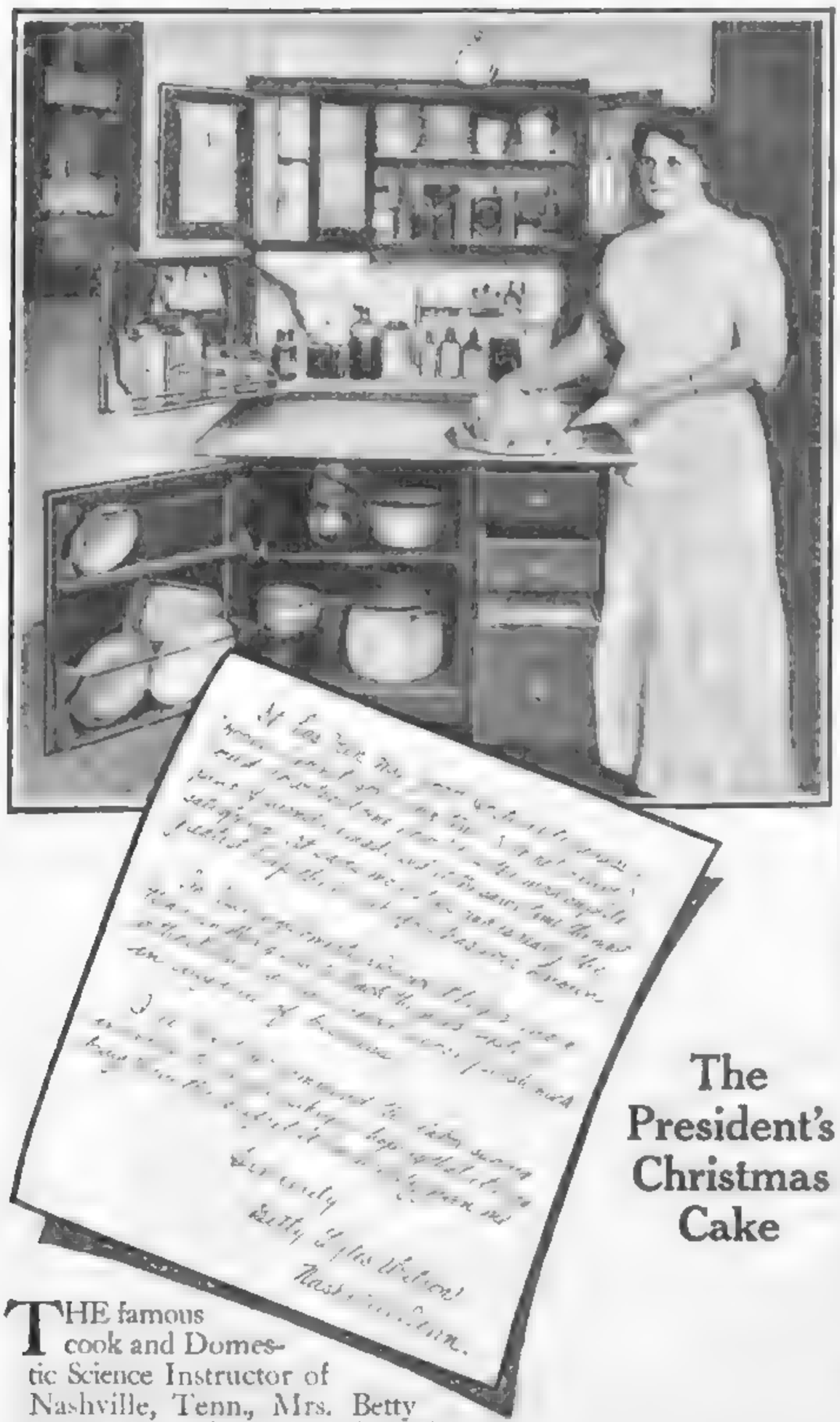
Get a can of Dri-Foot from your shoe man or general store and prove what we say. If they haven't it, send us their names and

25c for a full size can

—enough to keep your shoes water-proof for a whole season

It's Easy to Apply Dri-Foot
Just pour some on your shoes, spread evenly with a dauber, allow to dry over night and rub off the surplus in the morning

FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY
596 Broad Street Phillipsburg, N. J.



The President's Christmas Cake

THE famous cook and Domestic Science Instructor of Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Betty Lyles Wilson, has baked the White House Christmas cake for a succession of our presidents.

These cakes are mixed on a Hoosier Cabinet, which Mrs. Wilson regards as "*The most complete piece of furniture made.*"

"I could not do without one now," says Mrs. Wilson in her letter. "It *saves more steps and is really the greatest help the housekeeper has ever known.*"

The Hoosier Cabinet

Only a woman knows women's actual work and needs. Men may devise labor savers. Women must decide their value. 600,000 other women, all Hoosier owners, endorse every word Mrs. Wilson says. Investigation in any hundred or thousand towns shows that half or more of all kitchen cabinets in use are Hoosiers.

In every city of the United States large enough to have a good furniture store there is a Hoosier Agent. Each at certain seasons, forms a Hoosier club.

These clubs allow you to secure a Hoosier Cabinet, delivered immediately on payment of $1.00. Then you pay $1.00 a week dues until it is paid for.

The low price, fixed by the Hoosier Company, is not increased by purchasing under the club plan. Hoosier quality is insured. You can't buy a better made or handsomer cabinet than the Hoosier.

President Wilson's Christmas Cake Made on a Hoosier Cabinet

Our descriptive Model Kitchen Book is free. While you are thinking about the Hoosier drop us a postal for a copy. 16 full-page illustrations, show the famous equipment that *saves many steps.* The name of the Hoosier agent nearest to you, with explanation of the Hoosier Club Plan, is included.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
110 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

Branch, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco (89) 4,000 Agencies, United States and Canada

They're sticking round, waiting. Maddox is in the bar, Runkle is in the grill and Horgan is in the writing room. I'm to send word to all of 'em the minute she shows up."

I went into the bar first. Ben was there and when he saw me he began to limp pitifully.

"How's the ankle, Ben?" says I.

"Pretty bad, chief," he says; "but I think it'll be better tomorrow."

"I hope so," I says. "It's the first time I ever saw a man slide hard enough to bung up both ankles at once."

"Whatd'yemean—both ankles at once?" growls Ben.

"Why," says I, "you limped with the right one at the ball park, but I see the left one is troubling you now."

He tried to change step, but he couldn't get away with it. His face turned red as a beet and he began to splutter.

"Never mind the alibi!" I says. "Save it for Sweeney—he's collecting 'em. I'm not a regular practitioner, Ben, but I know of a remedy that cures the sort of sprains you're troubled with. I'm going to plaster each one of your ankles with a fifty-dollar fine—one hundred large iron men out of your next paycheck! I'll teach you to play horse with my ball club!"

I called on Sam in the writing room and handed him the same dose. He couldn't think of a word to say. Billy Runkle did a little better. He said he thought we had a safe lead or he wouldn't have done it. He never even peeped about the hundred-dollar fine—just swallowed hard a couple of times and let it go at that. As I was telling him what I thought of a fellow who would throw down his ball club on account of a girl, in came a bellhop.

"Mr. Ryan says Miss Lacey is here!"

Billy bolted like a shot and I trailed along to see the fun. Shaun had allowed for distance and handicapped 'em nicely; all three of 'em arrived on the spot at the same time and then backed up, looking foolish—for there was the girl, hanging on the arm of the big light-haired chap. Both of 'em were smiling.

"Introduce me to your friends, Irma," says he.

"Certainly!" She stepped forward as cool as a cucumber—not a blush—not a tremor in her voice. "Gentlemen, let me present Mr. Olson, of San Francisco. We were married this afternoon! Dear, this is Mr. Maddox—and Mr. Runkle—and Mr. Horgan——"

Generalship again, you see! She didn't even give 'em time to recover from the blow, for as each man's name was called he had to step up and make a bluff at saying something pleasant.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure!" says Ben. "A—a little sudden, wasn't it?"

"How d'ye do?" says Billy. "Wish you luck and—well, you know! Many happy returns of the day."

"Married!" says Sam. "Well, wouldn't that kill you!"

"I'm sure I hope not!" says the big fellow, and everybody had a chance to laugh. That broke the tension.

Well, you can imagine what a sensation it kicked up round the hotel; but the man who roared the loudest and the longest was Chick Dorsey.

"Did I know about it?" says he. "I should say not! She put one over on me too. Had it all framed up with this Olson party and worked me for the carfare. So this is what she meant by seeing America first, eh? Well, I was right about one thing, chief. She never encouraged any of these fellows!"

Of course Mrs. Aiken had to get busy immediately.

"Isn't it lovely and romantic!" she says. "Chief, don't you think the club ought to give her a wedding present?"

"I don't know about the club," says I, "but I'm going to give her one—no, three!"

I sent her duplicate receipts for the three times, at one hundred dollars apiece; but I guess she didn't understand what they meant. Maybe her husband did.

Later on I had a chance to send her a bill for excess baggage amounting to $86,497.23. That was the Pinks' share of the World's Series money, which would have been ours but for Mrs. Al. J. Olson.

I've traced Bob Aiken to the Grays just to keep his wife from saying "I told you so!" We've got a happy family again; but if anybody else on my ball club has a sister-in-law who wants to see America first she'll never look at it through the windows of our Pullman. From now on this outfit flies light—and I'll shoot the man who says Excess Baggage to me.

Queen Quality Shoes

IN choosing Queen Quality Shoes this Fall you accomplish these two important things:

You select your footwear from the smartest of the season's correct fashions—

And you get on every pair the "Queen Quality" trademark, which *guarantees* the quality of the shoes and the reliability of both the manufacturer and the local dealer.

In these days of increased costs of constructing good shoes it is important to know that shoes stamped "Queen Quality" contain every bit of the style, the quality, and the comfort of perfect fit which have made them famous everywhere.

Ask to see the Queen Quality shoes at the store.

$3.50 to $5.00
A few Unusual Styles at $5.50 and $6.00

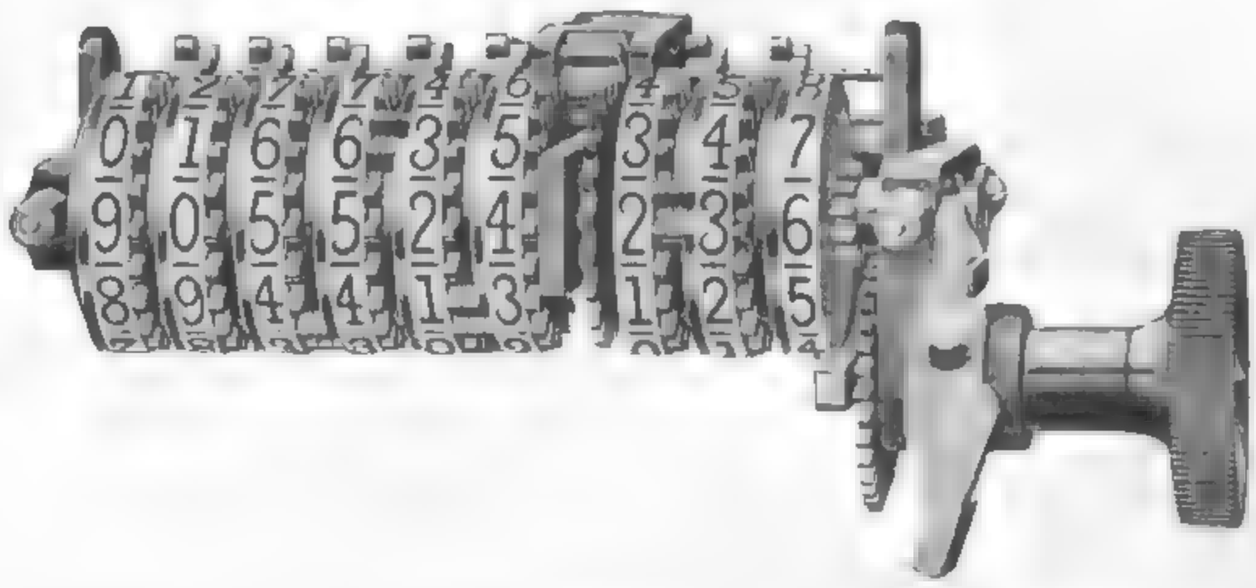
You can order your shoes from any Queen Quality dealer through Parcels Post.

Style 498 S
Dark Tan Willow Calf with "Rope-Stitched" Welt sole

Queen Quality Dealers Are Everywhere

Write for Free Fall Catalog

THOMAS G. PLANT CO
130 Bickford Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



The Most Costly and Strongest Automobile Odometer Made

THE odometer is that little figured mechanical part of a speedometer which registers the "trip" mileage and "season" mileage. It acts as the certified accountant of your automobile. Its readings keep you posted on the ability or inability of your car, and the life, strength and endurance of all of its individual parts. It records your tire mileage, calculates your distances, makes it possible for you to follow road maps and route books when touring, posts you on your gas or juice consumption; in short—checks the entire performance of your car so that you can see whether or not it squares up with the automobile manufacturer's guarantees and claims. So if your odometer figures inaccurately, how in the world can you figure the ability of your car?

Stewart Speedometer

The odometer in the Stewart Speedometer is the most costly piece of mechanism of its kind in the world. In the first place, we are the only speedometer manufacturers who produce their own odometers. They are constructed by specialists, from special designs, and of the most practical and expensive materials.

The Stewart Odometer dials are made of solid brass, mounted on special steel shafts, and connected by intermittent gears. The dial numbers are large, clear and readable. Both the season and trip registers work from the same shaft which eliminates all possibility of errors. By means of our special Geneva Stop principle all dials are locked rigid—except the instant of registering—then they automatically and accurately go to work. This again eliminates all possibility of errors.

The Stewart Odometer is directly connected to the revolving magnet which indicates every speed. Thus it is absolutely impossible for the slightest kind of an error to occur. Mileage indications are not dependent on the action of unreliable springs, pawls or ratchets. It must work when the speed indicating dial works for the odometer and the speed mechanisms are built as a unit, and are not separated as in most speedometers. The Stewart Odometer is the largest of its kind made; in fact—it is fully one-third larger than any other odometer.

Model B with Grade Indicator, $50

There is not a spring in this odometer—nor are there any frail wires, or fragile coils to crystallize or break. The hardest kind of vibration cannot affect it. Each Stewart Odometer is tested at a terrific speed of 1000 miles a minute before it is placed in the instrument case.

The trip register can be instantly reset either backward or forward to any number of miles or any tenth of a mile. The resettings are automatic, which makes this odometer proof against any loss of mileage either through accident or error.

The season register of the Stewart Odometer has a capacity of 100,000 miles and repeat. The trip register a capacity of 100 miles and repeat.

This is undoubtedly the most strongly constructed, the largest, most practical and most costly automobile odometer made.

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4466

BEATING BACK

(Continued from Page 25)

hence their special privileges. This prison, as I learned soon afterward, was run on a strict political system. The bankers were allowed to decorate their cells and to buy special food.

Now all this time the food of the regular dining room at the Ohio State Penitentiary grew worse and worse. I hadn't learned enough about prisons to recognize the signs of revolution. I did notice, now and then, certain fluttering disorders in the lines and a difficulty in enforcing discipline. The convicts were getting ripe for a break. It was not so much the bad food as it was the contrast between the general lot and those luxuries on Bankers' Row. Then we began to whisper the truth round the clerks' table in Jericho. An explosion impended; the fuse had begun to sizzle. As I, in my plain gray uniform, with my white shirt and collar, passed the crowds of third-class and fourth-class prisoners in their dirty, disgraceful stripes, I understood perfectly their point of view.

Too much favoritism had been allowed men with money, like the bankers—or with influence, like me.

The riot broke suddenly. I was crossing the campus to our Jericho dining room when from the main dining room I heard a noise like the roar of a hundred tigers a strange, inhuman, ghastly combination of bellow and wail. I've since heard stage mobs try to imitate that sound—and I always laugh, it seems so cold and feeble. The real thing sent shivers down every nerve. The door of the office opened and Deputy Bradford Dawson came running out as pale as a sheet. A guard carrying a gun came up from the other direction.

"Quick, man!" yelled Dawson. "Put that thing down!"

Unarmed he ran toward the dining room and I ran after him, drawn by curiosity. The seventeen hundred prisoners were on their feet, throwing plates and bowls, smashing tables with their feet, running about aimlessly. As I entered, a guard dived head first through an open window.

Then followed the finest exhibition of character and personality I ever saw. Dawson shot his big form to the platform at one end of the dining room and shouted:

"Men! Men!"

His voice wasn't quiet now; it came out with its full force. The riot went on for a second, as though struggling for its life, and then died out. Some of the men stood still with their arms stretched back—frozen in the act of throwing a plate.

The Raid on Bankers' Row

"Men," said Dawson, "sit down! I'll right your wrongs! Nobody will be punished for this. Sit down and go on with dinner!"

They dropped back into their places as though drawn by strings. The men who had been running about found their seats. In less than a minute everything had stopped.

The fear of a break always hung over the prison authorities. Once let those seventeen hundred tough, desperate men move together and no body of guards could have held them. The safety of a prison depends on keeping the men from concerted action. This time they nearly developed that uniform mob-spirit.

The authorities took no more chances. Next day a squad went through Bankers' Row pulling down the pictures and ornaments. We clerks in Jericho lost many of our privileges and for a little time certain gentlemanly grafters had poor pickings, while the food in the main dining room became almost palatable.

Some of my acquaintances in the transfer office appealed to me and some did not. Especially I shall always remember one first-class man whose position gave him the run of my office. From his hatchet-faced appearance I called him in my own mind the Fishhawk. Externally he was smooth, plausible and agreeable. He had been looking for the job of transfer clerk, I learned; and he probably resented my quick promotion. The porter round the office, a lifetermer charged with murder, was illiterate, but dapper in dress and with good manners. These men, in their different ways, caused me great trouble.

First, it was the turn of the Fishhawk. In the routine of his job he sometimes had access to the prisoners' effects. When this

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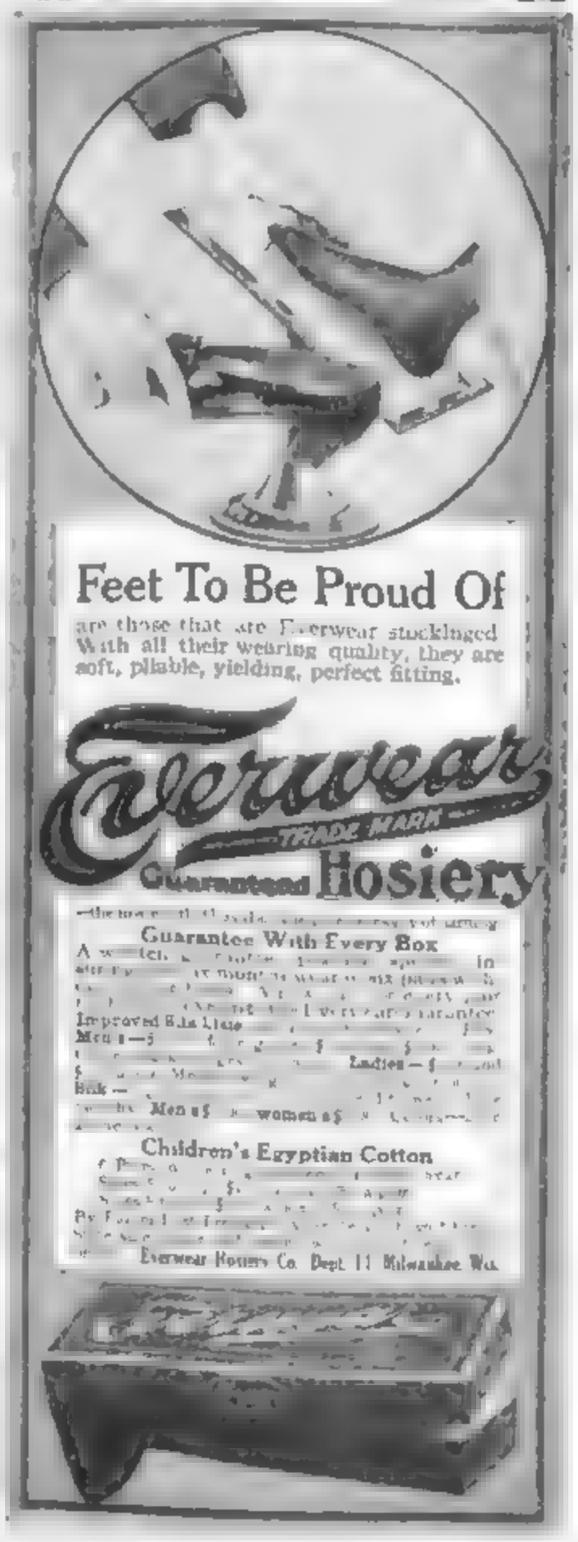

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happened he would invariably pilfer some little tool or trinket. It made no difference to him whether he could use the article or not. He'd show his plunder to me before he hid it in the transfer office. I didn't like to tell the warden—that would have been snitching, which is the blackest sin among convicts.

Nevertheless, these stolen articles put us all in danger; and one day I told him that if he brought in any more plunder I'd report to the warden. He took it hard. One word led to another; and suddenly my red temper exploded.

I jumped at him. I had in my hand a little sharp desk knife. I went straight at his neck—hesitated, and quit. I had meant to cut his throat. I think it was his very immobility—for he was paralyzed with fear—which restrained me.

Trouble like that is severely punished in a prison, but the Fishhawk showed no disposition to report me; in fact, he became friendly, obedient and humble—all of which put me on my guard.

I understood his meekness when fifteen hundred cigars, which had mysteriously disappeared from the cigar shop, were found by the patrol guard in the tower of my office.

I was summoned to appear before the deputy. I told him truthfully that I knew nothing of the matter.

"Have you ever smoked any cigars in there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Where did you get them?" he asked.

"They were given me by the prisoners," I replied.

Getting the Fishhawk

The transfer clerk is in a position to do small favors. In return a cigar-maker would smuggle me out a cigar now and then in the sole of his shoe. The two ends would be smashed flat from the heel and ball of his foot; and so we called them "fantails."

"Don't you know that's a violation of the rules?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You'd better not do that any more. Who put those cigars in the tower?"

"I don't know."

Deputy Bradford Dawson put me through a severe cross-questioning before he told me the news. The porter had snitched. The Fishhawk had stolen and concealed those cigars with the idea of laying it on me and getting me transferred. He'd confided the plot to the porter. That was his great mistake.

Dawson was severe, applying strictly the barbarous rules of the Ohio State Penitentiary; but he was also just—the memory of his justice helped save him during the riot in the dining room. Other subofficials were accepting graft in one form or another. Dawson never took a cent—I happen to know, because later I had access to the books. He hated pull and personal influence.

A few days after that I was in the guardroom when they brought up a new prisoner—a well-dressed, plausible Italian pickpocket. Dawson had no guard available at the moment and he asked me to walk with him while he conveyed the prisoner across the yard. The Italian talked a steady stream, explaining his innocence and advertising his talents. The deputy seemed not to hear him until he said:

"Perhaps you don't understand that I speak nine languages."

"You do, do you?" said the deputy. "Well, you'll only talk one language here and mighty little of that!"

So from February to August, 1899, I worked in the transfer office, gradually extending my acquaintance, in the slow, furtive prison way, among both prisoners and guards. As the newsman prophesied, I had got the gravy of the institution. My work was fairly heavy and exacting, but not difficult after I mastered the routine, and it kept my mind occupied. I found time for much reading.

I wore a gray suit, with a collar and tie; nothing except the cadet stripe down the trouser-seam would mark me as a prisoner. I ate in Jericho, where the food was pretty good; I had the blessing of conversation at meals. I began to see a little of Warden Coffin—and I think he liked me.

As for Deputy Dawson, he showed me certain signs of friendship in his queer, gruff way.

However, no prisoner ever lived contented in his prison. It is against human

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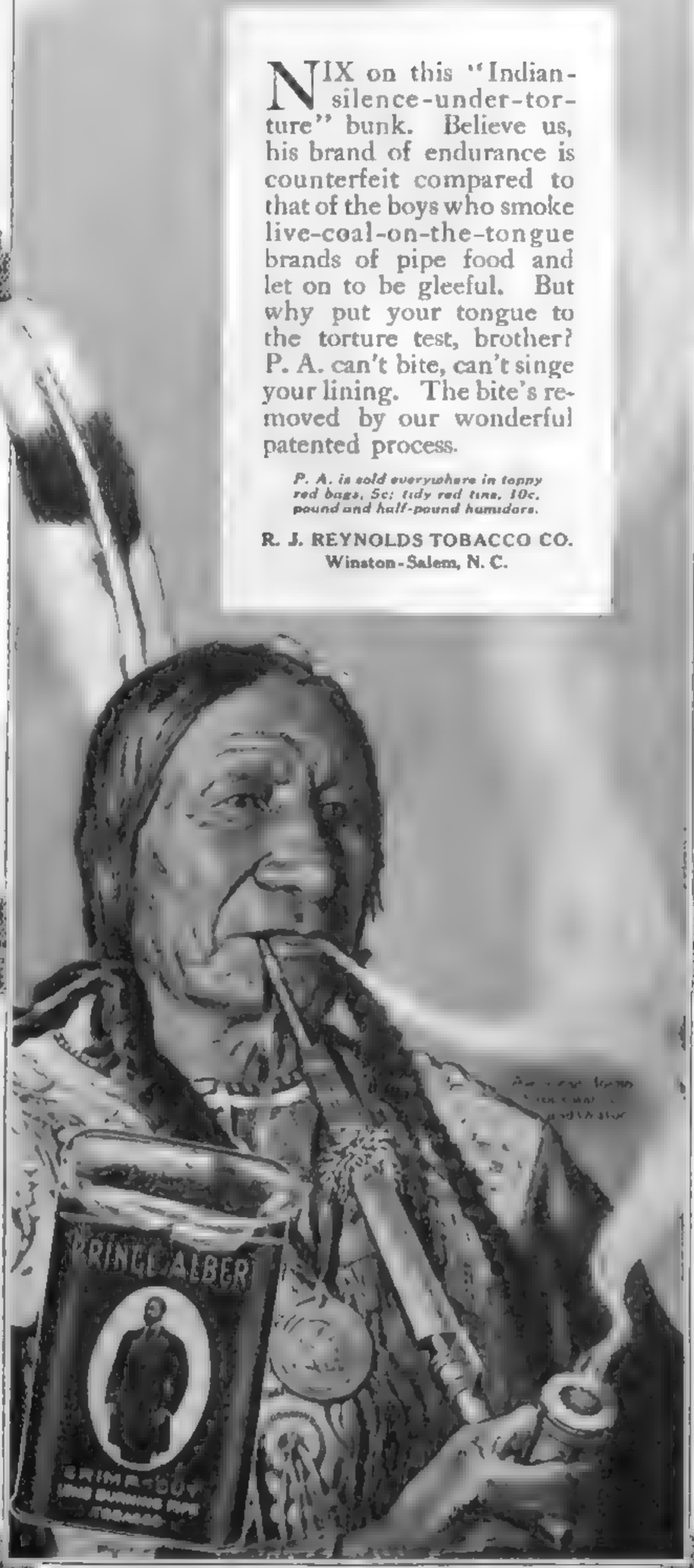

nature to endure involuntary restraint. To get away is the nightly dream and the daily ambition of the convict. What greed, position, fame, or love of woman represents to a free man, escape represents to a prisoner. And I had certain special reasons driving me to escape at this period. Bud, Bill and my brother Frank still lay in jail at Ardmore, charged with the Rock Island robbery. Because they were unknown to the people of El Reno, it was harder to convict them than me; yet I knew the authorities would get them somehow. Only one penalty stood on the statute-books against that charge—life.

Under the windows of my office ran the Scioto River. It empties into the Ohio, and the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. Let me get through those barred windows and somehow I might drift down the river to Arkansas, from which I could go overland into Indian Territory! Once there—so ran my dream—I would gather the remnants of my outlaw friends for a raid on the Ardmore jail. I would release my comrades, or die fighting, as I had always hoped I should die.

The plan became an obsession. When I was alone in the transfer office I'd stand with my hands against the bars watching the driftwood on the Scioto. It was going from the Scioto to the Ohio, from the Ohio to the Mississippi—why not a piece of human driftwood? I planned how I would slip from the window, drop to the wall under the guard-tower and make a run for the river, taking the chance that the guard would miss me in his excitement—if he ever saw me. I thought about a change of clothes and even planned to hide an outfit in the state shop. The only thing which restrained me was a few steel bars.

Routine threw me in with one of the guards. He liked me, I think—I did all I could to make him do so. During the leisure and freedom of my evenings we would sit in my office while I told him stories of the Long Riders and the cow-country. Without seeming to plead my own cause, I let him know how I had become an outlaw. At last he began to express sympathy for me and I grew bold to approach my point. I remarked casually that a man in the transfer office might escape by sawing those bars. He made no response—simply turned and left me. There I let the matter rest for a time.

Diamond Cut Steel

When again we talked alone he found me in one of my despondent moods. Something—I've now forgotten what—had happened to impress my situation upon me. He noticed it and asked:

"What's troubling you? You don't seem to be feeling well."

Then I gave in and unbosomed my feelings. I wasn't acting now; I was sincere. I told him all about Frank—how I had got him into the trouble, how he hated the whole business, how he stood in danger of a life sentence. And I hinted at a plan to release him if I could only escape. The guard sat silent for a time. Presently we saw some men coming along the hall. He said:

"I will see you again."

Then he walked away without another word. Nearly a week later he came into my office with his wife and two little girls. His wife gave me a pie. When they were leaving he turned back to me, as though on a sudden impulse, and slipped something into my hand.

"I've brought you a little package," he said; "I hope you'll appreciate it."

I put the bundle in my pocket and never took it out until I was alone in my cell; but I knew, even before I opened it, what the package contained. He had given me five little diamond-edged saws!

With hope again in my world, I set to work. The window bars all through the building were of steel especially composed to resist saws. These diamond-edged saws, however, would cut them—only very slowly. The porter was the only man regularly in the office with me. At certain hours in the morning he was away, moving and transferring beds. Those periods I chose for the work, first assuring myself that there were no guards in the neighborhood and no watchers at the windows across the street.

Then, too, I must choose always a time when some external noise killed the scraping of my little saws. Every day when I had finished I filled the cuts with a mixture of soap and filings. As I got on with the work I figured that I should be something

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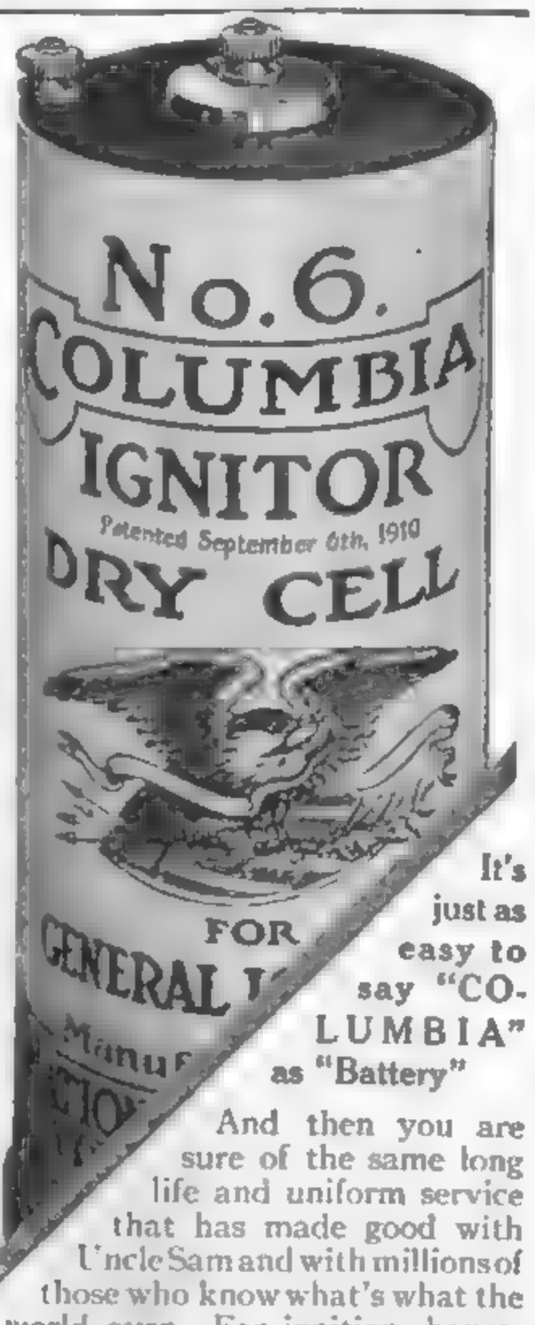

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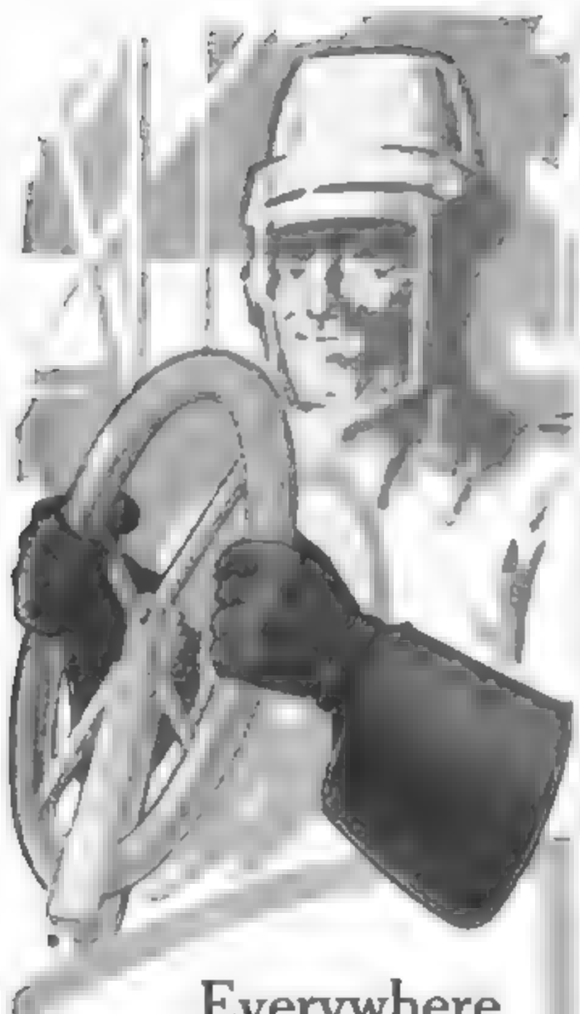

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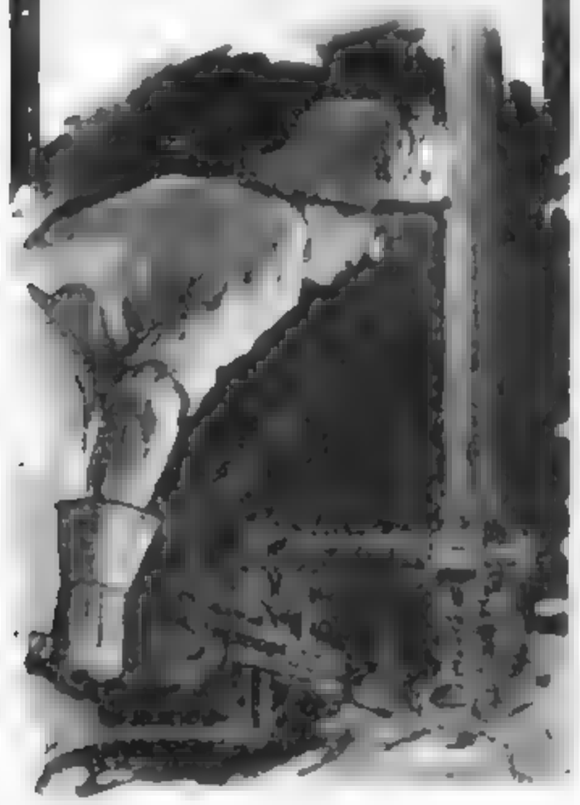

like two weeks, altogether, in cutting through two places in two bars, so that I could wiggle through.

All this time my friend the guard, who gave me the saws, had avoided me. One day when I was working on the books, he came and stood beside me.

"I've been studying this thing out," he said abruptly, "and I think I've made a mistake—not in you, Al, for I know you're O. K.; but if a rumble should come you couldn't explain this."

"Well," said I, "if a rumble does come you needn't be afraid. I never betrayed any one in my life—and I won't you."

He replied:

"Al, you don't realize your position. If you're caught they'll put you to the torture!" He looked at me a minute, I remember, before he added in a serious voice: "Al, they'll kill you if you don't tell."

"Then I'll beat the prison—won't I?" I said.

"No," he said; "you'll tell. No man on earth can undergo that punishment and not squeal."

"There's nothing on earth can make me squeal," said I.

Then he approached it in a new way, and suggested that if I did confess he would get ten years for helping a felon escape.

"And then what will become of my wife and babies?" he asked.

"Of course I'd quit rather than see your wife and babies suffer. Old man, don't be afraid of that!" I answered.

Then suddenly he changed.

"Go on!" he said. "I want to see you get out of this. It's hell! I'm going to quit as early as I can; but I'm a poor man."

I worked on; and now, I suppose, I grew less cautious, for one day I heard a rustling and looked over my shoulder. There stood the porter. He had sneaked up on rubber-soled shoes. Thinking like lightning, I saw that my only way was to let him into the game.

"I'm working a hole here," I said.

"I've always wanted to suggest that," he replied, "but I was afraid to. Where did you get the saws?"

"That's none of your business," said I.

"No, it ain't," he said; "but I'd sure like to go along."

"You're in it!" said I.

The Plot Discovered

He began to keep watch while I worked. And now the bars were hanging by an eighth of an inch of steel. That evening, unless something happened to break our routine, the porter and I would go out.

That day I had to hold myself to my duties—I wanted to shout and run in my excitement.

At four o'clock I was coming from the G and H block when a convict upon the range put his hands to his mouth and said, so that I alone could hear:

"There's something doing in the transfer office. I saw the main and second finger go in there a few minutes ago." He meant the warden and the deputy.

My blood seemed to congeal, like ice. There came over me the sickening feeling a man has when he's caught in a trap; but I didn't hesitate—I couldn't. I managed to walk briskly up the corridor to the transfer office. The deputy stood watching the warden, who was scraping the soap away from the windowbars.

I never knew for certain who gave me away; but immediately afterward the porter became the warden's runner.

They hadn't noticed me enter. It seemed an hour before the deputy looked round. I stepped forward at once.

"Warden," I said, "are you trying to find where I cut those bars?"

"You admit it then?" said Warden Coffin.

"Yes, sir," said I. "There are the saws I used."

The warden's face grew black with anger. I'm not exaggerating when I say that.

"Deputy, take him to the cellar!" he said.

And so in silence I walked to the deputy's office. I knew what to expect. I understood by that time the blacker side of the Ohio penitentiary.

"Sit down!" said the deputy. "You have played hell! A man with a life sentence—never did a lick of work—put in one of the best offices —— What did you do it for?"

"I wanted to get away—I want to help release the other boys before they get what I've got," I said.

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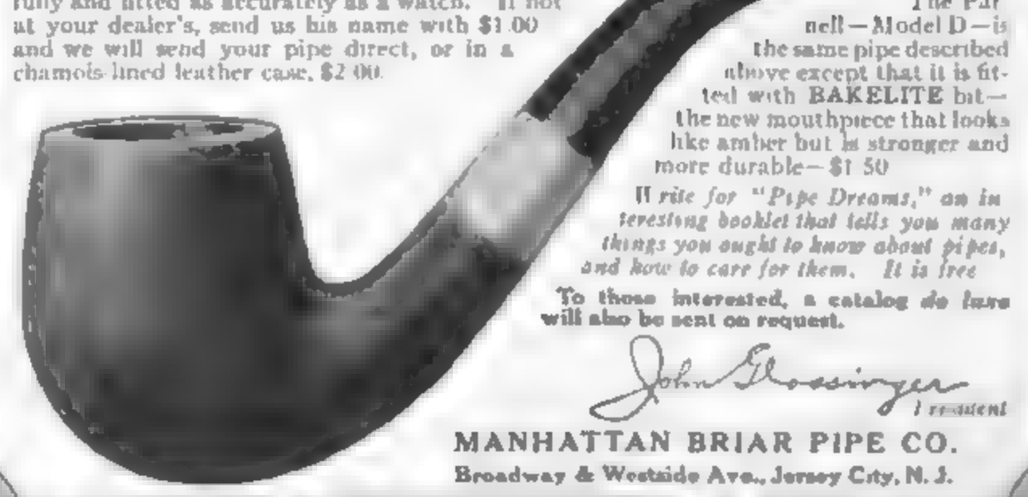

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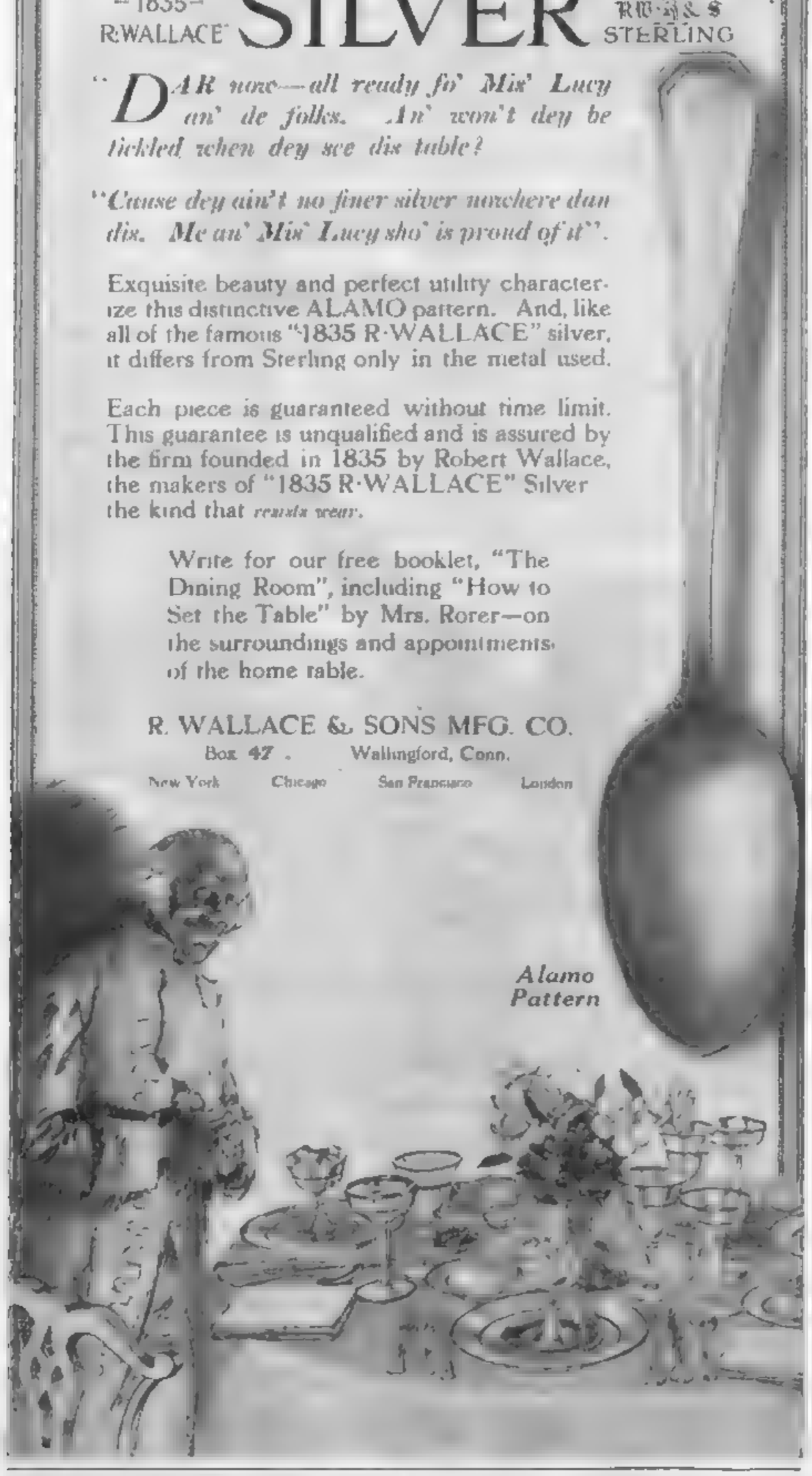


Alamo Pattern

And I told him all about that. I was determined to be frank—except in one point. The deputy settled back, looked me over and began in his quiet voice:

"I am awful sorry for you. I kind of took a liking to you. One thing—you've never lied to me. Now I'm going to advise you to tell me where you got those saws. If you'll do that I won't puniah you."

"Deputy, I can't tell," I said.

He flared up.

"I will make you tell!" he said—and I rather forgot myself.

"You'll be the first man who ever did that," said I.

"Wells," said the deputy to his assistant, "take him over to the cellar. I'm going to find out where those saws came from. This thing has got to stop!"

Wells, the assistant, talked to me as we went along. He was sorry for me. How did I come to do it? They'd make me tell who gave me the saws.

"I won't do that," said I.

"Then God help you!" said he.

He took away my coat and shoes and clapped me into a solitary cell. It was cold, damp and pitch-dark. Feeling round, I discovered a pair of chains with handcuffs at the end hanging high on the wall; a waterpail hitched to the door; and a board, raised a little at one end, on the floor. That last was my bed. There I stayed without food or company until nine o'clock the next morning.

Then they took me into the main cellar for trial. I found there two or three convicts suspected of complicity in my escape. One of them I recognized—a burglar doing a life term as a habitual criminal; he was also a fine mechanic and a privileged character in the shops. Once, long before, I had carelessly told him—half in joke—that if ever I got a chance to escape I'd let him in. When the chance really did come I'd forgotten all about him.

Regret piled itself on the rest of my misery when he came forward and confessed that he had given me the saws. This was exaggerated convict chivalry. Believing that he would have benefited by my attempt, he stood by his pal! I heard all this from outside the little office in the cellar—he was talking loud so that I should hear. It didn't convince the deputy for a moment.

"You're lying!" he said. "But put him in the fourth class and set him to work."

The burglar passed me as they led him away, and he gave me a look which meant: "Follow my lead!" Then they took me before the deputy.

The Agonies of Solitary

"Jennings," said the deputy, "make a clean breast of this. A fellow has told us he gave you the saws; but he's lying."

"Deputy, that's an awfully good boy. He did that only to save me. I've never lied to you and I won't now," I answered.

"Well," said the deputy, "I haven't hurt him much. I've put him in the stripes, where he'll lose his tobacco and march in the lockatep for a while, to show him he ain't running this prison. Let's get down to business. Are you going to tell me who gave you those saws?"

"No, sir."

"All right," said the deputy. "Take him out and give him fifty-five."

Fifty-five meant fifty-five lashes. They fasten you across a trough by steel handcuffs and anklets and whip you full-strength with a hickory-wood paddle soaked in oil. The first blow of the paddle raises a blue blister; the second breaks the blister and the blood comes. I have seen the scab still on men's backs months after they were punished—and the scars never disappear.

"Deputy," I said, "if you strip me like a slave and beat me in that manner, some day I'll kill you—if it's the last act of my life!"

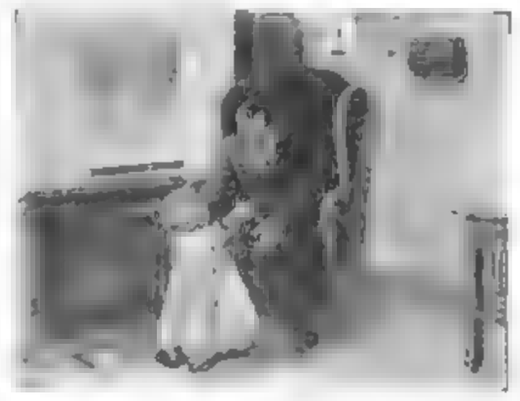
Then my rage choked me so I couldn't talk any more; I was shaking all over. Judging by his look I didn't disturb him. As softly as though he were speaking to his girl, he said:

"Jennings, I order men whipped only to make them obey the rules. I believe it would only make you worse. But you're going to obey. Take him to Solitary."

So I went back to Solitary; and there I stayed for more than a month.

Every day, when they opened the slot to push in a can of water and a piece of bread, a voice used to ask me whether I was ready to talk. I would never answer, for fear my

Even heating—and steps saved

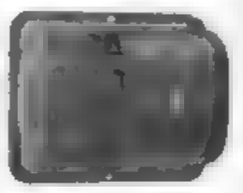


We enjoy the "first steps" of little girlie—the more the merrier! But for grown-up women in the home we like to save steps—especially those caused by oft running to the cellar to "fix the dampers" of the heating boiler. This is well done by the

IDEAL SYLPHON REGITHERM

which regulates the temperature of your rooms during the cool or winter months so there is no lack nor surplus of heat, but even comfort in all rooms. Every effect of the weather changes on the air in the room where REGITHERM is located (see picture above) expands or contracts its brass accordion bellows; this moves a cable that operates the draft- and check-dampers of the boiler. You set the regulator at 70 degrees (can be set at 60 degrees to 80 degrees) and the REGITHERM controls the fire day and night—at the exact degree wanted—guards your comfort, stops fuel wastes. REGITHERM has no electricity, no clock work, diaphragms, or machinery to wear out. Installed in OLD buildings in few hours.

REGITHERM also regulates heating to bring out good workmanship in concerns where varnishing, painting, gluing, or drying demands a steady temperature. (Specially adjusted, 50 degrees up to 250 degrees.)



Our "New Heating Aids" booklet (free) tells you about the REGITHERM, Sylphon Packless Radiator Valves, Norwall Air Valves and Sylphon Boiler Regulators (steam or water.) Worth reading—shall we mail it?

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FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE. On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This assures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

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Price Delivered
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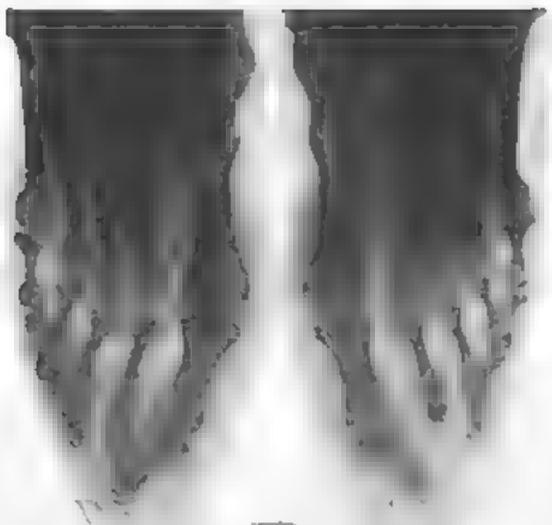

Bent Bones

Find Out What The U. S. Army Board *Found Out*

FOR 6 years a special board studied, examined, experimented with shoes for the U.S. Army. They ended by adopting a shoe that is practically identical with the Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe.

For they found that narrow, unnatural shoes, by cramping and bending the foot bones, as in above X-Ray, caused corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, etc.—really destroyed 20% or more of a soldier's Efficiency.

Are *you* sacrificing 20% of your valuable energy every day by wearing unnatural shoes?

Or are you enjoying freedom from corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, etc., by wearing handsome Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes?

Get your feet into Educators *today*. Today let your tortured foot-bones straighten out in joyous relief. Today learn "*foot-unconsciousness.*"

Made for men, women, children. Prices from $1 35 for infants' sizes to $5 50 for men's "specials." Always the same comfortable, good-looking shape, year in, year out—*no* "breaking-in"

Ask your dealer for Rice & Hutchins Educators today. Look for EDUCATOR, stamped on the sole. If your dealer doesn't sell genuine Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes, write us for catalog—saying whether men's, women's or children's shoes are desired. We'll show you where to get a pair.

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EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

tongue would run away once I started. At some time in this period the temptation came over me. I could end it all by a word—why not? I had to fix my mind not on the guard, but on his wife and children. I thought of them deprived of their support, their husband and father thrown into prison with the rest of us and tormented by his old associates—I knew what they'd do to him.

I arranged and rearranged mental photographs of his wife doing washing and of his children picked up starving in the street.

There came a time—I don't know how—when that temptation ceased to assail me; and the daily voice at the bars also ceased. Only the one episode of the day, when the slit opened to admit bread and water, showed that I was not forgotten by man and God.

There followed another misery, which wasn't mental. Before I went to Solitary my digestion had been going bad. The monotonous diet of bread and water finished it. Try as I would, I couldn't retain that food; and I realized I was starving to death. This starvation brought with it phenomena of which I had read—and always disbelieved as being the novelist's inventions. I had periods of light-headed, almost happy delusions. Then I was sitting before banquets or before good meals I had eaten in the past. I would come out of these visions into the gnawing misery of hunger. Acute physical pain and dumb weakness overcame all my mental misery; and finally consciousness faded. Some men die twice. That was my first death; the other can never again appeal to me with its former dread.

The prison doctor—I recognized his voice—was saying:

"It just has to be done if you don't want him to die"

That is the first thing I remember. Then I seemed to fade out again until they had me in a hospital bed, with a cloth over my eyes. Some one gave me a little thin gruel, which I managed finally to retain; by-and-by I grew conscious of my surroundings. They had me in a ward, with one Louis, an old professional post-office burglar, for my nurse. No woman could have been more attentive and tender than he was. As day followed day and I seemed to get no better, Louis took me into his confidence.

"They want to get rid of you," said Louis. "I don't believe the croakers" his word for doctors—"are doing anything for you."

The Risk That Louis Took

They were simply giving the wrong treatment. I had been an out-of-doors, meat-fed man. My digestion had refused to assimilate any more cereals—and they were trying to nurse me back on gruel. What I needed was the solid food my appetite craved. I told Louis that and he understood.

"You're right," said Louis. "You've got to have it or you'll go out of here in a wooden overcoat. But I'll fix it."

He did—in his own way. Every night Louis sneaked past a sleeping guard, picked the padlock of a pantry, and brought me a bit of substantial food—sometimes only a bowl of cream; sometimes a piece of cold meat. I believe he saved my life.

I lay in the hospital for two weeks before they took the bandage from my eyes. At that I found my sight, which had always been perfect, permanently impaired. It was a week more before I could get about. Still shaky on my legs, I was ordered into the fourth or lowest class of convicts and assigned to work on the bolt contract. No more recreation, not even chapel; no more tobacco; no more letters home—nothing except sleep and work, work and sleep, day in and day out!

For a time, however, they stopped questioning me about the saws. Nevertheless, every one knew who did it. The guard had been my best friend among the officials. From the time I began to hack my way out he avoided me. That was a mistake in tactics. He endured ostracism and small persecutions. Finally he resigned and went to farming.

So here I was—at the very bottom of the prison. That was to be the lowest point of my existence. From then on it would be a climb upward; but, of course, I didn't know it then.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth article in a series giving the story of Al Jennings. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Have a Room Like This in Your Home

BRIGHT, sunshiny, cheerful rooms cost so little and give so much pleasure. Everyone in the family enjoys them. Even the simplest furnishings take on a brighter, more inviting and more homelike look. Now, during the winter months, when people are indoors so much of the time, it is even more important to have colors that harmonize and are restful.

In one room the walls may need refinishing, in another, the floors may show wear, in a third, something else—all of them little jobs but, taken altogether, meaning so much in giving a kept-up look to the home. The decorator in your town will be glad to give you an estimate on the cost based on using

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes

In your home there are actually scores of uses for Acme Quality Paints and Finishes, and these books, Acme Quality Painting Guide and "Home Decorating," are designed to point out the many, many things that can be done and the way to do them. They are free on request. Write today for them.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are well and favorably known to decorators. Their uniform excellence of quality gives a permanent character to inside work that is particularly gratifying to the designer who does the work for you, as well as to you, his patron. Thus you will find it advisable in all work to specify Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes.

ACME WHITE LEAD and COLOR WORKS

Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.

Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Nashville, Burmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, Topeka, Lincoln, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego

THE body, designed with cowl dash and full U doors with concealed hinges, is low, long and unusually graceful. The improved lines and additional grace is the result of a *longer* wheel base. For the wheel base has been *increased to 114* inches.

But the price is lower than ever.

THE body is finished in a warm, dark Brewster green, with delicate and lighter green stripings, and green running boards to match. It is trimmed in highly polished nickel plate and aluminum. The hood is jet black baked enamel.

But the price is lower than ever.

THE motor is more powerful, having been *increased* to 35 horsepower. With five passengers it easily develops more speed than you will ever need. This car is particularly economical in gasoline consumption.

But the price is lower than ever.

$950 completely equipped, f. o. b. Toledo.
$1075 with Gray & Davis electric starter and generator, f. o. b. Toledo.

The Willys-Overland Compa

THE 1914 Overland has *electric lights throughout*—head, side, tail and under the dash. The steering wheel has been *increased* to 18 inches. Then there is a jeweled Stewart Speedometer placed under the cowl so that the driver can always see it.

But the price is lower than ever.

THE tires are larger—33" x 4" Q. D.—all around. Even in the finishing touches you find nothing but high grade and standard materials, such as Timken bearings, electric horn, deeper upholstery and genuine hand buffed leather.

But the price is lower than ever.

NOW—see this car. There is an Overland dealer in your city. Let him explain in detail each one of the real *value increases*. Go over the car from stem to stern. You will find nothing but *increased value at a decreased price*.

Handsome 1914 catalogue on request.

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Canadian Prices: f. o. b. Toledo { $1250 Completely equipped. Duty paid. / $1425 with Gray & Davis electric starter and generator. Duty paid.

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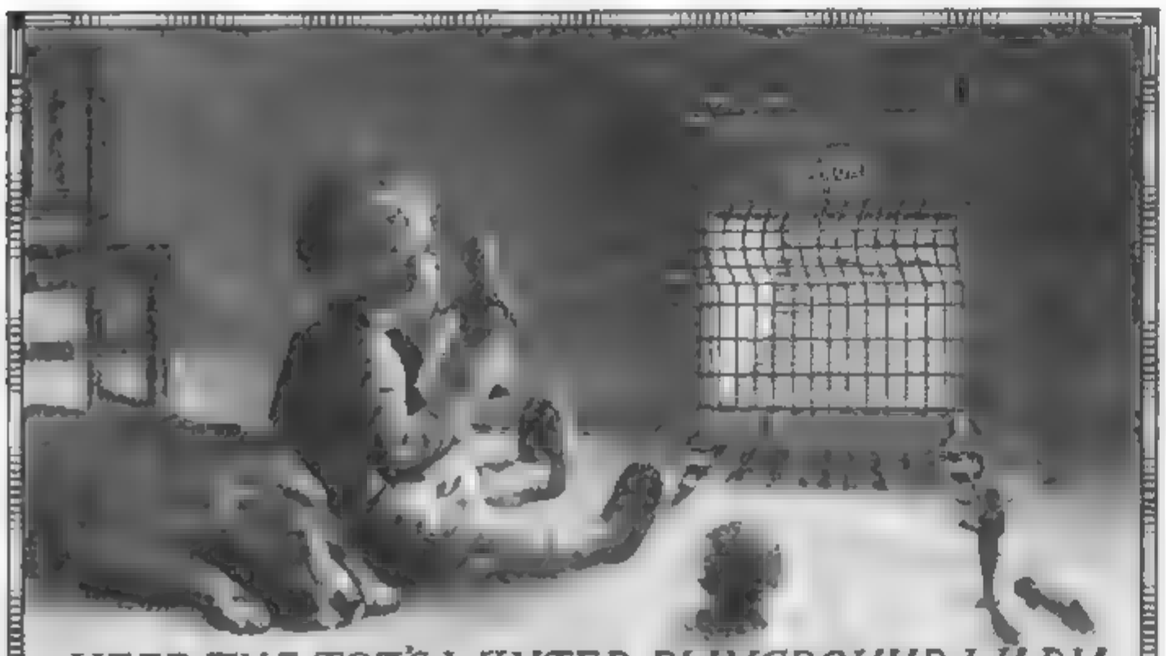


KEEP THE TOT'S WINTER PLAYGROUND WARM

You cannot keep your children off the floor—it is their logical playground. There the toys are spread out at ease, the battles of the soldiers fought, the doll parties conducted. But for their health's sake you should keep it warm and safe for them with a

REZNOR Gas Heater

"Quick heat for cold rooms"

The REZNOR heats scientifically, warming the floor first with its cheerful glow and, as the natural tendency of heat is to ascend, it makes the entire room cozy within a few minutes of lighting.

The REZNOR creates no odor or smoke; it will maintain the temperature of the room at an even degree of heat indefinitely and *will not vitiate the air.* It really is the ideal heat for a nursery.

You can see the REZNOR Gas Heater, in every size and style, at the salesrooms of your dealers in gas appliances. There you can select the one best suited to your needs. They sell from $3.00 up. But should they not have just what you want write us; we will see that you are promptly supplied. The REZNOR is the Original Copper Reflector Gas Heater.

REZNOR

MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Mercer, Pennsylvania

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment will strengthen the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. Blackheads, which result from enlarged pores, can be removed from enlarged pores. Use this treatment frequently. It will gradually reduce enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

A cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one has ever paid more than the price *after their first cake*

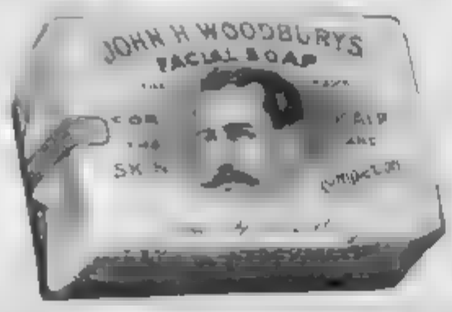
Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for Samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. B-9, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. B-9, Perth, Ontario, Canada

In Canada—Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at all dealers throughout Canada. If you live in Canada, when answering our sample offer address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. B-9, Perth, Ontario.



WOODROWSBY LEGENDS

Concluded from Page 8

Less out of hate
Than the good of the state,
And to give Uncle Sammy a spank or two.
Will we retract? Just write it in blue—
The Spanish invective for dam'd if we do!
In the ring of destruction we've cast our sombreros;
Artillery bristles beneath our *boleros;*
It's now open season for little Maderos.
Let us march forth
On these snobs of the North—
Uppish, yet weak as a puny mosquito,
Who struck us quite dumb
By removing our chum,
The ever-obliging H. Lane Wilsonito—
And express what we mean
When they say 'Intervene'
By the answer: 'We'll see you in Hades *manana!*'
Then, waving the glorious Aztec bandanna,
We'll shoot some more Elks from Peru, Indiana,
Add sixteen *carambas!* and say, with due grace,
We're a courteous, delicate, sensitive race."

The Spanish stenographer, dark as a Moro,
Languidly patted her black pompadoro
And started to click
Her tickety-tick,
When, pale with alarms,
Came the sergeant-at-arms
Like an autobus bumping o'er deep thank'e-marms.
"*Chingaro!*" he cried,
"It is coming—outside!
With baneful intention——"
"What? Who?"
Cried a few; but the others turned blue
As he gasped merely: "Phew!
Intervention!"

A Mexican calm—which a sort of a cross is
'Twixt centipedes writhing in peppery sauces
And Yaquis stampeding a herd of wild hosses—
Passed through the room,
As out of the gloom
The Mexican president's look of ferocity
Narrowed to hate with terrific velocity;
And his lips, which were thin
And drawn down to his chin
In a wolverine grin,
Were clasped as he rasped:
"Show him in!"

Looking as manly as Henry M. Stanley,
Though blond as the flax when it turns into seed,
With a bow—nothing more—
Strode in at the door
A modestly competent, straw-colored Swede,
Who announced as he grinned:
"My name is Yon Lind.
Ay don't tank Ay know how to sp'ak it in Spanish,
But Ay can address you in excellent Danish."

Forty assassins, their hearts in their throats,
Fingered the arsenals under their coats.
Snarling Huerta,
Hearing so pert a
Speech, knew not whether his life to usurp it or
Merely to send for the Swedish interpreter.
To settle the matter,
He summoned the latter,
Who, chattering low with the envoy a bit,
Managed the following speech to transmit
To fluster the meeting:
"Prex Wilson sends greeting
And asks: 'Won't you be a good fellow and quit?'"

Our chronicler says that the answer in Spanish
Lost much in charm when transmitted to Danish;
But it shortly fell out that what journalists call
A star-chamber session was held in a hall,
Where Huerta's war-counselors, grimy and tall,
Plea-bearing, flea-sharing
Cavaliers Mexican,
Boasting of names that would founder a lexicon,
Took up the case and went over it all.
Grimly in session they sat for a week,
Beard scratching whisker and cheek touching cheek.
Nothing was heard but the Spanish "Goldarn 'e!"
Mixed with the odor of *chile con carne.*
At last they emerged looking terribly thinned,
And the answer of Huerta—sealed packet—was pinned
To the inner coat pocket of Congressman Lind,
Who was sent to the station with all the refined
Distinctions that Mexicans offer, when kind,
To visiting noblemen, friendly inclined—
A brass band before and a shotgun behind.

III

THE White House! The White House!
Eleven o'clock,
And glorious Woodrow in glorious sock
And clad in a coat most distinctively frock,
Was brushing his topper—a bit Babylonian
For one Jeffersonian;
In fact, he was primping and preening, and all
For the regular weekly congressional call.
He pinned on a rose. Half a smile he indulged,
For his hip pocket bulged
With a scroll that divulged
His earnest, intentional,
Quite unconventional
Object—to greet the congressional snore
With Message on Mexico 444.

But hark! coming hoofbeats
As hail on the roof beats
Clackety-clack! A mysterious horseman,
Statesman in clothes, but in features a Norseman,
Stopped at the door with a Whoa!
Then: "Hello!"
A clanking of spurs beat the stillness upon,
And straight to the window
Rushed Woodrow—cried: "Lind-oh!
It's certainly bully to see you, Friend Yon!
Now what have you brought from the courteous don?"
But Congressman Lind,
After gathering wind,
Brought forth the sealed pack to his coat pocket pinned,
Then tottered away—
As much as to say:
"Your martyr has served and been thoroughly skinned!"
Woodrow, as calm as the actor named Hackett,
Took in his hand the mysterious packet
And hurried away with a patriot's mania—
Straight down the thoroughfare called Pennsylvania.
So the message from Huerta lay under his blouse
Unoped as he entered the floor of the House.

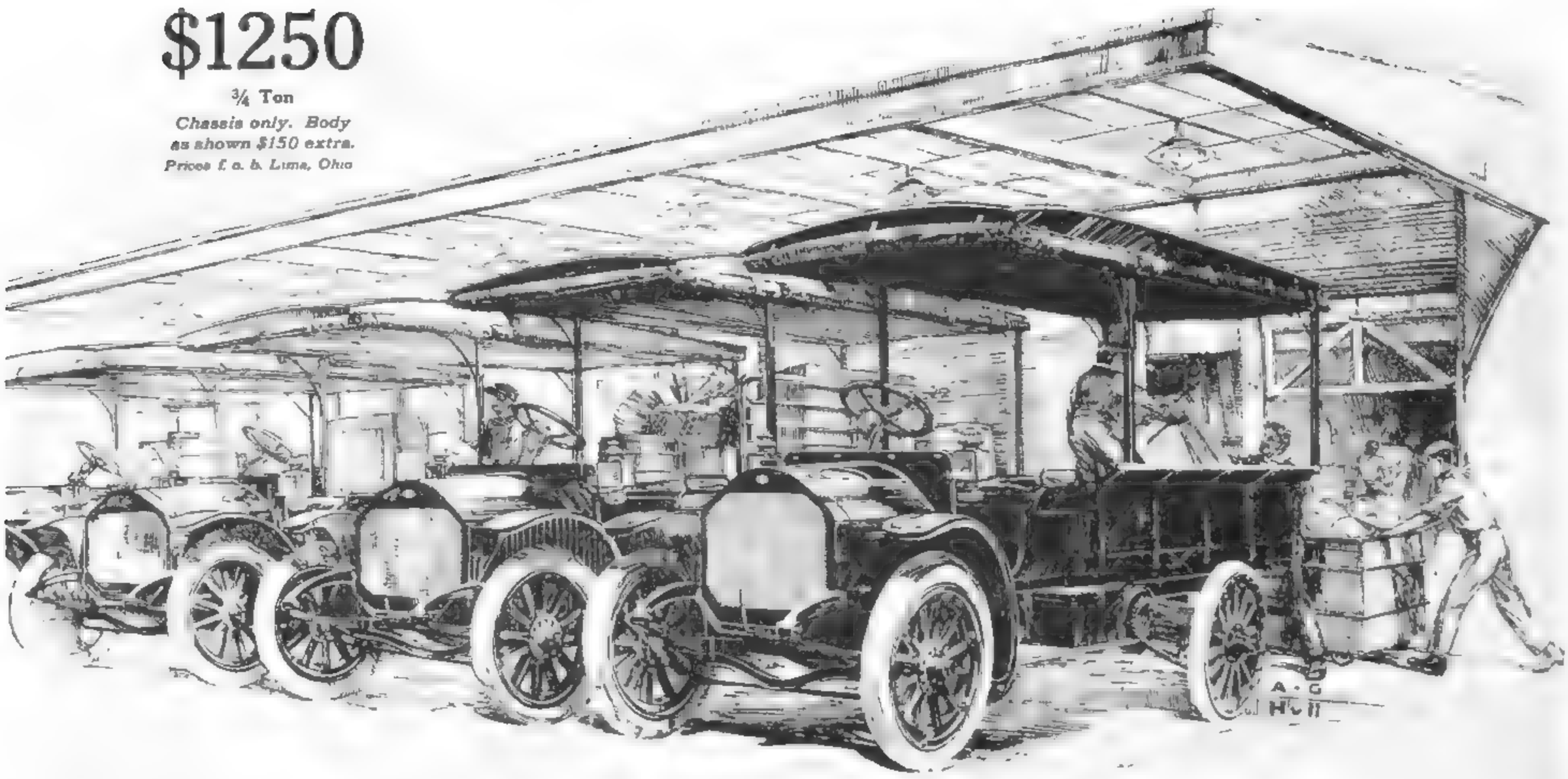
His entrance was greeted—you'd better suppose!
Hurriedly, flurriedly, congressmen rose,
Each with his eyes in the royal direction—
Like schoolboys surprised,
Their pranks half-disguised,
When the school superintendent drops in for inspection.
Congressman Henry stood suddenly still,
And Neeley stopped teasing the Currency Bill
As the learned professor bowed once to Champ's fat form
And solemnly took up his place on the platform.
"Reverend Commoners:"—thus he began—
"My message to Mexico, sent by my man,
Was served out to them, the American plan,
Founded on rightness,
Phrased with politeness:
'Shoot, if you will, your own gray head;
But spare my countrymen!' I said.
So deftly my envoy his blandishments plied,
That he touched 'em, I'm sure, on their chivalrous side;
For they've sent back"—sealed packet—"this message of grace
From a courteous, kindly and sensitive race."
He reached in his pocket
And brought forth the docket,
Snapped the seal-royal as swift as a rocket.
Congress sat still.
My, what a thrill!
The president's features grew pale as a shirt a
Moment; then, gaining control of his face,
He read this reply from the courteous race:
"You sabe—no bunco! Goblazes!

—HUERTA."

$1250

¾ Ton

Chassis only. Body as shown $150 extra. Prices f. o. b. Lima, Ohio



A Necessity For The Majority

AS a matter of actual fact there are tens of thousands of wide-awake American merchants who *can* use the Willys-Utility Truck to great commercial advantage, *but they do not know it.* And on the other hand there are tens of thousands who *cannot* use it *even though they believe they can.* It may be that it will exactly and profitably fit the conditions and nature of your specific business. And it may be just the wrong thing. But how do you know? That's the important point. You are hardly in a position to judge or determine. We are. And unless you investigate, by letting *us* investigate *your business*, you might, through lack of definite information, be ignoring the very thing your business needs most.

We have carefully studied practically every trade in America. For instance, we know that there are over 1000 shoe manufacturers and wholesalers who can use this truck to advantage. We know there are over 20,000 retail dealers who can use it and thousands who cannot. We know that it is not practical for the average manufacturer of machinery but that it is unusually practical for over 75,000 butchers and over 170,000 retail grocers.

These are conditions we have investigated and classified. And the information we can give you after studying your business, is the sole information upon which we will base our arguments as to why you can or cannot install Willys-Utility Trucks and profit accordingly.

To prove the profit producing possibilities and adaptability of the Willys-Utility Truck let's take a hypothetical case. Suppose, in a given territory, it takes a horse-drawn vehicle two hours to make fifteen calls.

One Willys-Utility Truck can easily do the same amount of work in less than one-half the time—a clear saving of one hour. On the basis of an eight hour working day, this would cut the time used for deliveries four whole hours *or one half a day.*

The important part of this is not necessarily the mere saving of time, *but the saving of time, that can be utilized for other and more profitable purposes.* And that is exactly what the installation of Willys-Utility Trucks makes possible.

During the saved half day you can duplicate the work done in the first half day. On this basis a Willys-Utility Truck, from a delivery standpoint, gives you double the volume of business in the same period of time. And it's from the *greater* volume that you get the *greater net profit.*

As to price, this is the *lowest priced truck* built of this size and capacity. On the average it costs *30% less* than any other truck of equal size and power, because we are building them in great quantities.

It costs you *less* to purchase—*less* to operate and *increases* the efficiency of everything, and everyone, in any way connected with your transportation department.

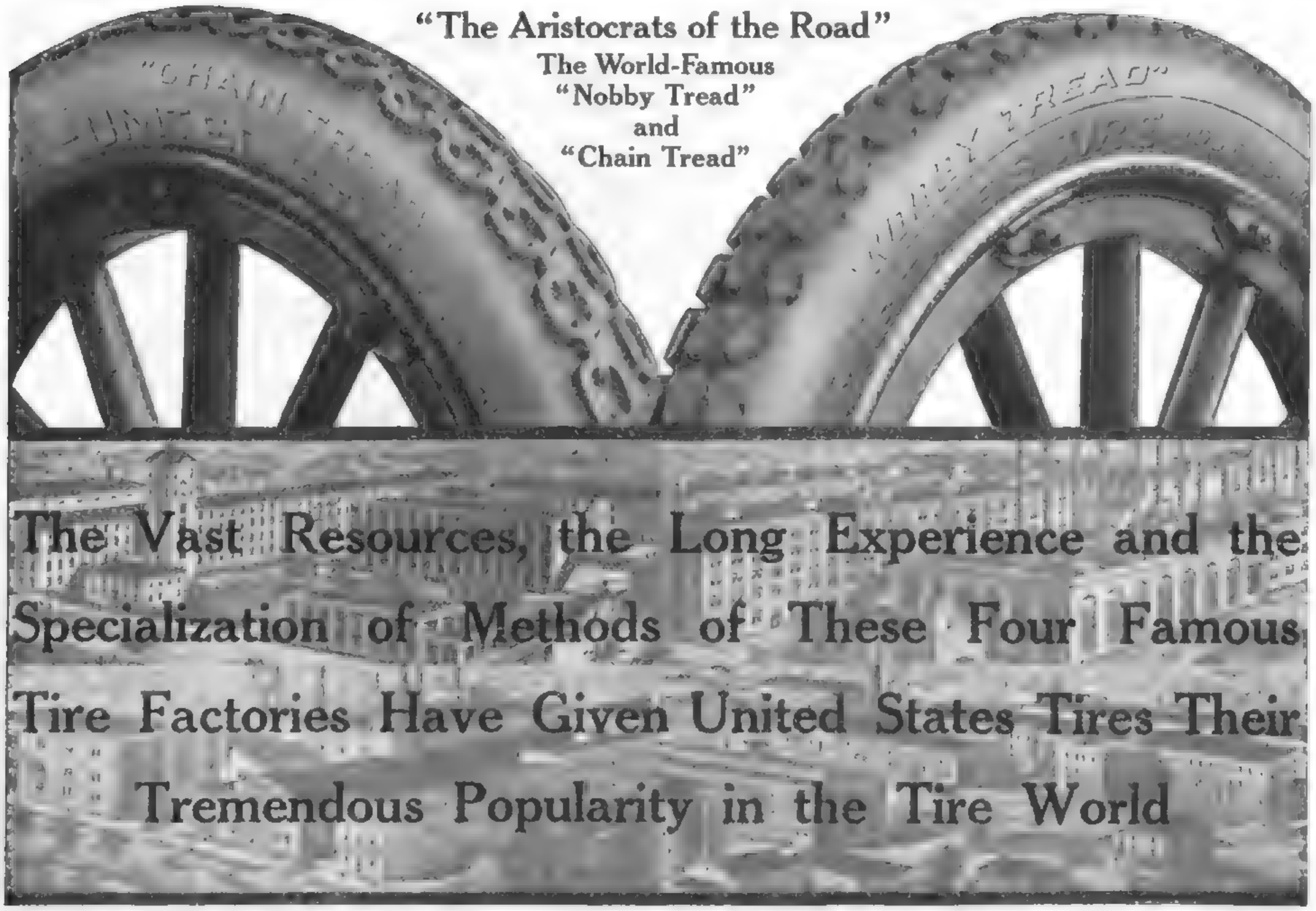
Let our representative call on you. We will send a practical truck and transportation man who can talk "Trucks as applied to your business"—and can give you some valuable information. All requests receive prompt and intelligent attention.

Literature on request.

When writing please address Dept. 151

The Willys Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Willys Utility Truck


"The Aristocrats of the Road"
The World-Famous
"Nobby Tread"
and
"Chain Tread"
The Vast Resources, the Long Experience and the Specialization of Methods of These Four Famous Tire Factories Have Given United States Tires Their Tremendous Popularity in the Tire World

In the History of the Motor Vehicle No One Industrial Move Has Meant So Much to the True Lovers of the Automobile

The United States Tire Contracts written with automobile manufacturers for the equipment of 1914 cars prove unquestionably the merit of these famous tires

No arguments or comparisons avail against the undeniable popularity of United States Tires among experienced automobile owners.

When you purchase United States Tires you are sure of these vitally important facts:

1. Of the organization behind these famous tires.
2. Of vast experience in tire building.
3. Of a tremendous company that actually backs up its tires and has real service branches.

Note This:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything

REAL UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY SERVICE BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

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BOSTON, MASS	560 Commonwealth Ave	DETROIT, MICH	243-245 Jefferson Ave. E.	NEWARK, N. J.	63 Lafayette St	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL	636-646 Van Ness Ave
BUFFALO, N. Y.	731 Main St	FRESNO, CAL	1257 K St	NEW ORLEANS, LA	609 Baronne St	SAVANNAH, GA	107 Bull St
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Made by the

Largest Rubber Company in the World

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Quickly Freed From Grease and Grime and Easily Kept Spotlessly Clean with Old Dutch Cleanser

THE QUIET LIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

All local men are created equal and we come as near equaling them as we can.

"It is always hard to get things done. We needed an icehouse and a neighbor told me of a genius who was just the man for me. So I got him and he went at the work with confidence. He looked over an old barn not far from the main barn and said he could just cobble it up and fill it with ice during the winter and save me a lot of expense; so when we came back for the second spring there was the little barn filled with ice and we felt happy. But it soon began to melt—and by the Fourth of July it had all gone. You see, the genius just filled the place with ice, laid some hay on top and shut the door. The genius came up to see us and looked in the barn at the little moist pile of old hay. 'By gum!' was all he could say. 'Ye must 'a' used that ice up awful fast!'

"I bought a pump second-hand at the railway station for twenty-five dollars—not on account of economy, but for prompt convenience. I was assured it was ready for running and so simple that it would almost run itself. Well, I had to hire a truck to haul it, and when it arrived over the three miles of up and down it was broken. A welding was necessary and there was a long delay. When the repaired piece came back the cement floor foundation was all finished and ready, and we were ready too! I gave the full printed directions a last and final reading. Simple! It was all so simple that, as the pamphlet declared, a child could run it! All of us were proud and we waited proudly to see it go. Our weeks of struggle and waiting were to be rewarded—no more should we carry water from the spring and skim tadpoles from our bathwater.

"Yes, we waited proudly; but somehow it began to be clear that, though it might be true that a child could run it, it was at least certain that a man couldn't—that, in fact, several men couldn't, even though assisted by the advice of a woman! Then everybody fussed and tinkered and talked until darkness came, and we went to bed in despair.

"The packing had dried out and everything had to be taken to pieces again. Then there was new packing to wait for. Endless delay! But at last we got it and put it in—and the pump worked!"

How Troubles Piled Up

"It worked, but it soon sucked the spring dry. 'Blast and get a bigger stream,' I was advised; but I balked at that. I might have diverted the spring altogether. There was nothing for it but to build a large cement reservoir. Now it works and we have water in the house.

"We wanted the house piped and a permanent supply of water kept in a big tank. I told the plumber from the railroad town the size of the tank I wanted, but it worried him immensely. 'You don't want a tank as big as that,' he would say doggedly. I insisted. I had got the size from a book of authority—four dollars net—and felt safe in standing for it. It wasn't like hay!

"'I want a tank big enough to keep several days' supply of two hundred and fifty gallons a day,' I said with dignity.

"He stared at me helplessly and said, 'How can any family use two hundred and fifty gallons a day?'"

"There was many a time," the wife took up the story, "when I just wanted to sit down and cry. There were so many discouragements! When we had a number of laborers and farmhands at work—all coming from a distance and therefore 'kept'—the problem of meals was a constant one, even when I had a good cook. Nothing came to our doors. There were no deliveries. It was always a case of hooking up Angelina. And so the work of getting enough material for the meals was immense.

"At such times, if I dared to catch a few minutes for rest and forgetfulness, I would suddenly find myself seized with an awful dread: 'Is there coffee enough? Is there enough meat—enough bread—enough butter?' Of course I don't mean the expense of it—that part was necessary; I mean the constant labor and watchfulness and planning, so far from a base of supplies, to have the really huge quantities of food always ready. And then it was almost appalling to see the table swept so swiftly clean of what represented so much trouble to gather and cook.

One of the Burley Tobacco Company's "City Club" Farms—The Premier Soil

Kentucky's Precious Soil

See What It Means to Smokers

In a certain section of Kentucky lies *The Premier Soil* for Burley tobacco—some of the world's most precious land.

It is well known to you as "Blue Grass" sod.

It is rich in limestone deposits, and is constantly fed by rivers and brooks from Kentucky's famous hillside slopes.

No other land grows equal tobacco—tobacco so silky, light-colored and mild.

You can get from your dealer, in a 10-cent tin, tobacco grown on *The Premier Soil*, if you ask for City Club.

If you want to know what *soil means* to tobacco, try this brand and see.

Twice Selected From 200,000 Acres

We take "the cream" crops from 200,000 acres and sort out several grades.

Then the best grade is again sifted to pick out the choice leaves.

Thus we get for this brand the King Leaf from each plant—from plants grown on *The Premier Soil* for Burley.

You Get a Prize Smoke

You get the finest Burley tobacco ever sold in a 10-cent tin.

Please note the aroma, the exquisite mildness, and full-bodied satisfaction.

Judge if any other brand smokes like it.

A New Way in Tobacco

We who grow this famous Burley form the company that manufactures it for you. The pride of ownership is in it.

We own the land. We grow the tobacco. We watch every process from growing leaf to finished tin with double care. That is why we can make "City Club" better than any brand you know.

Every smoker who wants the best from his pipe, sooner or later must buy City Club.

The dealers now have it. Go get a trial tin.

Trial packages postpaid to any P. O. in U. S. A. Enclose stamps or money order. 5c and 10c tins; ½ lb. Humidors, 50c; 1 lb. Humidors, $1.00

ONE TIN MAKES YOU A LIFE MEMBER

Burley Tobacco Company, Inc.

GROWERS & MANUFACTURERS OF CITY CLUB

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Largest Independent Tobacco Organization in the World

UNION MADE

Get Two Tins

If your dealer has not received his supply, write your name and address and the dealer's on the coupon below, enclosing 16 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and packing, and we'll send you by mail two 10-cent tins - 20 cents worth - to try.

Our Guarantee

Dealers are authorized to refund money to any smoker not satisfied that "CITY CLUB" IS THE BETTER

BURLEY TOBACCO COMPANY 10

No. 26-1018 Caldwell Street, Louisville, Kentucky

I enclose 16 cents in stamps for which send two 10-cent tins of City Club Tobacco.

Name _____

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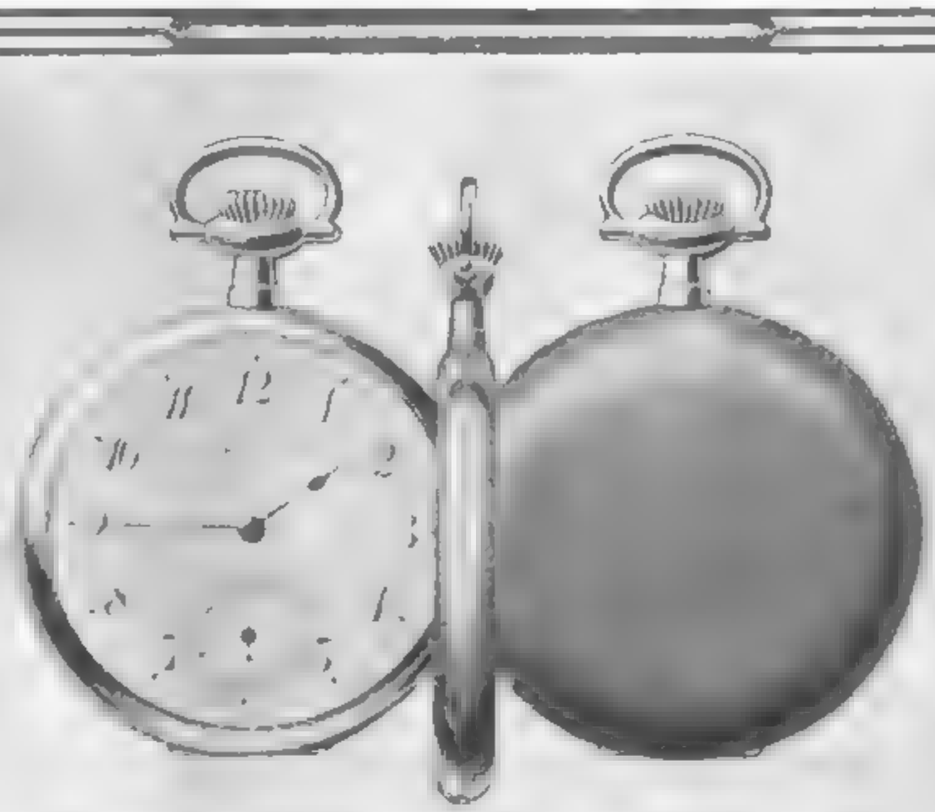
Dealer's Name _____

Address _____



A New Howard Watch

THE E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS begs to announce for limited sale, a new watch—the HOWARD 12-size Carvel, 17-jewel, extra-thin, open face, solid gold, at fifty-five dollars.

This new watch is *thinner by one and one-third millimeters* than the regular 12-size extra-thin HOWARD. The movement is adjusted to three positions, temperature, and isochronism; cased in a single-joint solid gold case of special design, exceedingly flat and compact.

Selling complete in 14K solid gold case at $55—it is the only gold cased, 12-size HOWARD that you can buy for less than $75.

The small number that we are able to offer this year is due to the time and care given to all HOWARD movements and the necessarily limited output of an organization devoted to fine watches exclusively.

Your representative jeweler will doubtless have a few of these watches on exhibition during the next thirty days.

If you are interested in a reliable watch of the new thin-model type and possessing elements of the distinguished and the unusual, we advise you to make inquiry at an early date. It is an opportunity to own a 17-jewel HOWARD cased in solid gold at the very moderate price of $55.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each Watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD WATCH.
The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.
Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

Standardized Shorthand

Success Shorthand Taught by Expert Shorthand Reporters has graduated more expert Shorthand Reporters in eight years than any other system, and Thousands of High Class Stenographers. World's records for speed and

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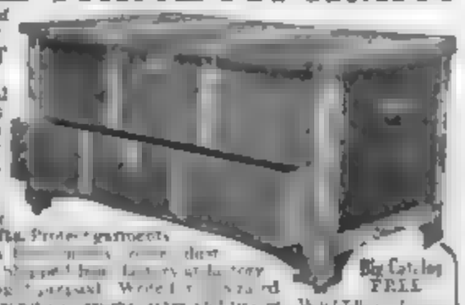
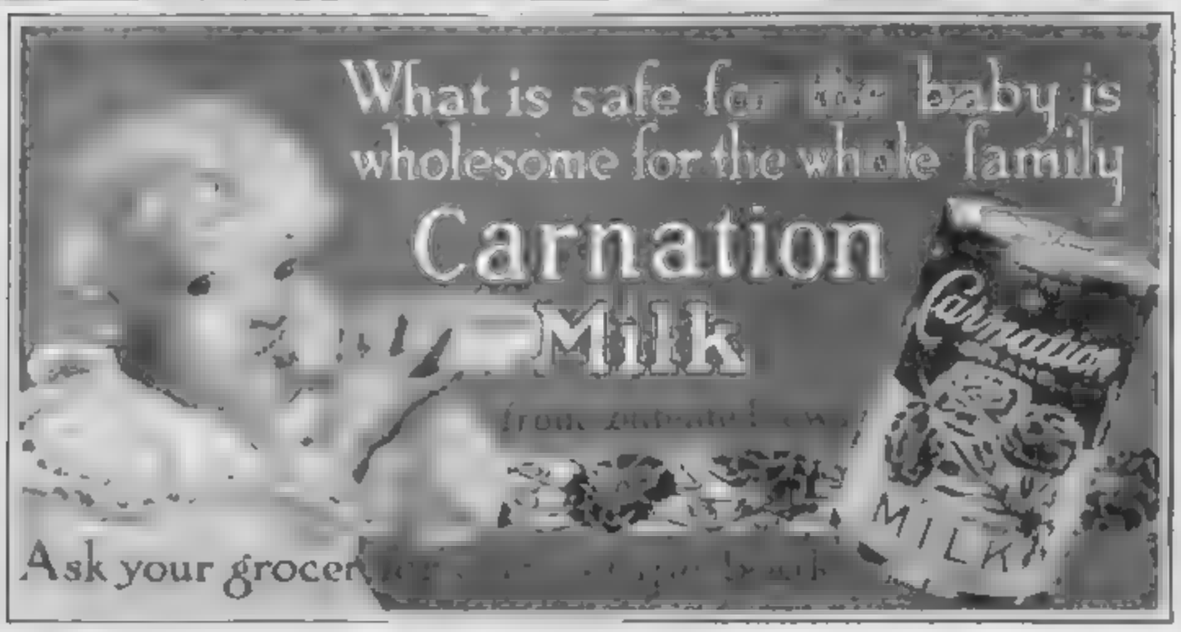
FREE TRIAL for XMAS

Moth-Proof Red Cedar CHEST 15 Days FREE Trial Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chests make ever-lasting Xmas, birthday and wedding gifts. Protect garments



Big Catalog FREE

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 307, Statesville, N. C.



"And frequently the men were so indifferent! But, really, I think they meant all right; and it was mainly because we had so many, many things to see to that things sometimes got on our nerves."

She paused, then laughed at some memory and went on:

"There was one day—it was when a number of men were working on the place, and for the noon meal there had been a great baking and boiling and mouling; and everything was ready right at twelve. The horn was blown, but they didn't come. Again it was blown—still, not a man. It was a desperately hot day and the cook and her assistant were on the verge of wanting to go home to their mothers! That day my husband was away, and so I went out alone to look for the men. I found them boxing and sparring in the engine shelter they were supposed to be building. They had done nothing but sharpen a saw that morning. But I didn't say a word, for they would all have gone home to their mothers too! On the whole things averaged up satisfactorily.

"Looking at what we've got, we're pleased and we're happy, even though our dreams of walking slowly under our arching trees developed so often into anxious drives—often in the rain—after food or servants or workmen."

"And there was another thing—something of which we had never heard, but which came over us overpoweringly and which must come over a host of people," said the husband: "It was what I can only call weed madness—the intense and never-ceasing desire to kill weeds. It became an obsession. You always want to stop and pull one more weed!

"It was not that we set out to kill all the weeds on one hundred and sixty-five acres, but that we could not bear to see the weeds that were close about the house and barns. I suppose the farmers before us had been too busy earning a living to bother about weeds where they were only a matter of looks. In the actual fields and meadows they were cared for. It was round the buildings and on the lawn and along the garden paths that they had gained a sinister foothold. At first we only attempted to clean a small space; but very soon we aimed at clearing everything, and it was the apparent endlessness of the struggle that began to appall us. We only fought the harder however. We could not go back and forth on the smallest errand without stooping over and over again to pull or cut weeds. We carried knives for jabbing them below the surface."

And Still They Like It

"If we started out to walk round the place we would find ourselves stooping and stooping. We laughed about it and grew angry with ourselves, and sometimes would say with determination: 'Now this time, for half an hour, we won't touch a weed!' Of course such constant efforts have had their effect—we have worked as we couldn't hire anybody else to work—but there is a dreadful pertinacity about weeds that only weed madness can hope to oppose. We put in benches, painted white, at advantageous viewpoints, but at the end of the summer realized that we had never found time enough to sit on them—when we had a few minutes we always pulled a few more weeds!"

"Something you just said," put in his wife, "reminded me of one of our greatest joys—walking round the place! I don't know a keener pleasure than to walk round your own place—if it's a place worth walking round. It doesn't need to be one hundred and sixty-five acres—it may be rather small; but if it's your own, and if it's the right kind of place, it is a complete world in itself, and to walk round it gives a subtle and satisfactory happiness."

"And so, on the whole——" I suggested.

"Do we like it?" they replied.

"Do you like it?" I said.

"We do!" they exclaimed in unison.

"For, in spite of the difficulties of the beginning, we know we are going to have in ample measure all we ever hoped for of relaxation, of restfulness, of tranquillity and of general happiness," said the husband.

"We shall look out over our own acres; we shall have long and pleasant evenings as we sit and talk, and look up at the moon or stars; and we shall have hours of reading in lonely nooks," came from the wife antiphonally.

"We shall have the joys of the quiet life," said he.

"And," she concluded, "we shall walk together round our place until the end of our lives."

"Take a Tumble" to the necessity of wearing the garter that wears best. It's a

Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

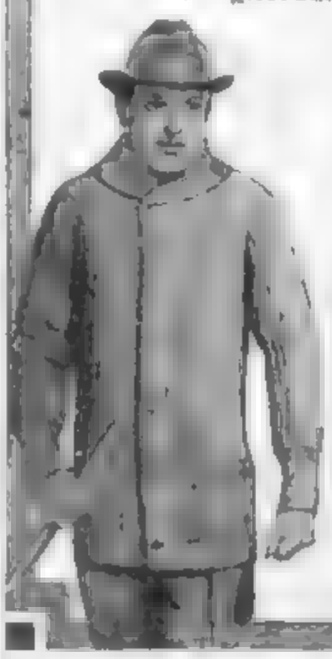
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of Nov. 1

WHEN you buy a "*Marinette*" Knitted Coat, you don't buy just *labor* and *materials*, but *surpassing style*. To wear a

Marinette
The Aristocrat of Knitted Coats for Men Women and Children

proclaims your kinship with gentlefolk—the well-bred and the "thoroughbred."



Pure worsted—knitted to shape—full-fashioned—soft and elastic—hand-finished—everlastingly shape-keeping.

Four hundred separate styles for Men Women and Children retailing from $3 to $15 at all best shops. Silk Coats, $20 to $75. Send a postcard for the name of a dealer near you and for our fascinating Book "5 M"

Marinette Knitting Mills,
Marinette, Wis.

6% Interest on $100 Deposits and Multiples, and 5 per cent on smaller sums. Ample security through Trustee holding $3,600,000 of approved First Mortgages and $850,000 Capital, Surplus and Stockholders' individual liability. Under State supervision. *Write for "Sulky Dollar" booklet and double your income*

Georgia State Savings Association, 175 York St., Savannah, Ga.

REMINGTON UMC

TRADE MARK

AMMUNITION

Remington-UMC Metallics

HERE are a few of the famous Remington-UMC Metallic Cartridges—made for every standard make of arm and known to Rifle-Shots, Sportsmen and Big-Game Hunters in all parts of the world.

Rifle, pistol, revolver—whatever standard make or type of fire-arm you use—whatever the caliber and whatever the action: automatic, repeating or single-shot—you can get these guaranteed cartridges for it from your Remington-UMC dealer.

The completeness of this service—together with the well-known reliability of these Metallics—is one of the things that has made the *Red Ball Mark* of Remington-UMC the unfailing sign of *Sportsmen's Headquarters* in every town.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Makers of the Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifles and Shotguns, Pump Guns, Slide Action High Power and 22-Caliber Rifles

299 Broadway, New York — Windsor, Ontario

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

OH, it doesn't matter! Water won't hurt "61" Floor Varnish. No marred places or white spots when you spill water on it.

"61" Floor Varnish is absolutely waterproof. Withstands repeated washings and requires almost no care at all. Gives a tough and durable finish that does not scratch nor show heel marks on old or new floors and linoleums. Test it yourself.

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61." Hit it with a hammer—you may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack. It is heel-proof and mar-proof.

The delightful simplicity of Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*, will gratify your true sense of "homeyness." Vitralite will not crack nor chip and is not affected by water, even though repeatedly washed.

Sample Panel Free

showing its porcelain-like gloss. Vitralite is easy to apply and does not show brush marks nor turn yellow whether used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster.

The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

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Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE **WHITE ENAMEL**

In the collection of C. W. Post.

"When bread is baked, some parts are split at the surface, and these parts are beautiful, and in a peculiar way excite a desire for eating."

—MARCUS AURELIUS—Roman Emperor.

How this wise old Roman would have enjoyed

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

The bread of the Romans was whole wheat bread. That was centuries before millers, in order to make flour white, began robbing it of the outer shell of the wheat containing the vital mineral phosphates.

Many present-day foods lack these mineral elements, and the lack is largely responsible for various ailments.

In making Grape-Nuts of whole wheat and malted barley, the outer shell of the wheat with all its rich mineral content—the phosphates—is retained.

Grape-Nuts food comes from the ovens baked through and through—is ground into granules—crisp, sweet, and ready to eat direct from the package with cream or milk.

Grape-Nuts food is delicious and wonderfully nourishing.

"There's a Reason"

THE TREASURE

(Continued from Page 4)

fault of the pot. Lizzie, rushing through dinner so that she might get out; Lizzie, throwing out cold vegetables that "weren't worth saving"; Lizzie, growing snappy and noisy at the first hint of criticism, somehow seemed worse sometimes than no servant at all.

"I wonder—if we moved into New Troy, Kane," Mrs. Salisbury mused, "and got one of those wonderful modern apartments, with a gas stove, and a dumbwaiter, and hardwood floors—if Sandy and I couldn't manage everything; with a woman to clean, and dinners downtown now and then, and a waitress in for occasions!"

"And me jumping up to change the salad plates, mother!" Alexandra put in briskly. "And a pile of dishes to do every night!"

"Gosh, let's not move into the city!" protested Stanford. "No tennis, no canoe, no baseball!"

"And we know every one in River Falls and we'd have to keep coming out here for parties!" Sandy added.

"Well," Mrs. Salisbury sighed; "I admit that it is too much of a problem for me!" she said. "I know that I married your father on twenty dollars a week," she told the children severely, "and we lived in a dear little cottage, only eighteen dollars a month, and I did all my own work! And never in our lives have we lived so well. But the minute you get in experienced help, your bills simply double, and inexperienced help means simply one annoyance after another. I give it up!"

"Well, I'll tell you, mother," Alexandra offered innocently, "perhaps we don't systematize enough ourselves. It ought to be all so well arranged and regulated that a girl would know what she was expected to do, and know that you had a perfect right to call her down for wasting or slighting things. Why couldn't women—a bunch of women, say ——"

"Why couldn't they form a set of household rules and regulations?" her mother intercepted smoothly. "Because—it's just one of the things that you young, inexperienced people can talk very easily about," she interrupted herself to say with feeling, "but it never seems to occur to any one of you that every household has its different demands and regulations. The market fluctuates, the size of a family changes—fixed laws are impossible! No. Lizzie is no worse than lots of others, better in fact than the average. I shall hold on to her!"

"Mrs. Sargent says that all these unnecessary demands have been instituted and insisted upon by women," said Alexandra. "She says that the secret of the whole trouble is that women try to live above their class, and make one servant appear to do the work of three ——"

The introduction of Mrs. Sargent's name was not a happy one.

"Ellen Sargent," said Mrs. Salisbury icily, "is not a lady herself, in the true sense of the word, and she does very well to talk about class distinctions! She was his stenographer when Cyrus Sargent married her, and the daughter of a tannery hand. Now, just because she has millions, I am not going to be impressed by anything Ellen Sargent does or says!"

"Mother, I don't think she meant *quality* by 'class,'" Sandy protested. "Every one knows that grandfather was General Stanford, and all that! But I think she meant, in a way, the money side of it, the financial division of people into classes!"

"We won't discuss her," decided Mrs. Salisbury majestically. "The money standard is one I am not anxious to judge my friends by!"

Still, with the rest of the family, Mrs. Salisbury was relieved when Lizzie, shortly after this, decided of her own accord to accept a better-paid position. "Unless perhaps you'd care to raise me to seven a week," said Lizzie, in parting.

"No, no; I cannot pay that," Mrs. Salisbury said firmly, and Lizzie accordingly left.

Her place was taken by a middle-aged Frenchwoman, and whipped cream and the subtle flavor of sherry began to appear in the Salisbury bills-of-fare. Germaine had no idea whatever of time, and Sandy perforce must set the table whenever there was a company dinner afoot, and lend a hand with the last preparations as well. The kitchen was never really in order in these days, but Germaine cooked deliciously, and Mrs. Salisbury gave eight dinners and a club luncheon during the month of her reign. Then the Frenchwoman grew more and more irregular as to hours and more utterly unreliable as to meals; sometimes the family fared delightfully, sometimes there was almost nothing for dinner. Germaine seemed to fade from sight, not entirely of her own volition, not really discharged; simply she was gone.

They tried a Norwegian, then a Polack, then a Swede. Next they had a German man and wife for a week, a couple who asserted that they would work without pay for a good home. This was a most uncomfortable experience, unsuccessful from the first instant. Then came a low-voiced, good-natured South American negress, Marthe, not much of a cook, but willing and strong.

July was mercilessly hot that year; thirty-one burning days of sunshine. Mrs. Salisbury was not a very strong woman, and she had a great many visitors to entertain. She kept Marthe because the colored woman did not resent constant supervision and an almost hourly change of plans. Mrs. Salisbury did almost all of the cooking herself, fussing for hours in the hot kitchen over the cold meats and salads and ices that formed the little informal cold suppers to which the Salisburys loved to ask their friends on Saturday and Sunday nights.

Alexandra helped fitfully. She would put her pretty head into the kitchen doorway, perhaps to find her mother icing cakes.

"Listen, mother, I'm going over to Con's. She's got that new serve down to a fine point! And I've done the boy's room and the guestroom; it's all ready for the Cutters. And I put towels and soap in the bathroom; only you'll have to have Marthe wipe up the floor and the tub."

"You're a darling," the mother would say gratefully.

"Darling nothing!" And Sandy, with her protest, would lay a cool cheek against her mother's hot one. "Do you have to stay out here, mother?" she would ask resentfully. "Can't the Culled Lady do this?"

"Well, I left her to watch it, and it burned," Mrs. Salisbury would say, "so now it has to be pared and frosted. Such a bother! But this is the very last thing, dear. You run along; I'll be out of here in two minutes'"

But it was always something more than two minutes. Sometimes even Kane Salisbury was led to protest.

"Kane, I wish you would go over my accounts," Mrs. Salisbury said one evening, in desperation. "Just suggest where *you* would cut down!"

Mr. Salisbury ran his eye carelessly over the pages of the little ledger.

"Roast beef, two-forty?" he presently read aloud questioningly.

"Twenty-two cents a pound," his wife answered simply. But the man's slight frown deepened.

"Well, my dear, it's your problem!" he said unsympathetically, returning to his newspaper. "I run my business and I expect you to run yours! If we can't live on our income we'll have to move to a cheaper house, that's all; or take Stanford out of school and put him to work. Dickens says somewhere—and he never said a truer thing," pursued the man of the house comfortably—"that if you spend a sixpence less than your income every week, you are rich. If you spend a sixpence more, you may never expect to be anything but poor!"

"Mother," said Alexandra, coming in from the kitchen, "Marthe says that all that delicious chicken soup is spoiled! Now what shall we do—just skip soup, or get some beef extract and season it up?"

"Skip soup," said Mr. Salisbury cheerfully.

"We can't very well, dear," said his wife patiently, "because the dinner is just soup and a fish salad, and one needs the hot start in a perfectly cold supper. No. I'll go out."

"Can't you just tell me what to do?" asked Alexandra impatiently.

But her mother had gone. The girl sat on the arm of the deserted chair, swinging an idle foot.

"I wish I could cook!" she fretted.

"Can't you, Sandy?" her father asked.

"Oh, some things! Rabbits and fudge and walnut wafers! But I mean that I wish I understood sauces and vegetables and

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seasoning, and getting things cooked all at the same moment! I don't mean that I'd like to do it, but I should like to know how. Now mother'll scare up some perfectly delicious soup for dinner, cream of something or other, and I could do it perfectly well if only I knew how!"

"Suppose I paid you a regular salary, Sandy ——" her father was beginning, with the untiring hopefulness of the American father. But the girl interrupted vivaciously:

"Dad, darling, that isn't practical! I'd love it for about two days. Then we'd settle right down to washing dishes, and setting tables, and dusting and sweeping, and wiping up floors. Horrors! Horrors! Horrors!"

She left her perch to take in turn an arm of her father's chair.

"Well, what's the solution, pussy?" asked Kane Salisbury, keenly appreciative of the nearness of her youth and beauty.

"It isn't that," said Sandy decidedly. "Of course," she pursued, "the Gregorys get along without a maid and use a fireless cooker; but admit, darling, that you'd rather have me, useless and frivolous as I am, than Gertrude or Florence or Winifred Gregory! Why, when Floss was married, dad, Gertrude played the piano for music, and for refreshments they had raspberry ice cream and chocolate layer-cake!"

"Well, I like chocolate layer-cake," observed her father mildly. "I thought that was a very pretty wedding; the sisters in their light dresses ——"

"Dimity dresses at a wedding!" Alexandra reproached him, round-eyed. "And they're so boisterously proud of the fact that they live on their father's salary," she went on, arranging her own father's hair fastidiously; "it's positively offensive the way they bounce up to change plates, and tell you how to make the neck of mutton appetizing, or the heart of a cow, or whatever it is! And their father pushes the chairs back, dad, and helps roll up the napkins. I'd die if you ever tried it!"

"But they all work, too, don't they?"

"Work? Of course they work! And every cent of it goes into the bank. Winnie and Florence are buying gas shares, and Gertrude means to have a year's study in Europe, if you please!"

"That doesn't sound very terrible," said Kane Salisbury, smiling. But some related thought darkened his eyes a moment later. "You wouldn't have much gas stock if I was taken, pussy," said he.

"No, darling, and let that be a lesson to you not to die!" his daughter said blithely. "But I could work, dad," she added, more seriously, "if mother didn't mind so awfully. Not in the kitchen, but somewhere. I'd love to work in a settlement house."

"Now there you modern girls are," her father said. "Can't bear to clear away the dinner plates in your own houses, yet you'll cheerfully suggest going to live in the filthiest parts of the city, working as no servant is ever expected to work, for people you don't know!"

"I know it's absurd," Sandy agreed, smiling. Her answer was ready somewhere in her mind, but she could not quite find it. "But you see, that's a new problem," she presently offered, "that's ours today, just as managing your house was mother's when she married you. Circumstances have changed. I couldn't ever take up the kitchen question just as it presents itself to mother. I—people my age don't believe in a servant class. They just believe in a division of labor, all dignified. If some girl I knew, Grace or Betty, say, came into our kitchen—and that reminds me!" she broke off suddenly.

"Of what?"

"Why, of something Owen—Owen Sargent was saying a few days ago. His mother's quite daffy about establishing social centers and clubs for servant girls, you know, and she's gotten into this new thing, a sort of college for servants. Now I'll ask Owen about it. I'll do that tomorrow. That's just what I'll do!"

"Tell me about it," her father said. But Alexandra shook her head.

"I don't honestly know anything about it, dad. But Owen had a lot of papers and a sort of prospectus. His mother was wishing that she could try one of the graduates, but she keeps six or seven house-servants and it wouldn't be practicable. But I'll see. I never thought of us! And I'll bring Owen home to dinner tomorrow. Is that all right, mother?" she asked as her mother came back into the room.

"Owen? Certainly, dear, we're always glad to see him," Mrs. Salisbury said, a shade too casually, in a tone well calculated neither to alarm nor encourage, balanced to keep events uninterrupted in their natural course. But Alexandra was too deep in thought to notice a tone.

"You'll see—this is something entirely new, and just what we need!" she said gayly.

II

THE constant visits of Owen Sargent, had he been but a few years older and had Sandy been a few years older, would have filled Mrs. Salisbury's heart with a wild maternal hope. As it was, with Sandy barely nineteen and Owen not quite three years older, she felt more tantalizing discomfort in their friendship than satisfaction. Owen was a dear boy, queer, of course, but fine in every way, and Sandy was quite the prettiest girl in River Falls; but it was far too soon to begin to hope that they would do the entirely suitable and acceptable thing of falling in love with each other. "That would be quite too perfect!" thought Mrs. Salisbury, watching them.

No: Owen was too rich to be overlooked by all sorts of other girls, scrupulous and unscrupulous. Every time he went with his mother for a week to Atlantic City or New York, Mrs. Salisbury writhed in apprehension of the thousand lures that must be spread on all sides about his lumbering feet. He was just the sweet, big, simple sort to be trapped by some little empty-headed girl, some little marplot clever enough to pretend an interest in the prison problem, or the free-milk problem, or some other industrial problem in which Owen had seen fit to interest himself. And her lovely, dignified Sandy, reflected the mother, a match for him in every way—beautiful, good, clever, just the woman to win him away from the somewhat unnatural interests with which he had surrounded himself by her own charm and the charms of children and home—must sit silent and watch him throw himself away.

Sandy, of course, had never had any idea of Owen in this light. Of that her mother was quite sure. Sandy treated him as she did her own brothers—frankly, despotically, delightfully. And perhaps it was wiser, after all, not to give the child a hint, for it was evident that the shy, gentle Owen was absolutely at home and happy in the Salisbury household; nothing would be gained by making Sandy feel self-conscious and responsible now.

Mrs. Salisbury really did not like Owen Sargent very well, although his money made her honestly think she did. He had a wide, pleasant, but homely face, and an aureole of upstanding yellow hair, and a manner as unaffected as might have been expected from the child of his plain, old genial father, and his mother, the daughter of a tanner. He lived alone with his widowed mother in a pleasant, old-fashioned house, set in parklike grounds that were the pride of River Falls. His mother often asked waitresses' unions and fresh-air homes to make use of these grounds for picnics; but Mrs. Salisbury knew that the house belonged to Owen, and she liked to dream of a day when Sandy's babies should tumble on those smooth lawns, and Sandy, erect and beautifully gowned, should bring her own smart little motor-car through that tall iron gateway.

These dreams made her almost effusive in her manner to Owen; and Owen, who was no fool, understood perfectly what she was thinking of him; he understood his own energetic, busy mother, and he understood Sandy's mother too. He knew that his money made him well worth any mother's attention.

But, like her mother, he believed Sandy too young to have taken any cognizance of it. He thought the girl liked him as she liked any one else, for his own value, and he sometimes dreamed shyly of her pleasure in suddenly realizing that Mrs. Owen Sargent would be a rich woman, the mistress of a lovely home, the owner of beautiful jewels.

Both, however, were mistaken in Sandy. Her blue, blue eyes, so oddly effective under the silky fall of her straight, mouse-colored hair, were very keen. She knew exactly why her mother suggested that Owen should bring her here or there in the car: "Daddy and the boys and I will go in our old trap, just behind you!"

To do her justice she really and deeply cared for him. Not with passion, for of that as yet she knew nothing, but emotionally, nevertheless. Sandy read the Sonnets from the Portuguese, in these days, and

Continued on Page 53.

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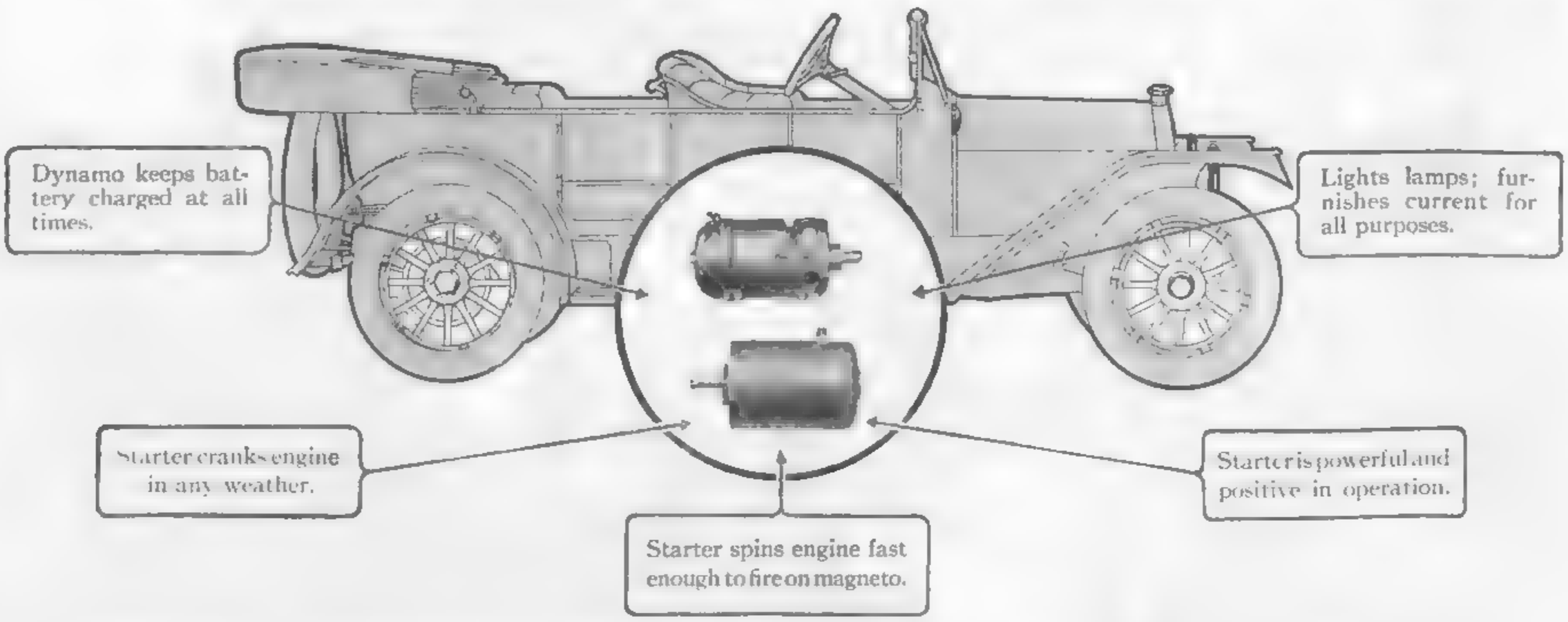
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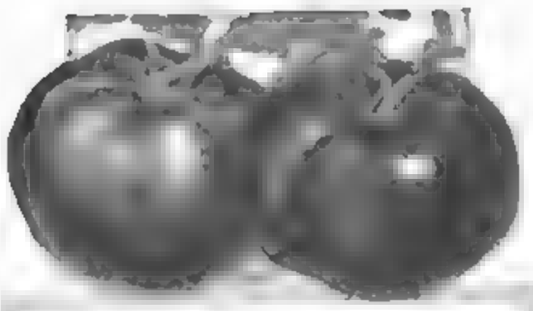

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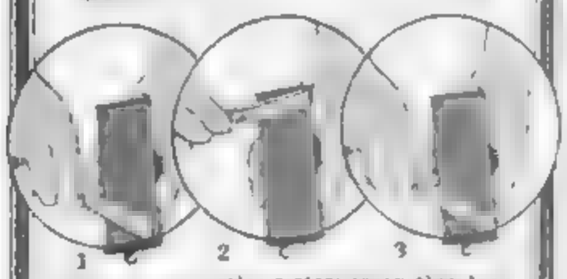

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PIKE KNIFE

(Continued from Page 50)

thought of Owen. Now and then her well-disciplined little heart surprised her by an unexpected flutter in his direction.

She duly brought him home with her to dinner on the evening after her little talk with her parents. Owen was usually to be found browsing about the region where Sandy played marches twice a week for sewing classes in a neighborhood house. They often met, and Sandy sometimes went to have tea with his mother, and sometimes, as today, brought him home with her.

Owen had with him the letters, pamphlets and booklet issued by the American School of Domestic Science; and after dinner, while the Salisbury boys wrestled with their lessons, the three others and Owen gathered about the drawing-room table in the late daylight and thoroughly investigated the new institution and its claims. Sandy wedged her slender little person in between the two men. Mrs. Salisbury sat near by, reading what was handed to her.

The booklet, with its imposing A.S.D.S. set out fair and plain upon a brown cover, was exhaustive. There were pictures of girls making jam, and sterilizing bottles, and arranging trays for the sick. There were girls amusing children and making beds. There were glimpses of the model flats, built into the college buildings, with gas stoves and dumbwaiters. And there were the usual pictures of libraries, and playgrounds, and tennis courts.

"Such nice-looking girls!" said Sandy.

"Oh, mother says they are splendid girls," Owen said, bashfully eager; "just the kind that go in for trained nursing, you know, or stenography, or bookkeeping."

"They must be a solid comfort, those girls," said Mrs. Salisbury, leaning over to read certain pages with the others. "'First Year,'" she read aloud. "'Care of kitchen, pantry and utensils—fire-making—disposal of refuse—table-setting—service—care of furniture—cooking with gas—patent sweepers—sweeping—dusting—care of silver—bread—vegetables—puddings' ——"

"Help!" said Sandy. "It sounds like the essence of a thousand Mondays! No one could possibly learn all that in one year."

"It's a long term, eleven months," her father said, deeply interested. "That's not all of the first year either. But it's all practical enough."

"What do they do the last year, mother?"

Mrs. Salisbury adjusted her glasses.

"'Third Year,'" she read obligingly. "'All soups, sauces, salads, ices and meats. Infant and invalid diet. Formal dinners, arranged by season. Budgets. Arrangement of work for one maid. Arrangement of work for two maids. Menus, with reference to expense, with reference to nourishment, with reference to attractiveness. Chart of suitable meals for children from two years up. Table-manners for children. Classic stories for children at bedtime. Flowers, their significance upon the table. Picnics.'"

"But, no; there's something beyond that," Owen said. Mrs. Salisbury turned a page.

"'Fourth Year. Post-graduate, not obligatory,'" she read. "'Unusual German, Italian, Russian and Spanish dishes. Translation of menus. Management of laundries, hotels and institutions. Work of a chef. Work of subordinate cooks. Ordinary poisons. Common dangers of canning. Canning for the market. Professional candy-making.'"

"Can you beat it?" said Owen.

"It's extraordinary!" Mrs. Salisbury conceded. Her husband asked the all-important question:

"What do you have to pay for one of these paragons?"

"It's all here," Mrs. Salisbury said. But she was distracted in her search of a scale of prices by the headlines of the various pages. "'Rules Governing Employers,'" she read, with amusement. "Isn't this too absurd? 'Employers of graduates of the A.S.D.S. will kindly respect the conditions upon which, and only upon which, contracts are based.'" She glanced down the long list of items. "'A comfortably furnished room,'" she read at random—"'weekly half-holiday—access to nearest public library or family library—opportunity for hot bath at least twice weekly—two hours if possible for church attendance on Sunday—annual two weeks' holiday, or two holidays of one week each—full payment of salary in advance, on the first day of every month'—— what a preposterous idea!" Mrs. Salisbury broke off to say. "How is one to know that she wouldn't skip off on the second?"

"In that case the school supplies you with another maid for the unfinished term," explained Sandy, from the booklet.

"Well ——" The lady was still a little unsatisfied. "As if they didn't have privileges enough now!" she said. "It's the same old story; we are supposed to be pleasing them, not they us!"

"'In a family where no other maid is kept,'" read Alexandra, "'a graduate will take entire charge of kitchen and dining room, go to market if required, do ordinary family washing and ironing, will clean bathroom daily, and will clean and sweep every room in the house, and the halls, once thoroughly every week. She will be on hand to answer the door only one afternoon every week, besides Sunday' ——"

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Salisbury.

"I should like to know who does it on other days!" Alexandra added amazedly.

"Don't *you* think that's ridiculous, Kane?" his wife asked eagerly.

"We-l-l," the man of the house said temperately, "I don't know that I do. You see, otherwise the girl has a string tied on her all the time. People in our position, after all, needn't assume that we're too good to open our own door ——"

"That's exactly it, sir," Owen agreed eagerly. "Mother says that's one of the things that have upset the whole system for so long! Just the convention that a lady can't open her own door ——"

"But we haven't found the scale of wages yet," Mrs. Salisbury interrupted sweetly. Alexandra, however, resumed the recital of the duties of one maid.

"'She will not be expected to assume the care of young children,'" she read, "'nor to sleep in the room with them. She will not be expected to act as chaperon or escort at night. She' ——"

"It *doesn't* say that, Sandy!"

"Oh, yes, it does! And, listen! 'Note. Employers are respectfully requested to maintain as formal an attitude as possible toward the maid. Any intimacy or exchange of confidences is especially to be avoided' ——" Alexandra broke off to laugh, and her mother laughed with her, but indignantly.

"Insulting!" she said warmly. "Does any one suppose for an instant that this is a serious experiment?"

"Come, that doesn't sound very ridiculous to me," her husband said. "Plenty of women do become confidential with their maids, don't they?"

"Dear me, how much you do know about women!" Alexandra said, kissing the top of her father's head. "Aren't you the bad old man!"

"No; but one might hope that an institution of this kind would put the American servant in her place," Mrs. Salisbury said seriously, "instead of flattering her and spoiling her beyond all reason. I take my maid's receipt for salary in advance; I show her the bathroom and the library—that's the idea, is it? Why, she might be a boarder! Next they'll be asking for a place at the table and an hour's practice on the piano!"

"Well, the original American servant, the neighbor's girl, who came in to help during the haying season and to put up the preserves, probably *did* have a place at the table," Mr. Salisbury submitted mildly.

"Mother thinks that America never will have a real servant class," Owen added uncertainly; "that is, until domestic service is elevated to the—the dignity of office work, don't you know? Until it attracts the nicer class of women, don't you know? Mother says that many a good man's fear of old age would be lightened, don't you know? if he felt that, in case he lost his job, or died, his daughters could go into good homes and grow up under the eye of good women, don't you know?"

"Very nice, Owen, but not very practical!" Mrs. Salisbury said, with her indulgent, motherly smile. "Oh, dear me, for the good old days of black servants, and plenty of them!" she sighed. For though Mrs. Salisbury had been born some years after the days of plenty known to her mother on her grandfather's plantation, before the war, she was accustomed to detailed recitals of its grandeurs.

"Here we are!" said Alexandra, finding a particular page that was boldly headed "Terms."

"'For a cook and general worker, no other help,'" she read, "'thirty dollars per month ——'"

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Convertible Collar (Slip-on) with the Kenreign Label

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"Not so dreadful," her father said, very pleasantly surprised.

"But listen, dad! Thirty dollars for a family of two, and an additional two dollars and a half monthly for each other member of the family. That would make ours thirty-seven dollars and a half, wouldn't it?" she computed swiftly.

"Awful! Impossible!" Mrs. Salisbury said instantly, almost in relief. The discussion made her vaguely uneasy. What did these casual amateurs know about the domestic problem, anyway — Kane, who was always anxious to avoid details; Sandy, all youthful enthusiasm and ignorance; and Owen Sargent, quoting his insufferable mother? For some moments she had been fighting an impulse to soothe them all with generalities. "Never mind, it's always been a problem, and it always will be! These new schemes are all very well, but don't trouble your dear heads about it any longer!"

Now she sank back, satisfied. The whole thing was but a mad, Utopian dream. Thirty-seven dollars indeed! "Why, one could get two good servants for that!" thought Mrs. Salisbury with the same sublime faith with which she had told her husband, in poorer days years ago, that if they could but afford her she knew they could get a fine girl for three dollars a week. The fact that the fine girl did not apparently exist did not at all shake Mrs. Salisbury's confidence that she could get two good girls. Her hope in the untried solution rose with every failure.

"Thirty-seven is steep," said Kane Salisbury slowly. "However! What do we pay now, mother?"

"Five a week," said the lady inflexibly.

"But we paid Germaine more," said Alexandra eagerly. "And didn't you pay Lizzie six and a half?"

"The last two months I did, yes," her mother agreed unwillingly. "But that comes only to twenty-six or seven," she added.

"But, look here," said Owen, reading. "Here it says: '*Note.* Where a graduate is required to manage on a budget, it is computed that she saves the average family from two to seven dollars weekly on food and fuel bills.'"

"Now that begins to sound like horse-sense," Mr. Salisbury began. But the mistress of the house merely smiled and shook a dubious head, and the younger members of the family here created a diversion by reminding their sister's guest with animation that he had half-asked them to go out for a short ride in his car. Alexandra accordingly ran for a veil, and the young quartette departed with much noise, Owen stuffing his pamphlets and booklet into his pocket before he went.

Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury settled down contentedly to double canfield, the woman crushing out the last flicker of the late topic with a placid shake of the head when the man asked her for her honest opinion of the American School of Domestic Science. "I don't truly think it's at all practical, dear," said Mrs. Salisbury, regretfully. "But we might watch it for a year or two, and go into the question again some time, if you like, especially if some one else has tried one of these maids and we have had a chance to see how it goes!"

The very next morning Mrs. Salisbury awakened with a dull headache. Hot sunlight was streaming into the bedroom; an odor of coffee, drifting upstairs, made her feel suddenly sick. Her first thought was that she *could* not have Sandy's two friends to luncheon, and she *could* not keep a shopping and tea engagement with a friend of her own! She might creep through the day somehow, but no more.

She dressed slowly, fighting dizziness, and went slowly downstairs, sighing at the sight of disordered music and dust in the dining room, the sticky chafing dish and piled plates in the pantry. In the kitchen was a litter of milk bottles, saucepans, bread and crumbs and bread knife encroaching upon a basket of spilled berries, eggshells and melting bacon. The blue sides of the coffee pot were stained where the liquid and grounds had bubbled over it. Marthe was making toast, the long fork jammed into a plate-hole of the range. Mrs. Salisbury thought that she had never seen sunlight so mercilessly hot and bright.

"Rotten coffee!", said Mr. Salisbury cheerfully, when his wife took her place at the table.

"And she *never* uses the poacher!" Alexandra added reproachfully. "And she says that the cream is sour because the man leaves it at half-past four right there in the sunniest corner of the porch. Can't he have a box or something, mother?"

"Gosh, I wouldn't care what she did if she'd get a move on," said Stanford frankly. "She's probably asleep out there with her head in the frying pan!"

Mrs. Salisbury went into the kitchen again. She had to pause in the pantry because the bright squares of the linoleum, and the brassy faucets, and the glare of the geraniums outside the window seemed to rush together for a second.

Marthe was on the porch, exchanging a few gay remarks with the garbage man before shutting the side door after him. The big stove was roaring hot; a thick odor of boiling clothes showed that Marthe was ready for her cousin Nancy, the laundress, who came once a week. A saucepan deeply gummed with cereal was soaking beside the hissing and smoking frying pan. Mrs. Salisbury moved the frying pan, and the quick heat of the coal fire rushed up at her face

"Why," she whispered, opening anxious eyes after what seemed a long time, "who fainted?"

A wheeling and rocking mass of light and shadow resolved itself into the dining-room walls, settled and was still. She felt the soft substance of a sofa pillow under her head, the hard lump that was her husband's arm supporting her shoulders.

"That's it — now she's all right!" said Kane Salisbury, his kindly, concerned face just above her own. Mrs. Salisbury shifted heavy, languid eyes, and found Sandy.

"Darling, you fell!" the daughter whispered. White-lipped, pitiful, with tears still on her round cheeks, Sandy was fanning her mother with a folded newspaper.

"Well, how silly of me!" Mrs. Salisbury said weakly. She sighed, tried too quickly to sit up, and fainted quietly away again.

This time she opened her eyes in her own bed, and was made to drink something sharp and stinging, and directed not to talk. While her husband and daughter were hanging up things, and reducing the tumbled room to order, the doctor arrived.

"Dr. Hollister, I call this an imposition!" protested the invalid smilingly. "I have been doing a little too much, that's all! But don't you dare say the words rest cure to me again!"

But Doctor Hollister did not smile; there was no smiling in the house that day.

"Mother may have to go away," Alexandra told anxious friends, very sober but composed. "Mother may have to take a rest cure," she said, a day or two later.

"But you won't let them send me to a hospital again, Kane?" pleaded his wife one evening. "I'd almost die of lonesomeness, wondering what you and the children are doing! Couldn't I just lie here? Marthe and Sandy can manage somehow, and I promise you I won't worry. I'll just lie here like a queen!"

"Well, perhaps we'll give you a trial," smiled Kane Salisbury, very much enjoying an hour of quiet at his wife's bedside. "But don't count on Marthe. She's going."

"Marthe is?" But Mrs. Salisbury only leaned a little more heavily on the strong arm that held her and laughed comfortably. "I refuse to concern myself with such sordid matters," she said. "But why?"

"Because I've got a new girl, hon."

"You have!" She shifted about to stare at him, aroused by his tone. Light came. "You've not gotten one of those college cooks, have you, Kane?" she demanded. "Oh, Kane! Not at thirty-seven dollars a month! Oh, you have, you wicked, extravagant boy!"

"Cheaper than a trained nurse, petty!"

Mrs. Salisbury was still shaking a scandalized head, but he could see the pleasure and interest in her eyes. She sank back in her pillows, but kept her thin fingers gripped tightly over his.

"How you do spoil me, Tip!" The name took him back across many years, to the little eighteen-dollar cottage and the day before Sandy came. He looked at his wife's frail little figure, the ruffled frills that showed under her loose wrapper at throat and elbows. There was something girlish still about her hanging dark braid, her big eyes half-visible in the summer twilight.

"Well, you may depend upon it, you're in for a good long course of spoiling now, Miss Sally!" said he.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHO ARE THEY FOR

IN this day of hasty processes and large production—when your familiar food products are turned out by the trainload—here is a limited business. A business that has increased tenfold in a dozen years—yet must always be limited for reasons you will readily understand.

It is gratifying perhaps that the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in its Bulletin No. 98, should have selected one of the Beech-Nut plants to illustrate conditions in a model factory.

Yet we may assume today that all reputable food products are made in sanitary factories; that they are clean, that they are wholesome, that they are sightly.

This is quite enough for the four people out of five who are satisfied with no more than that.

If it were not for the fifth person the Beech-Nut business never would have existed.

Our work, as we see it, is to start where others leave off—to achieve delicacy and flavor—to get the elusive palate-satisfying quality that makes a thing delicious to the taste. You know what that means. It means delicacy of treatment. It means care and patience. It means unswerving ideals. And it means a limited business.

To make a thing delicious to eat, there is no possible way it can be done except by doing it.

This is a peculiar business. It has grown and grown, and we have never been able to produce as much as we could sell. We have been chiefly concerned with making things good to eat, and we make them *regardless*.

Then what more are we concerned about? Just this: getting Beech-Nut Delicacies into the hands of the right people—for that means the fullest measure of appreciation.

Consider that about one person in five has a palate that discriminates.

On such depend our reputation.

We are continually saying (and our representatives are saying to grocers)—If the usual commercial product will satisfy you, by all means use it.

We want the people who, having tried the Beech-Nut kind, will not be satisfied with anything less.

For a grocer to say he has not the trade for Beech-Nut Delicacies is a confession.

The danger is that he will carry one or two of our Delicacies, but continue to offer indifferent goods in place of the others.

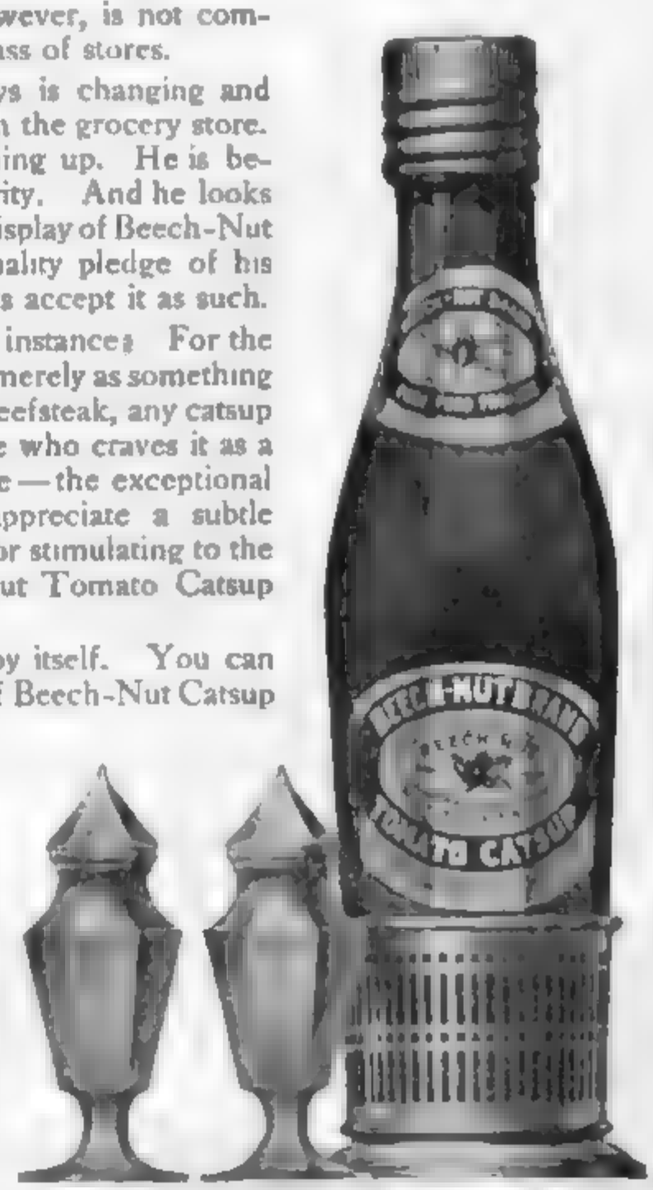
Some of our Delicacies you have never heard of, yet you might be delighted to discover them.

This practice, however, is not common in the better class of stores.

Nothing these days is changing and improving faster than the grocery store. The grocer is cleaning up. He is becoming a food authority. And he looks upon his appetizing display of Beech-Nut Delicacies as the quality pledge of his stock. His customers accept it as such.

Take Catsup, for instance: For the man who regards it merely as something to cover up a poor beefsteak, any catsup will do. But to one who craves it as a relish to good cuisine—the exceptional person who can appreciate a subtle seasoning with a flavor stimulating to the appetite—Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup is an achievement.

Try a little of it by itself. You can tell in a moment. If Beech-Nut Catsup is worth while for you, *it will be the first Catsup you ever wanted to eat from a spoon.*



Some Beech-Nut Delicacies we would like you to know

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Beech-Nut Sliced Bacon
Beech-Nut Oscar Sauce
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
Beech-Nut Red Currant Jelly
Beech-Nut Guava Jelly
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Beech-Nut Grape Jam
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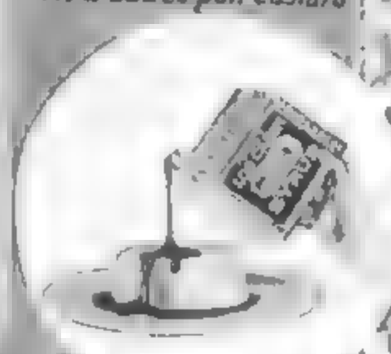

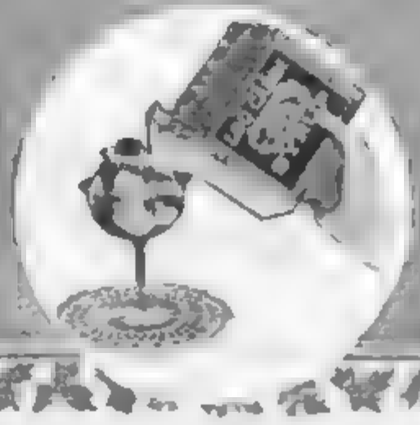

THE INCANDESCENT LILY

Continued from Page 22

"The Lake of Fire is nonsense," she said. "That my people would stone me to death is known fact. And yet I'd almost risk that to—to give a great pleasure."

"You'll risk nothing of the kind; but you could tell me about them and how to get to them."

"Not how to get to them!" She shook her head firmly.

"How do they differ from other lilies?"

"How do fireflies differ from other flies?"

"You mean they give light?"

"They are the lanterns of the fairy people, and they have all the colors to be found in a rainbow. The leaves and stems are black as ebony and shining."

"You're not joking?"

"I'm telling you about the most beautiful flower in the world—and the sweetest."

"Sweet too?"

"But you shall smell them even if you aren't to see them—I will bruise one in my fingers and in the morning you shall kiss my hands."

"But tell me where they grow and let me go by myself."

"They would know that I had told you."

"I shall look for them."

"They are as well hidden as the way to the top of the cliffs."

"But I am to be shown that when the end of the month comes."

"If you go out at the end of the month," she said, "it will be as you came."

"Drugged?"

She nodded.

"If you go!"

"But you promised."

"You might want to stay!" He smiled disarmingly and shook his head. "I should not be the first princess to break a promise."

"You would be the last princess to do such a thing," said Chudder.

"Oh!" she cried. "You do trust me! You do think I'm honest, don't you?"

"I do! I know!" he said.

"Then it's you who have changed me. When I made that promise I had no intention of keeping it. I thought that if you did not like me enough to want to stay I would have you killed. But now—oh, something has happened to me, Chudder! I couldn't hurt you now! Anything you asked for I would give. Yes, even leave of absence—forever."

Chudder could make no answer.

"Go tomorrow," she went on, "if you wish. It will hurt me less perhaps than if you wait till the appointed time. Oh!" she cried, "I was a spoiled child and you were a new toy; but now I am a woman and you are a man—and there is the difference. To the spoiled child it is what the spoiled child wants; but her will—to the woman—is what the man wants. If it is your happiness to leave me—to live out your life with another—that shall be my happiness!"

And she wept bitterly, like a child that has been hurt; and even as if he had been that child's father so Chudder took the princess tenderly in his arms and comforted her. At last she freed herself and wiped her teary face with her pink sleeve. Then, looking him in the eyes and exultant with love of him:

"Tonight," she cried, "you shall see the burning lilies. I would rather be stoned than that we should not see them together."

"But I won't go with you," Chudder smiled. "Do you think I'd risk a hair of your head for so small a thing as the sight of a new flower?"

"When you go away," she said, "I shall have worse things to face than death; but I shall remember always that we two walked hand in hand among the burning lilies. . . . Oh, Chudder, couldn't you stay? Couldn't you love me?"

"And if I could," said Chudder, "knowing my story, could you believe that so light and changing a love as mine was worth the having?"

"But when you return, perhaps you will find that she has forgotten you. If she has forgotten you, will you come back?"

Chudder was silent; then, lifting his eyes to the child's and his voice breaking, he said:

"Why, yes! So help me! If she has forgotten I will come back."

x

IT WAS naturally a great disappointment to Chudder that to see the Incandescent Lily was to risk the princess' life. All his discoveries in the valley seemed picayune and comfortless if he was to go away without even a scientific description of its chief marvel; and he lay down sulkily in his lacquer bed and could not sleep for a long time. To sleep was to dream—to dream of petty things blocking a whole world of accomplishment.

At the very altar it was found that the ring would not go on Dum Dum's kid sister's finger. Some one had given him a million dollars for the Arboretum; and for safety he had buried it under one of ten million lilac trees somewhere on the way from Portland, Maine, to Poland Springs. The Incandescent Lilies he planted at the Arboretum grew beautifully; and just when they were going to bloom the General Electric Company got out an injunction forbidding them to do so. . . . Then Chinamen came softly into the room—this was a very real dream—and he fought with them; and they got their fingers round his throat and strangled him until he was dead. Yes, it was true about hell after all—you went down, down; and then you saw the twinkling of the fires—all the colors of the rainbow, and the —— But why—in hell—did a cool and perfumed breeze blow in your face? And why were the fires shaped like lilies? And why did not the brooks, which slid hither and thither among them, put them out?

Her arm was round his waist. His dazed head rested against her shoulder. But the breeze and the perfume and the wonder were gathering up the scattered fragments of his mind and putting them together again.

They were sitting on a great platform of rock thrust up from the edge of a level meadow, through which brooks ran slowly. At a distance the many-colored points of fire made him think of New England meadows in June, when the fireflies are thickest; but near at hand he could see that each light was a stately lily that glowed with its appointed color. To give the lilies light and perfume had not been enough, for it seemed to Chudder that in mere grace and habit the whole world had no other lily to compare with them. And the ink-black stems and foliage were but an added insult to his powers of belief.

He lifted his head from the Princess Lo's shoulder and drew a deep breath that was like a sob. In the light of the lilies she watched his face. And when she saw the wonder in it fade, and the look of the excited collector take its place, she sighed.

Suddenly he rose, stepped to the edge of the platform and vaulted down among the lilies. Then he knelt and with reverent excitement began to dig with his hands. The princess uttered a piteous cry. And then:

"You haven't even spoken to me! And I have risked my life to give my lord's eyes a moment's pleasure!"

From his uncompleted task Chudder rose abashed and ashamed.

"Oh, princess," he cried, "I am sorry!"

"You turn your back on a woman's soul," she cried, "and kneel to a weed!"

He climbed back to the platform, his hands and knees amuck with the rich soil in which the lilies grew, and he spoke humble and contrite words, and abased himself. She listened unmoved.

"I thought," she said, "that we should be together, and look and wonder. I thought perhaps—but no matter; for it seems that to you these new flowers are only a new species—a thing to make common, to commercialize!"

"Not that last!" he cried. "That is not true. I only wanted to share the most beautiful thing in all this world with all the people in it. If that is wrong ——"

"There is one woman in this world who seems desirable to you above all other women. Doubtless you wish to share her with the servant who brings your tea. Come! This has not been worth the risking of even an unhappy life."

She clapped her little hands sharply together, and there rose near at hand, as if from so many trapdoors in a stage, four Chinamen in somber robes.

The breeze rose higher, and the lilies bowed and swayed so that it seemed as if the whole meadow was swept by leaping and drawing flames. The princess shivered. She looked very fragile and tired, and bowed as if the weight of her pearl necklaces, black and pink, was too much for her.

She spoke in Chinese, and one of the four Chinamen went silently to the edge of

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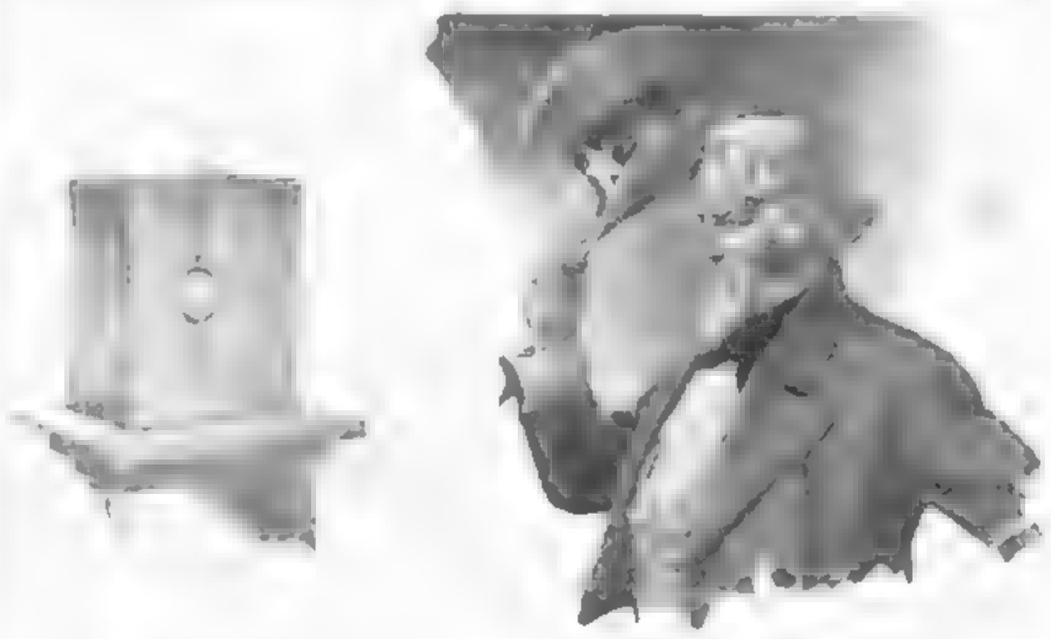

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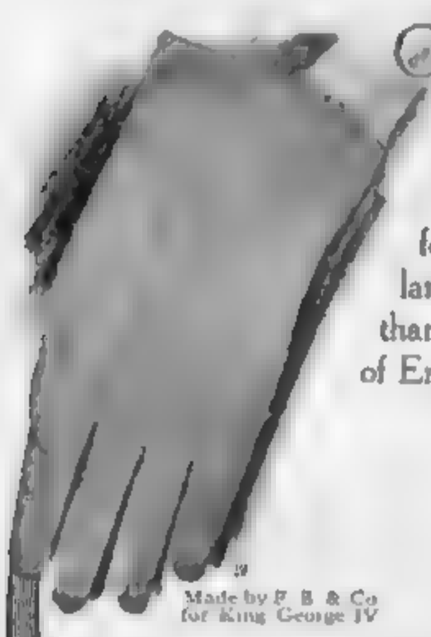

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the platform and leaped down among the lilies. He returned presently—a great black bulb in his hands. He laid it at the princess' feet.

Then she began to unclasp her necklaces one after another—the ransom of a dozen kings. And she said:

"It is terrible that a soul should be hurt forever for a thing so material as a man! If I have misjudged you, Chudder, it is because a woman's heart misjudges—always. A woman does not love a man because he is worthy. She loves him because she loves him. I shall always love you; but life would not be so little to me if I could think that all I have to give had not been utterly wasted and thrown away. I shall never see you again. . . . These pearls—I don't know how much they are worth—but surely they would put that great institution for which you are collecting beyond the material wants—or you yourself, Chudder. For you could divert the money to yourself and no one be the wiser. So take them as a free gift. They are—merely pearls. Or ——"

"Or, princess?" His color was rising.

She flung them on the rock at his feet.

"Or," she said, "leave them where they lie—for the wild monkeys to play with and the jackdaws to covet; and take, instead, this root ——"

And with her little foot she pushed the bulb of the Incandescent Lily toward him.

Of course Chudder's decision was instantaneous. To put the Arboretum, laboring unselfishly not for a coterie, a city, a state, but for a nation, for the whole world, beyond the material wants—to do this was to do a good deed, a great deed; to have justified his having been born into the world!

And so, knowing well the workings of minds that seek alone to benefit and beautify the world in which they live—and having, indeed, just such a mind himself—he stepped forward, so eagerly as actually to spurn the pearls with his foot, and picked up the bulb of the Incandescent Lily. Lifted in full flower, carried for thousands of miles to a strange soil and a strange climate, it might never bloom again.

"Oh, princess," he cried, his face bright with boyish enthusiasm, "may I really take them this?"

Her face was transformed with gentleness.

"They will be so happy and excited!" he said.

"You have a heart of gold!" she said. "I envy her, Chudder; but not now—so that it is all torment."

She waved her little hand and the four grim Chinamen in their somber robes sank from sight.

"They will have to drug you, Chudder dear," she said, "so that you won't know how you came to this place or how you went away. You will find your own men waiting. If she has forgotten you, you have said that you will come back; but I hope she has not forgotten you, for I think that would make you too unhappy ——"

Afar off there sounded faintly and sweetly the solemn tolling of a bell.

"The Bell of All True Lovers!" exclaimed the princess. "And now true lovers all over the valley are waking and striking lights that they may set down loving and blessed thoughts upon tablets of ivory. . . . I think we are saying good-by for the ages of ages, Chudder. I do not know—but I think so."

The bell tolled on, faint and clear. The sweetness of the Incandescent Lilies came up to them like holy incense. At their feet, blinking in the starlight, the great pearls, black and pink, lay spurned and forgotten.

A greater sweetness than that of the lilies came toward Chudder, and for a few moments his pitying arms encircled it and held it close. Then she went away, with little faltering steps, and never looked back once; and the four somber Chinamen rose once more, as it seemed from the bowels of the earth, and came forward.

One of them held a white cloth four times folded; and another took from his sleeve a flask of carved rock crystal, and with yellow, pipestem fingers drew out its bedragoned stopper.

Chudder looked one last time over the meadow of burning lilies. Then the cloth, now dripping and smoking, was laid across his mouth and nostrils; and, choking a little, the things of this world—and of that—were erased from his mind as a wet sponge washes the little, sorely-wrestled-with problems from a child's slate.

(THE END)

KING AIR RIFLES

Off for a Happy Day

THESE bright October Saturdays are great days for the boy with a King Repeater. You'll find it good company on long hikes through the fields and woods; or you can have a lot of fun at target practice with other fellows.

You'll get more than fun out of it, too, for it looks and feels like a real gun, shoots straight and gives you splendid training of hand and eye without the danger of a powder gun.

Write for free booklet "The Story of the Air-Rifle," showing all King models from the big 1000-shot repeaters at $2.00, down to the pop-guns for the little fellows at 25 cents.

Sold by Sporting-Goods, Toy and Hardware Stores. If not found in your town send us the money and we'll ship direct from factory.

THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE CO.
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Office: 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., Phil B. Bekeart Co., Managers.

Hello Boys!

HERE'S FUN

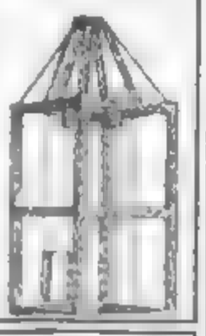
Write now for my new 24-page book, full of pictures of all sorts of steel toys you can make yourself. Build steel bridges—towers—electric railways with cars that run alone by little Mysto Electric Motor—wagons, derricks, machine shops, etc. It's great fun.

Make lots of Toys

The Mysto **ERECTOR**

The Toy that Resembles Structural Steel

Yes, sir—I want you to know about the most interesting building toy anywhere. The only one with a Mysto Electric Motor. The Erector is easy and fast to build. Has 20% more parts than any other building toy. It's nickel [illegible] and strong and looks like [illegible]

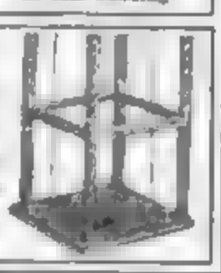


Build Big Things—Steel Buildings

[illegible] $1.00 and up. [illegible] today. Send for [illegible]

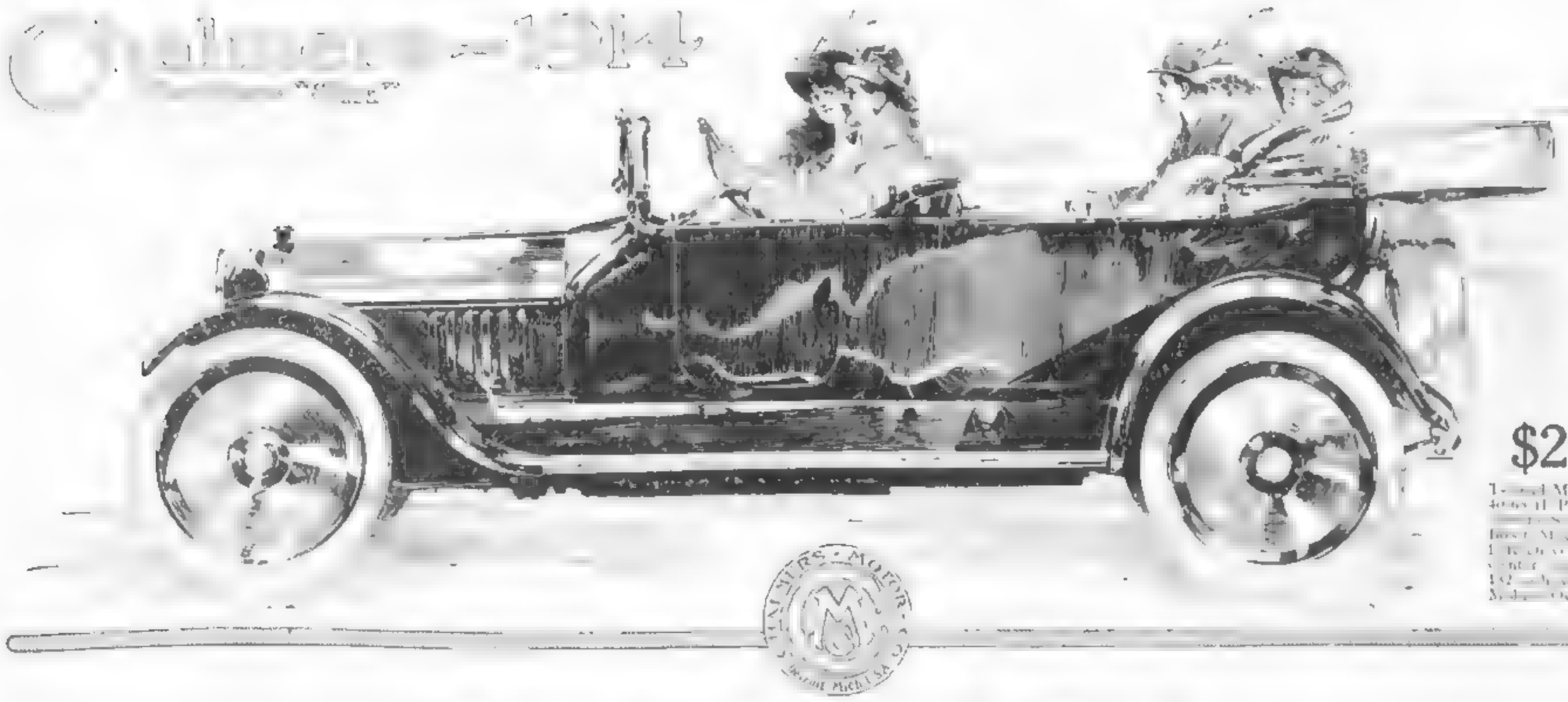
Mysto Electric Motor Runs Elevators In this Building

A. C. Gilbert, Pres.
The Mysto Mfg. Company
50 Foote Street
New Haven, Conn.



Class Pins & Medals

COLLEGE—CLUB and FRAT. PINS
Catalogue in Color Free
Chas. K. Grouse Co., Mfrs. EVERY PIN PERFECT
NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS. Box D-15



$2175

The Ride of Rides

We have made many strong claims for the Master "Six". Claims so strong they have created a big stir in the motor world.

And the sensation grows greater as men learn that every claim can be proven—every fact verified—by the car itself.

We offer you an easy way to test these claims; a way to find out the facts for yourself. We call it the Chalmers Standard Road Test.

This is not the usual demonstration. In this ride we do more than show the comfort and luxury of the car. We put the Master "Six" through its paces—tests that prove its mechanical supremacy. We do things many cars cannot do at all. What others can do, we do with an effortless ease that is astonishing.

We put the burden of proof on the car itself. No other maker has ever attempted so crucial a test.

Winning Scores Every Day

This "put-it-up-to-the-car" plan of selling the Master "Six," is bound to win you as it is winning others every day.

On this "positive proof of merit" we have based our entire selling plan. And facts prove that buyers need only to see and feel in order to believe.

Those who ride, buy. They tell their friends about it; until thousands are talking about the car that sells itself.

A Car The Public Wants

And the demand has just begun. At this writing, September 15th, we are fairly deluged with wires from dealers urging us to hurry additional shipments. Many dealers have come in person to the factory seeking more cars.

And the demand will continue, for every Master "Six" sold becomes a Chalmers advertisement; every owner a Chalmers salesman.

How We Achieve the Low Price

After a ride in the Master "Six" you will wonder how we can offer it at the price, $2175.

If we made but a thousand or two thousand of these cars we would have to charge at least $3000, that's sure. But our chief items of cost are distributed over a much larger output.

In our $7,000,000 factory, economy of production has been perfected. Parts makers' profits have been practically eliminated by making nearly everything in our own shops. All bodies are mounted on the same chassis. That saves enormously in tools and machinery.

The Right Price to Pay

These are some of the reasons why, for $2175, the Master "Six" can give you features found in no other car at the price; features that greatly lengthen the life of the car; that hold down renewal and operating costs almost to zero.

To buy a car that lacks these features—even though the first cost be less—is short sighted. To pay more is unnecessary.

Roadster	**$2175**	**Six Passenger**	**$2275**
Four Passenger	**2175**	**Coupé**	**2850**
Five Passenger	**2175**	**Limousine**	**3600**

All bodies interchangeable. Wire wheels, $80 extra (five)

Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit

Mail This Coupon

Send me the New Chalmers Booklet. I wish to read the important facts it gives.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ **State** _____

S E P. 10-18

Whether you buy a car this year or later, we want you to feel free to take this Chalmers Standard Road Test now. It will not obligate you in the least. For you can't help talking to your friends about it and that is bound to repay us. The Chalmers dealer nearest you, invites you, through us, to take this ride of rides.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

The Men Who Put the Fun Into Your Daily Life

T. A. DORGAN ("TAD")

T. A. Dorgan, the famous "Tad," originator of the "Indoor Sports" series

"Tuxedo can't be equaled in soothing, refreshing qualities. Its mildness insures a pleasant smoke, its coolness removes all chance of tongue bite."

T. A. Dorgan -Tad-

R. L. GOLDBERG

R. L. Goldberg, whose comic series, "Boob McNutt," "Foolish Questions," "I'm the Guy," etc., have made him one of the most famous of American cartoonists, says:

"I find in Tuxedo a good tobacco. Its fragrance and flavor are fine. I use it regularly and endorse it highly to all my friends."

R. L. Goldberg

MAURICE KETTEN

Maurice Ketten, celebrated cartoonist, whose "Day of Rest" series is known all over the country, says:

"Tuxedo has my entire approval. I know no better, no milder tobacco."

Maurice Ketten

THE keen-witted cartoonists of the most keen-witted nation on earth *have* to possess a mighty big fund of never-failing cheerfulness—else they could not give you, day after day, the high quality of good humor which they do. And they have to keep their minds sharp—to say much in little space is the main rule of the cartoonist's art.

Wits well sharpened and minds in good humor. The man who has these generally knows what he is talking about. Read the testimonials on this page. Here are some of the greatest cartoonists in the country. They all smoke and endorse

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

They wouldn't smoke Tuxedo if it didn't keep their minds alert and cheerful all day long, day in and day out. A tobacco that can do that stands in a class by itself.

Tuxedo does stand in a class by itself. It has had many imitators but it has never been equaled.

Tuxedo is made of the very highest grade of choice mellow sweet Kentucky Burley leaf—treated by the *original* "Tuxedo Process," which removes the sting so that it *cannot bite* your tongue—granulated so that it smokes freely and uniformly—packed 40 pipefuls to the 10c tin.

Tuxedo deserves every good thing that has ever been said of it—and to prove it, Tuxedo sells by the *millions upon millions* of tins annually.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we will mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in the United States.

Address

TUXEDO DEPARTMENT
Drawer S
Jersey City, N. J.

BUD FISHER

Bud Fisher, well-known creator of "Mutt and Jeff," whose [illegible] millions of readers, says:

"Tuxedo has made a pipe my favorite form of smoking. Its coolness and mildness make pipe smoking a real pleasure."

Bud Fisher

GEORGE McMANUS

George McManus, known everywhere as the creator of the "Newlyweds," says:

"Tuxedo's superior smoking qualities—mildness, coolness and fragrance—make it my choice of tobaccos."

Geo. McManus

WINSOR McCAY

Winsor McCay, well-known cartoonist and originator of the "Little Nemo in Slumberland" series, says:

"I prefer Tuxedo because I can smoke it without fear of tongue bite, and with the knowledge that it's a tobacco unequaled for purity and mildness."

Winsor McCay

THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 20)

crime, but there are one or two questions that perhaps you can answer that will give me a lift."

I had a happy thought.

"I'll be glad to do anything I can, of course," said I; "but do you mind letting me put on my coat and waistcoat and walking with me toward the university a little way? I can answer your questions as we go and I am afraid I haven't any time to spare. You see I have a seminar at ten."

Dorgan's smile took on a harder finish. "You haven't any time to spare, that's a fact," he said. "It's a quarter to eleven now. I'm afraid you'll find they haven't waited for you."

Now that was flatly impossible. It couldn't have got to be any such time of day as that. I might, of course, have spent a little more time than I realized in there with Elaine, trying to convince her that there was nothing to worry about and that everything was coming out right; but if what Dorgan said was true I must have been in there over an hour, which was absurd. I turned back into the room, fished my watch out of my dress waistcoat pocket, and found, I am sorry to say, that it agreed with Dorgan's. Furthermore he had followed me into the room and shut the door behind him with an air that seemed to me distinctly peremptory.

The room took on a dissolute look, too, somehow, under his inquisitorial eye. It was not only that my dress clothes were scattered all about, but it also showed traces of our last night's supper party.

"Sit down," I said heartily, scooping some things off a chair to make a place for him. "Take all the time you like. I'll let the seminar go."

I brought him something to smoke, too, and a light; began treating him, in short, like a long-lost brother; knowing all the time that my hospitality, now that he had forced my hand, rang as false and looked as suspicious as my former attempt to get rid of him.

"Now," said I with a sickly sort of gaiety, "come on with your questions."

He stroked his little bristles in meditation for a moment before he began.

"Professor ——"

"Confound it!" I interrupted. "I know I'm a professor. It says so in the catalogue. Can't you manage to call me Butler? Or, if you hold me in too great respect for that, Mr. Butler?"

"Oh, all right, professor," he said; and then he leaned back in his chair.

"What do you know," he asked, "about the present whereabouts of Miss Elaine Arthur?"

Even then, I suppose, I might have retrieved my false start by coming out with the truth. But, if you remember what a knowing, naughty young dog Dorgan liked to pretend to be during his leisure moments, you will see that it wouldn't have been easy.

"Miss Elaine Arthur's present whereabouts!" I echoed, astonished. "How in the world should I know anything about them?"

Heavens! I hoped her maid hadn't left any damnatory articles lying about the room we were sitting in. Even a small thing like a slipper would be enough. I didn't dare look round to see.

"And you don't mean to tell me," I went on, "that her present whereabouts have anything to do with the murder or the murderer?"

Dorgan sat back for a minute without saying anything, a look of intense concentration in his face. Then, with a shake of the head, he got up and went over to the window.

"It's a puzzle all right," he said, "and of course I'm mighty anxious to solve it. It's my first big job, a chance for me to make my reputation. We ought to have got the fellow last night. We nearly had him. But, somehow, he gave us the slip."

"The murderer?" I asked carelessly.

"Well, the man we think did it," he admitted. "We aren't so sure as we might be. He went up to their room anyway, shortly before the murder, and left it not long before it was discovered."

"Their room?" I asked. "Do you mean he was with her?"

"No, no," said Dorgan. "There was no one with her but her daughter, and the daughter seems to have left town before it happened. At any rate, Mrs. Robinson came down to the office about half-past five and inquired about trains; said she wasn't going, but her daughter was. Of course we'll know more about it when we can find out where they came from. They were registered from Chicago, but they didn't come in on a Chicago train. However, that'll have to wait. The person I want to get is the man. He left a perfectly clear track from the hotel to the theater; but there it ends. The people on the watch at all the exits knew exactly whom they were looking for, and it's a mystery to me how he got away. But he did get away, unless he's hidden in the theater yet."

"That's very curious," said I. I couldn't think of anything safer to say than that.

He turned round now and shot a sharp look at me—a trick that great detectives have of surprising your inmost thoughts.

"Well, then," he said, "perhaps you will see why I take an interest in the fact that Miss Arthur has disappeared."

"Disappeared!" I cried. "Why, man, she can't disappear! She's got a matinée to play at two today. Of course," I said, "she may not be at the hotel."

"Where could she stay in this town except at the hotel?" he wanted to know. "I'm told," he went on, "that she came into the hotel last night, very late, with two men; and that you ——"

"Oh, yes," said I. "I was one of the two men. The other was Carrington, the man I introduced you to last night. He's a poet—perhaps you've read some of his things. It was pretty late. It may have been two o'clock or so. We had been having supper up here."

My information didn't seem to placate him at all. He smiled and said something sarcastic about my being a great old sport, and I could see how it must have annoyed him that a supper party for a celebrity like Elaine should have been pulled off in Monroe—one that lasted till two o'clock in the morning—and he himself, Monroe's star man-about-town, not have been invited.

"Well," he went on dryly, "your supper parties for actresses are none of my business. But the sequel to this one may be my business."

He made a long pause here, thrust his hands into his pockets, set his jaw and fixed me with his eye. This hawk of the law was poised, prepared to swoop, and if looks were anything to go on, my poor, innocent, downy little chicken of a secret had no chance at all.

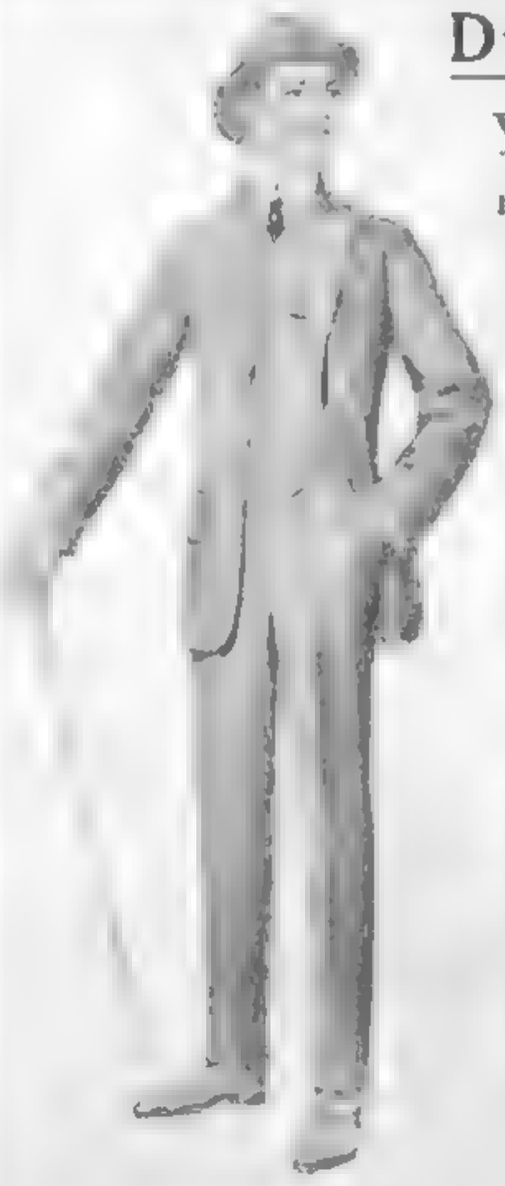
"I am informed," he went on—and his voice now had the penetrating nasal quality of a badly played oboe—"I have it on the best authority that a person answering perfectly to Miss Elaine Arthur's description left town last night on the two-forty-five northbound express, accompanied by a young man. You'll find it will save trouble if you'll tell me what you know about it."

"That's easily done," said I politely. "I haven't an idea in the world who the young lady was who took the two-forty-five northbound express this morning, nor who the young man was who went with her. But I have the most complete confidence that it was not Miss Arthur. If you want the measure of that confidence I'll be glad to bet you a thousand dollars that Miss Arthur hasn't left town, and, if you have any adequate conception of what my salary is, that will give you a pretty good indication of how sure I feel."

I had suffered a sea change into something new and strange, all right. I don't believe I had ever offered to back an opinion with the color of my money before. But I was quite in earnest and I could see I had impressed Dorgan. If only I had stopped there all might have been well. But, somehow, the lust of battle had got into my blood. I not only wanted to convince this disagreeably fresh young man who had had the effrontery to come to my rooms and ask embarrassing questions, I wanted to annihilate him, leave his self-esteem without a leg to stand on.

Solomon and other well-known makers of moral maxims have expatiated upon the danger to be apprehended from a lioness that has been robbed of her whelps, from a woman scorned, and so on. But the advice I should give to any one wishing to avoid the more violent forms of unpleasantness is this: Under no circumstances yield to the temptation to try to make a vain man look ridiculous.

"Of course," I went on, "I realize your angle on the affair. It's a great piece of



Dress Distinction

You men and young men who like a spirited individuality in your clothing will find your wants well expressed in

Sincerity Clothes

There's the distinctive harmony of clever designing and good taste that appeals to men who dress *knowingly*.

And the prices — $15.00 to $35.00 — put *clothes satisfaction* within easy reach.

¶ Send for "Apparel Hints for Men"—a beautifully printed guide to good dressing.

Sincerity Clothes "Savoy"
A model for the lively young fellow who wants a little more "speed"—coupled with good taste—in his clothes.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
Chicago

Gives you, always, a dry, cool, sweet smoke. It cannot become foul, or stale, or "strong."

TRADE HARDRIGHT MARK

Enjoy the delicious natural aroma of your favorite tobacco—with never a bitter taste.

The Pipe That Gives You Always a Dry, Sweet Smoke

⅔ Actual Size

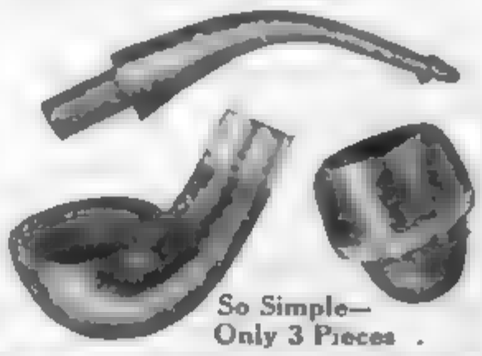
Absolutely Non-Absorbent

Get a HARDRIGHT and experience the delights of a *real* smoke, undefiled by foul odors or tastes. A HARDRIGHT pipe cannot become stale, because it *does not absorb* the juices. When they collect, in the space *under* the percolator bowl, they drain off naturally by simply removing the stem. They cannot get *into* the percolator bowl, hence combustion of the tobacco is complete, resulting in a fine, dry, perfect ash.

HARDRIGHT pipes are made of "Condensite," a synthetic phenolic hardened gum which is absolutely non-absorbent—the invention of Mr. J.W. Aylsworth, who is now and has been for over twenty years associated in laboratory work with Mr. Thos. A. Edison.

A HARDRIGHT pipe requires no breaking in. It is clean and sanitary, therefore never disagreeable to others around you. It gives you, always, a cool, dry, ever-sweet smoke. *Booklet upon request.*

So Easy to Clean!



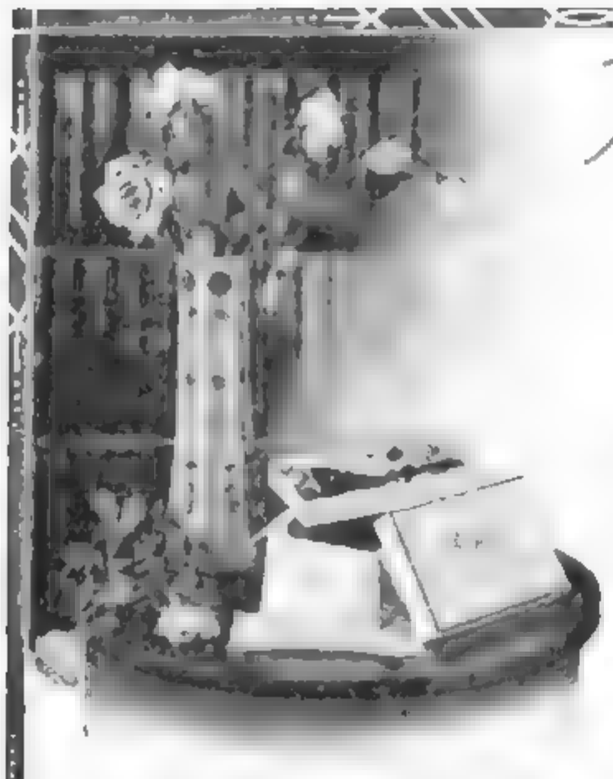
So Simple—Only 3 Pieces

Price $1.50 with Sterling Silver Stem Band, as shown in illustration above. In handsome plush-lined genuine leather covered case, with Sterling Silver Bands on both stem and bowl, $3.75. Other mountings, in gold, from $6 to $25. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.50 for a HARDRIGHT by parcel post. Your money back if not entirely satisfied

Manufacturers of the Hardright Golf-driver, "The longest-driving golf club ever invented."

Hardright shaving brushes are guaranteed forever against the bristles coming out.

Hardman & Wright, Belleville, N. J.



Masterpieces of Taste

Every box of Huyler's reveals candy-making as a fine art. Every piece is a masterpiece of taste—as pure and fresh as a flower. Wherever you live, it's worth your while to insist on having Huyler's.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Huyler's are made in many forms to please candy lovers everywhere. Crisp nut chocolates, fresh fruit flavors, creams that melt in your mouth, dainty bonbons, fluffy marshmallows, bars of rich chocolate—in short, the word Huyler's always expresses the best in variety as well as in quality.

A few of Huyler's many varieties offered by Huyler's sales agents everywhere:

Beverly Chocolates—A new assortment appreciated especially by those who like a slightly "less-sweet" chocolate coating.

Fresh Every Hour Mixture—A remarkable assortment of hard candies packed in sealed tins—the children's favorite.

Scotch Kisses—Huyler's famous marshmallows dipped in butter-scotch.

Sicilian Chocolates—Freshly shelled English walnut meats surrounded by a paste of ground raisins and coated with Huyler's sweet chocolate—just as good as it sounds.

Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from Huyler's are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK
FRANK DeK. HUYLER, President

Ask for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Baking Chocolate at your Grocer's

150,000 STUDENTS
"paying their own way through"

Small and large colleges alike welcome them. They prove leaders in all the college activities, for they represent the strength of the institutions of which they are a part.

Hundreds have been awarded a Curtis Scholarship covering all expenses, earned in return for interesting work in the interests of our publications. We can arrange a scholarship at any first-class educational institution in this country.

Five of our young people earned scholarships at conservatories of music last month, several at correspondence schools and business colleges.

If you are interested, we will send you our new book, TO ANY COLLEGE WITHOUT COST, and we will lay plans for *your* scholarship at once.

Educational Division, Box 143
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

luck to you to have a mysterious murder so early in your term as district attorney. By a coincidence you have got a person of national celebrity stopping in town when it happens. If you can prove that that person was the murderer your fame will be simply enormous. Elaine Arthur, disguised as a hunchback, kills an old woman with a crutch. Why, man, if you can get away with that you'll be known all over the civilized world."

But, somehow or other, I could see that my sarcasm had gone wrong. He had flushed up at first and looked very unhappy, but before I had finished painting my fancy picture he was looking at me with a glint in his eye that meant business.

"Do you mind telling me," he asked, "how you knew that it was a hunchback who is supposed to have murdered Mrs. Robinson?"

The shoe was on the other foot now.

"Why," said I, rather blankly, "wasn't it in the paper?"

"It is exactly," said Dorgan, "what wasn't in the paper."

"I haven't read it yet," said I truthfully. "I only supposed that it would be. It didn't seem a very well-guarded secret. I chanced to be in the lobby last night, smoking a cigarette, when three men came dashing in and showed their stars, looking for a hunchback. I didn't know, of course, that he was wanted for anything serious, consequently I didn't think it necessary to make any hullabaloo when I found he had been sitting in my seat, I No. 7."

"So you're the man that was in the lobby!" said Dorgan angrily. "There goes another clue! I was looking for that man, thinking he must have gone in and warned the criminal. I presume you didn't do that."

"No," said I, "that presumption would hardly hold water."

I was going on to say that I enjoyed the advantage of an unsullied reputation, but I stopped short of saying it, with the thought of Miss Blunt.

"How do you know he sat in your seat?" Dorgan asked.

I wish I could break myself of the habit of volunteering information. He'd have gone if I hadn't told him that. One thing has such a disagreeable way of leading to another. I told him the truth about it.

"I found the crutch when I reached for my hat."

"And yet," he observed sarcastically, "you told me when I first came in that you had no information whatever to give me. I have learned what your attitude toward this case is going to be, at any rate, and you can't blame me if I act upon it. Good morning!"

With that he walked rather loudly over to the door and pulled it open. No, it was not a trick. It worked like a trick all right, but Dorgan wasn't the man to have thought of it. He simply couldn't go away without exploring his mind to see if there weren't some other question he wanted to ask me. So, after opening the door, he shut it again without going out and stood there a moment thinking.

Of course, if I had been a quick-witted person myself I could have spoiled the effect by addressing him in a loud tone. But I didn't think of anything to say and the consequence was a moment of horrid silence.

But the consequence of the silence—remember that it followed the opening and closing of my outer door—was that my other door was impulsively flung open. It was behind me and I, in a paralysis of horror, couldn't have looked round to save my life.

But Dorgan looked up and I saw him turn the color of an iridescent tomato.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Magnetic Locks

MAGNETIC locks, which have no keyholes and no keys, but can be opened when taken to a special electric magnet, are the modern solution of the problem of safety lamps for coal miners. With these lamps a miner cannot tamper when he is below ground; and so there is no possibility of gas coming in contact with the fire of an open lamp in the mine.

The magnet to open the lock is kept above ground, of course. Not only are the locks controlled by electricity but the wicks are lighted by an electric spark applied above ground by a current of electricity before the miner goes to work.

Ready to wear every day until worn out—Real comfort from the start in "Natural Shape" shoes—no breaking in—200 styles.

There is a Florsheim dealer ready to serve you—if unable to locate him—write us.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Style Book FREE upon request

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

"The D. F. B. Co." on the swivel of a watch chain or a fob means that it was made in one of the best equipped jewelry factories in America, with a record of 25 years' continuous production of **CHAINS, FOBS and BRACELETS** guaranteed for their satisfactory service. We authorize dealers to exchange any piece of Briggs' Jewelry that [illegible]

We make **Men's Fobs** in plain and engraved effects, chain, scroll and ribbon styles—some have signet centers for monograms—All have patent safety attachment, preventing theft or loss. Your jeweler probably sells them at $1 50 and up. If he doesn't, we'll tell you who does.

Write for our catalog, anyway, giving your dealer's name.

The Lapel Chain illustrated is one of our many patterns sold at $1 00 and up.

The D. F. Briggs Co.
Mfg. Jewelers
Mills and Union Sts.
Attleboro, Mass.

PATENTS OR FULL VALUE OBTAINED OR ALL FEES BACK

Write us at once for particulars, and proof that we will aid you most to get most money for your invention.
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. E, Washington, D. C. Estab 1869

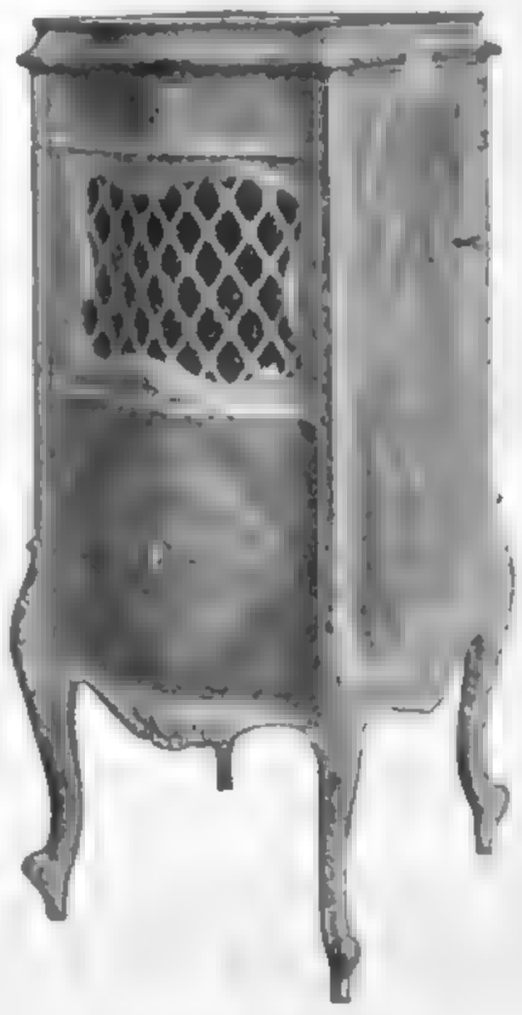
Mr. Edison *Announces* The Final Perfection of the Phonograph *as a Real Musical Instrument of the Highest Type*

THIS new instrument is the result of many years of experiment and investigation by Mr. Edison. All mechanical timbre is eliminated. All sounds are recorded and reproduced with absolute fidelity to the original, and every shade of volume and overtone is preserved. The tone is superb. This instrument opens to music lovers for the first time the great store of fine music which heretofore has been impossible of reproduction.

The Diamond and the Disc

Changeable needles or points are not used. The reproducing point which traverses the record is a genuine diamond, permanently mounted; it is never changed and never wears.

The records are in the disc form, of a material which is new in Chemistry and of so great hardness as to permit the reproduction of the myriad of faint overtones which alone give quality to music. These records are truly indestructible. The method of recording these new Edison records is also new, and the processes of manufacture are unique and new in every detail.



Special Motor

The mechanism of this new instrument is powerful, and is governed as accurately as a chronometer in order that the pitch shall at all times be accurately reproduced. Several thousand of these new Edison Diamond-Disc instruments have already been shipped from the factory to music dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Go and hear the records—you will be surprised.

Write for booklet illustrating and describing the different models.

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED

11 Lakeside Avenue **Orange, New Jersey**

A message from SHERWIN-WILLIAMS to

the man who owns a house

Buy
SWP
(Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared)

for the way it takes hold of a house and lasts. Buy it for the recognized pure paint ingredients, pure lead, zinc and linseed oil, which it contains and for the scientific proportioning in our laboratories where more than 47 years' experience has covered all the testing and experimenting for you. Buy it because it holds its color like a genuine tapestry, because it resists sun heat as it does rain and sleet and wind. Think of it as the most profitable investment you can make in your house, because it endures wonderfully, because a little covers great space and because it lengthens the life of the wood it covers. Get an opinion from the best painter you know. Then specify S W P.

the man who sells the paint

Sell
SWP
(Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared)

Make it your leader among house paints if you appreciate perfectly satisfied customers who will associate your store with goods of real merit. Get the benefit of national advertising, reaching more than 12,000,000 people this year. Utilize the many helps that we give to carry your stock across your counters. Teach your clerks what makes S W P so easily applied, so long lasting, so economical in the long run. Make them familiar with the great number of our paints and varnishes, each one pre-eminently superior for its purpose inside and outside the house. Send for our new book, "Merchants Who Made Good"—full of valuable merchandizing information—It's free.

the man who applies the paint

Use
SWP
(Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared)

because it means a job well done—a job you'll be proud to claim as a sample of what you can do. Use it for the wonderful quality of its raw materials for which we take nobody's word but our own, producing all the raw materials ourselves. Use S W P for the time and bother saved in mixing, which our powerful machinery does with scientific exactness. It is so proportioned that it spreads most easily, wears longest and most efficiently protects the surface it covers. No matter what line of work you undertake there is a Sherwin-Williams Product for the purpose—everything from pure paint ingredients to all finished products—all in the same S-W Quality—Ask for free catalog.

Whether you buy paint, sell paint or use paint you should have our

Portfolio of Suggestions for Painting and Decorating

It gives you practical and artistic ideas for the use of S W P and the many other paints and varnishes that we make. Carefully prepared schemes of decoration, for the inside and outside of your house, are given with a liberal number of color illustrations. Write for this most interesting and helpful book of decorating and painting helps. A line will bring it free.

Decorative Departments:
116 West 32nd St., between 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y. City — 1101 People's Gas Building, Chicago
613 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio — Offices and Warehouses in principal cities

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co.
613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

These Cheques
are accepted for travel bills all over the world

You can pay your hotel bills with them; buy railway and steamship fares. You can make purchases with them in the principal shops. And you can cash them without charge in any one of 50,000 banks.

"A. B. A." Cheques

can be used like the currency of the country you are traveling in, and are *safe to carry*. Without your signature they are useless to a thief. They are protected against crooks by the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

"A. B. A." Cheques are particularly suitable for American travelers. They are issued by thousands of American banks. They are the only travelers' cheques accepted, under the law, in payment of United States Customs duties.

Get them at your Bank

Ask for them. If your bank is not yet selling "A. B. A." Cheques, write us for booklet telling where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
New York City

Guaranteed "Start to Finish"
These comfortably closed crotch Union Suits (for Summer) don't bind; fit right.

CHALMERS TRADE MARK
"Prosknit"
GUARANTEED

Light, cool and durable. Made in every style.

Send for Illustrated Booklet

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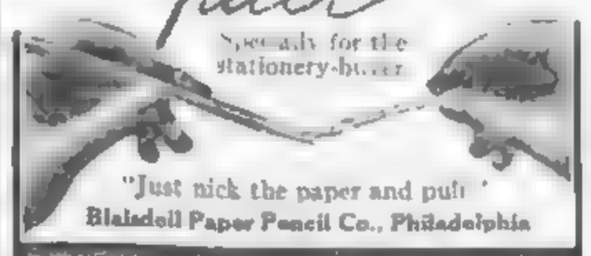


"Just nick the paper and pull"
Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co., Philadelphia

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

ELKANAH BROWNE'S LETTER BOOKS

(Continued from Page 15)

type at the head of the Messenger's Lost and Found column:

Reward of ten thousand dollars will be paid and no questions asked for the return of two letter-copy books, bound in red morocco and bearing on the first covers the initials E. B. and the numbers eighty-six and eighty-seven. These books contain personal letters between the dates November 15, 1897, and March 26, 1898. Address XYZ, care of the Messenger.

Benny Wilcox rather admired this advertisement, having written and paid for it himself. During the day it brought results in copious measure.

For example State Senators Hemmingway and Mulvaney were in Elkanah Browne's anteroom in a state of suppressed excitement a full half-hour before the magnate's usual time of appearing at his office. They were obliged to wait more than half an hour, however, because Dennis Shea—boss of the West Side—had hastened to Mr. Browne's residence at breakfast-time. He was holding the magnate in earnest consultation when the butler brought in the card of Representative Thomas.

When Mr. Hamilton, editor-in-chief of the Messenger, reached his office at one-thirty that afternoon State Senator Nelson was waiting for him to explain that the three thousand dollars Elkanah Browne had remitted to him on March 15, 1898—as the missing letter books might show—was really a contribution to the city campaign fund and had not the slightest connection with his vote against the bill to establish a street-railroad commission. At two-thirty Attorney Blatchford called with what he said was the copy of a letter written by Governor Banner to Elkanah Browne on March seventh, in which the governor offered to sell Mr. Browne, for fifteen thousand dollars, certain traction stock owned by his mother-in-law. This letter, Attorney Blatchford pointed out, would prove that the fifteen thousand dollars which Mr. Browne sent the governor on March seventeenth was for the entirely honorable purpose of paying for his excellency's mother-in-law's traction stock.

He insisted if the Messenger printed Mr. Browne's letter of the seventeenth it should also print the governor's letter of the seventh. Otherwise the public might form a monstrous suspicion that Mr. Browne had bribed the governor to veto the street-railroad bill—an act that the governor had performed, on strictly constitutional grounds, on the eighteenth.

About this time Thomas Hood called Benny Wilcox into his private office and closed the door. The old gentleman's air was very grave.

"Of course you've seen that advertisement in the Messenger, and heard the gossip that's going round," he began, looking the young man earnestly in the eye. "Are you sure, Benny—are you very sure, my son—you restored that letter-copy book as you told me you did? Are you very sure?" he repeated anxiously.

"Why, true as I live, Mr. Hood!" the young man replied earnestly. "True as I live, I took that letter book back to the Traction office under my raincoat, just exactly as I told you; and I got Piggy out of the room, and put the book right back on the rack in the vault. Yes, sir; I put it right back there with my own hand, and your skirts are absolutely clear—just as I told you." He flushed slightly and added: "On my word of honor!"

"Well, of course that settles it, Benny," said the old gentleman. "When you say that, I believe you." He hesitated a moment. "Yes, I'm bound to believe you. That settles it." And yet, somehow, it didn't seem quite settled. He still looked unhappy.

"Why, I hope you wouldn't doubt my word, Mr. Hood!" said Benny very earnestly. "True as I live, I put the book back, and your skirts are clear. And then," he blurted out, "Piggy called you an old goat, and I got him out of the room again and swiped that book and another one too."

The old gentleman gasped and for a moment stared in bewilderment.

"You swiped—why, Benny, that will never—so you've got both of them!" He choked a moment over a suppressed chuckle, and made his face very solemn again. "But you must give them back. Don't you see ——"

At that moment a tap came at the door. As Benny opened it a stenographer said: "Mr. Hamilton, of the Messenger, is on the wire, Mr. Wilcox, wanting to speak with you right away." Seizing the opportunity Benny slid out to the telephone.

Now at three o'clock Elkanah Browne himself had appeared in Editor Hamilton's anteroom and had been immediately shown in, having made an appointment by telephone; and when he left the editor telephoned for young Wilcox.

Mr. Browne had wanted to know how much spot cash in hand Mr. Hamilton would accept to return the letter books, and had been haughtily informed that the Messenger was not, under any circumstances, open to considerations of a monetary nature in any matter that concerned its editorial department.

When Benny Wilcox entered the sanctum Editor Hamilton made a powerful argument that it was Benny's duty, as a virtuous citizen, to turn the letter books over to the Messenger; and in the course of this argument he incidentally exhibited a blank check with a good-natured intimation that the young man might fill it out for any reasonable sum.

"Why, you see, Mr. Hamilton," Benny replied modestly, "if I had those books, or knew where they were, I wouldn't be quite through with them myself yet. I'm getting up a sort of goat club."

With that cryptic remark he took his leave and went down to the local room, where he appropriated a handful of Messenger stationery. He then went to his boarding house and sent down to the basement for his friend the janitor. The two were in earnest consultation for nearly three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which time the janitor took a Messenger letterhead and laboriously wrote upon it as follows:

I sean your Ad in Messenger for reword of 2 letter buks red moroco wit E B 86 87 on covors. i dont ancer ad to Messenger on account i work their and mit git fired. i bean pure man. i can got hold thoas letter buks enny time which you see by what i encloas. I take $2000 for same. if you bean agreeable put Ad in Messenger percinol collum say all rite Karl friday nite.

"That's bully, Carl!" said Benny, complimenting the author. "Now write another one just like it—only have the personal ad read: 'Pete's offer accepted.' And be sure to see your brother-in-law about the use of his house."

As Elkanah Browne was at dinner that evening the butler dubiously brought him an envelope bearing the return card of the Messenger, on which his name was scrawled in an unformed hand. The letter, said the butler, had been brought to the door by a roughly-dressed man who looked and spoke like a Swede. Mr. Browne opened the envelope and drew forth the janitor's communication. Inclosed in it was a leaf torn from one of his missing letter books. About the same time Piggy Benson was contemplating, with pleasant emotions, a similar leaf that had been inclosed in a communication to him.

Next morning's Messenger contained a personal advertisement reading: "All right, Carl—Friday night"; and another that read: "Pete's offer accepted."

About noon that day the clerk at Mr. Benson's hotel telephoned him, according to instructions, that the Swedish-looking person had brought another letter. The secretary directed that it be sent immediately to his office. Reading it, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction and cast a glance of mingled wrath and triumph toward his chief's room. The letter ran:

I git off work midnite and go fast home to 9722 Gustavus Adolphus avenue. you kum thear 1 oclok sharp with cash. no ottermobil or Kab to scart people and mak talk. kum back door. you have cash. i have letter buks.

Gustavus Adolphus Avenue, as Mr. Benson learned, was a little thoroughfare in the southwestern part of the city. Leaving his cab half a mile away he pulled the

Doucet, Poiret, Drecoll, Paquin, Redfern

You know these names and what they stand for—the world's greatest dressmakers. But do you know the shortest line between their ideas and the dress you are about to make? It is the weekly service of

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

We know just what these dressmakers and all other creators of fashion are going to do. We put those ideas into practical patterns every week. New patterns are on sale every Monday morning.

Get a copy of The Criterion of Fashion, the newest dress magazine 5c

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS
629 West Forty-Third Street, New York

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

Do you know how important the ODOR of a soap is?

Ever since you can remember, you have known that a certain odor stands for *cleansing, purifying* and *soothing*.

Unwrap a cake of Lifebuoy Soap and you will recognize that odor instantly. Think a moment and you will *know* that the Lifebuoy antiseptic solution which causes this odor *must* mean these two things:

Absolute cleanliness—

A soothing agent for cuts, scratches, chafe, etc.

The clean, pure odor of Lifebuoy Soap is an honest odor. It tells the truth about the soap. It stands for what you *want* in a soap. It promotes the health of the skin—it helps to produce a clear brilliancy of complexion which ordinary soap or cosmetics can never give you.

And the odor, mind you, disappears in a few moments, leaving behind only a faint, pleasant suggestion of purity and wholesomeness.

Get a cake of Lifebuoy and use it tonight. The creamy, abundant lather which springs from it will give your bath a new delight. The cocoanut and red palm oils which it contains will thoroughly cleanse your skin and leave it moist and soft. The antiseptic solution will protect you and make your whole body glow and tingle with new vigor and vitality.

Lifebuoy is the soap backed by a $5,000 guarantee of purity.

The price is only 5c—at your grocer's or druggist's. If you do not find it exactly so, send 5c (stamps or coin) for a big, full-size cake to Lever Bros. Company, Dept. 8, Cambridge, Mass.

5c

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

Lifebuoy saves the health of your skin—that's why it was given its name.

The women of tomorrow will know of the broom and the duster only as implements of an unenlightened generation.

Make yours one of the homes where the drudgery and inefficiency of the broom are no longer known, and where the ultra of convenience is enjoyed through the possession of a Western Electric Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner.

The model shown here is so light it can be easily carried anywhere about the house. Weighs but 13 pounds. Costs $47.50. And yet it does the character of work of the big, expensive kind that you see in hotels and public buildings.

Portable machines up to $175. Stationary cleaners $250 or

Send for new booklet No. 10-Q, "The Clean way to Clean." Tells you all about the care of carpets, rugs, walls, upholsteries, etc.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Manufacturers of the
7,500,000 "Bell" Telephones
Main Office: NEW YORK CITY
Branch Offices:
All Principal Cities
Agents Everywhere.

SEVEN THOUSAND MEN
each earn $25.00 extra every month

Business men, permanently employed, whose present income is insufficient to meet the up-to-date day needs of an ambitious family—salesmen, railroad men, merchants, professional men, solicitors, city officials,—all branches of business are represented.

The work is intensely interesting, developing a subscription business for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* It becomes permanent, for we allow renewals to count exactly the same as new subscriptions. We pay both commission and salary. Profits depend only upon the appointee. Territory is unlimited.

We wish to extend our appointments among men of this type, *our type* of men. We furnish everything, coach you in the work. You enjoy with us the prestige of an established Company and publications of unquestioned merit and popularity. We will tell you all about the plan, if you will write at once to

Agency Division, Box 142
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

tousled fur cap he had borrowed for the occasion down round his head and thrust his hands into the pockets of the second-hand overcoat that completed his disguise. One hand gripped a bundle of banknotes and the other a heavy revolver. By the flickering light of an occasional gas-lamp he made his way along the uneven plank sidewalk until he came to Number 9722. Like the other story-and-a-half frame houses on the sleeping street, it was quite dark in front; but a line of light showed at the edge of the curtain in the kitchen window. Skirting the house Piggy put his finger to the trigger of the revolver and tapped on the back door. A blond and burly person opened the door cautiously, surveyed him, and admitted him to the kitchen.

"Ma bruder come soon; you wait!" the person directed under his breath, pointing to a chair. For strategic reasons Piggy shoved the chair against the wall, then sat down in it, breathing hard. The Scandinavian host slipped into the front room, leaving him alone.

Naturally the secretary was nervous. The house seemed terribly still; yet there was nothing to do but wait. Some fifteen minutes passed before his straining ear caught a slight sound, as of the cautious opening of the front door, and he thought he heard a murmur of voices.

The door to the front room then opened and the same person who had admitted him to the house stepped in. Picking up the lamp from the kitchen table this person nodded to Piggy.

Following him the secretary entered the sitting room. The host stepped aside, holding the lamp high, and Piggy found himself staring at Elkanah Browne, partially disguised in an old ulster and a greasy slouch hat. For a moment the two gasped at each other in partial paralysis. Then Elkanah got his breath and cried:

"So it's you—you blackleg!"

Ere Piggy could gasp a reply the front door and the kitchen door burst open and two burly men, with drawn revolvers, entered, one at each side. "Hands up!" said one. "You're under arrest!" said the other, leveling his weapon at the breast of the shabby ulster. But immediately his hand dropped and he exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Browne!" The other burly figure cried: "And Piggy Benson!"

For a moment silent consternation reigned; then Sergeant Sullivan heard a sound to the right. Striding to the bedroom door, which was ajar, he pulled it open. Four young gentlemen were then seen to be crowded together in the doorway, and Piggy Benson's glazing eye identified them as reporters for the Messenger, the Call, the Clarion and the Eagle.

Elkanah Browne was the first to speak.

"Idiot!" he said, addressing his private secretary.

The next forenoon Benny Wilcox observed judicially to Thomas Hood:

"I thought the Messenger's story was the funniest—didn't you? I knew they'd get a good story if they sent Corky Mitchell. He's a crackerjack on humor. But the others were pretty good too." He smiled thoughtfully and added: "I bet Elkanah Browne would rather have coughed up a lung than had the whole town laughing at him this way! He's fired Piggy Benson, you know; and Piggy, with tears in his eyes, told Sergeant Sullivan he was going to kill me on sight! But there's no reason why the cops should feel sore. I just had it tipped off to 'em that if they would be at 9722 Gustavus Adolphus Avenue at a quarter past one this morning they could nab the two biggest crooks in town. The crooks were there, but they didn't nab 'em. It was their own fault."

Thomas Hood had hardly been himself that forenoon. Of every one who entered the office, including the postman, he inquired whether they had read the story in the Messenger. All his customers, it seemed, had read it, yet he insisted upon reading parts of it over to each one of them; and every few minutes he remembered some other person to whom he wished the stenographer to mail a copy of the paper.

"It's the best story I ever read in my life!" he declared to Benny Wilcox. "And the stories in the other papers are next best. But, see here!" he pulled himself together and assumed a grave expression; "you've played the joke now, Benny, and the next thing, you know, is to send those books back."

"Well, I suppose so," Benny replied reluctantly; "but I do hate to give 'em up. You see, Mr. Hood, here's Elkanah Browne trampling over anybody he likes and taking anything he wants; and everybody says you can't do a thing about it—that you've just got to submit to it. They say you can't possibly beat him. Well, that looks to me like a huge joke in itself—a mighty sight bigger joke than mine. It looks to me as though the notion that you couldn't do anything to Elkanah and had to submit to whatever he did to you would make an intelligent dog laugh! And those letter books, you see, are a club over his head. As a matter of fact, they're stirring up a great mess. The patriots in the legislature who tried to block the street-railroad commission bill for him are scared stiff! I'd like to let him sweat a bit."

"But remember, Benny, how you got those books!" the broker warned.

"Yes; I suppose it would be plain stealing—and sneakthieving, at that—if I didn't give 'em back," the young man replied rather gloomily. "But I guess I'll let him sweat a day or two."

The next day he sought Mr. Hood in considerable perturbation.

"I don't exactly know what to do," he confessed. "A man from the state's attorney's office has been after me. He wants those books for the use of the state. Of course—if the state needs them —— And still I suppose I ought to send 'em back."

Thomas Hood considered a moment and replied:

"Yes; I think you ought."

And the next day Benny again sought the head of the house.

"Well, sir," he said, staring thoughtfully at the desk, "I guess it's true that you can't beat Elkanah Browne."

"Why, how's that?" Mr. Hood inquired.

"Beat him in the long run, I mean," Benny replied. "Last night he sent a man to me with ten thousand dollars in cash, and offered me that right on the nail if I'd simply destroy those books there and then—not return 'em, you understand; but simply destroy 'em there and then! Well, I told the man to get out, for certainly I'm not in the blackmailing business. And an hour afterward I discovered why Elkanah wanted the books destroyed: one of the street-railroad bill patriots, you see, got the sand all scared out of him and went to the state's attorney and made a confession; and the state's attorney has got a subpœna out for those books. That's why Elkanah wants 'em destroyed."

"If the state's attorney should come to you with a subpœna," said Mr. Hood rather anxiously, "your position would certainly be rather difficult for, you see, Benny, you have no right to have those books in your possession, where they can be subpœnaed."

"Sure! I thought of that," the young man replied. "And that's why I say in the long run you can't beat him. When one of the Messenger boys tipped this off to me about the state's attorney I went to get the books. I'd hidden them in the old stable where I board, you know. The place is alive with rats, and they've eaten those books up. In the short run we did make a goat of Elkanah; but in the long run you can't beat him!"

COMMUNITY SILVER

Monday . *1913.*

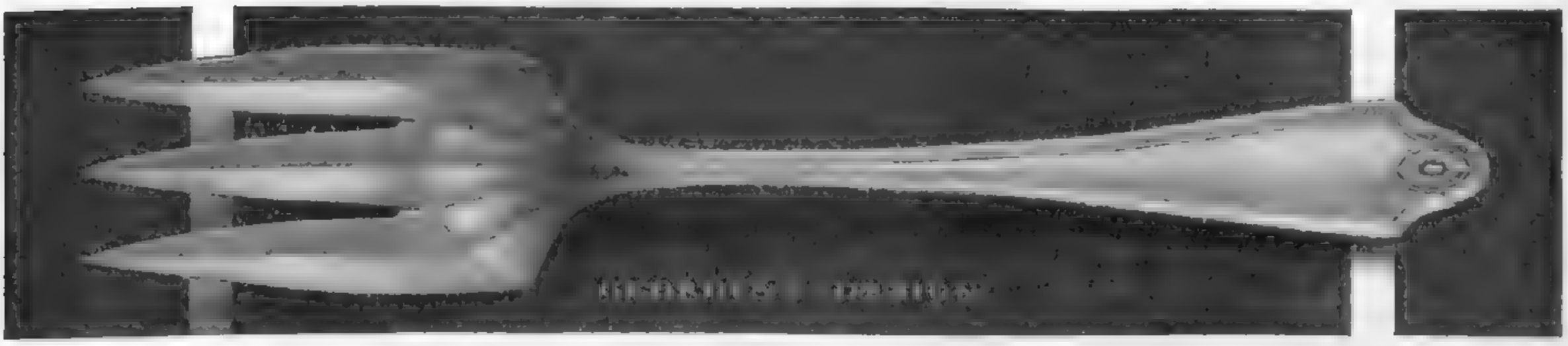
"BIRTHDAY check today from Tom. Reminded me that my old spoons were hideous. Banished them to the kitchen and bought Community Silver.

Tuesday . *1913.*

Case of Community arrived. Tom saw it—'Heavens! A million dollars!'—then collapsed. Fanned him with receipted bill.

Tom convalescent. He insists I'm some shopper."

—*DIARY OF MRS.*_____



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YOUR BOY WANTS A

DAISY AIR RIFLE

It's the one thing that every live American boy wants. It's in the blood, and your boy will never be happy until he has a real gun in his hands.

Let his first gun be a Daisy. No handsomer rifle made for boys at any price. With trim, polished barrel, and handsome, turned walnut stock, it fills perfectly his desire for a real "gun-like" gun. It looks just like a high-priced hunting rifle, and shoots as straight.

There's nothing like the Daisy to teach your boy manly independence, to give him a steady hand, with a quick, true eye. And best of all, the Daisy is a safe gun. It teaches him to shoot straight, and handle a gun properly, so that when he is older you will feel safe in letting him have a real hunting rifle.

"Daisy Special," 1,000-shot repeater, with blued barrel, the finest air rifle made $2.50

Other Daisy Models, 50 cents to ... $2.00

Any hardware or sporting goods dealer will show you the Daisy, whether you are ready to buy or not.

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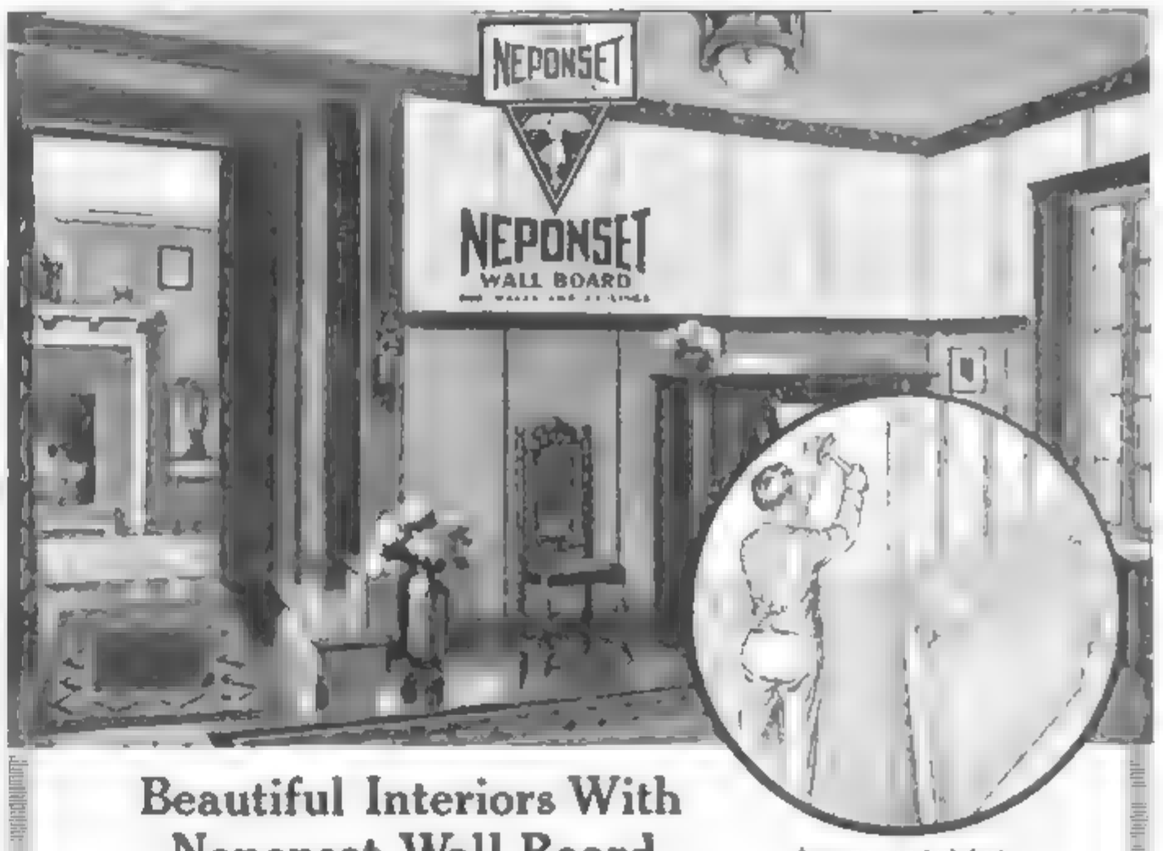

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Users of NEPONSET Wall Board are not limited to a single choice or single color scheme.

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NEPONSET Wall Board is a scientific product which takes the place of lath and plaster. Comes in sheets 32 inches wide for each member, and when put up with waterproofed joints has a finish which requires no further decoration. Anyone can put it up.

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[F. W. BIRD & SON] New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco

Canadian Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

$10,000 A Year

HUNT up the farmer who sells his vegetables direct to you if you want to save money. There's a chap down Baltimore way who does this—and he's not only saving money for his customers but he's cleaning up $10,000 a year for himself. His is *Entirely a Family Affair*, for he and his five sons and four daughters do all the work from the growing to the marketing.

When you get around to buying that farm stop a minute longer and consider the Government's warning: The small farm, unless it is very near to a big market, often is unprofitable. *How Many Acres?* is one of the biggest questions of today.

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Look at your gas and electricity bills—then consider your wall paper, lampshades, and reflectors. They're costing you too much money.

How Many Acres?

These stories—and many more—in next week's issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Ask your Saturday Evening Post boy

Five Cents the Copy of all newsdealers. $1.50 a Year

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Hot and Delicious!

Made in a Minute

There is nothing more refreshing or appetizing than a cup of piping hot "Steero" Bouillon. The easiest of all hot drinks to prepare. Just drop a "Steero" Cube into a cup and pour on boiling water.

"STEERO"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Bouillon Cubes

Made by **American Kitchen Products Co.**, New York

"Steero" Cubes have many other uses. They give added savor to the gravy, a new flavor to roasts and make the dishes you have tired of seem new.

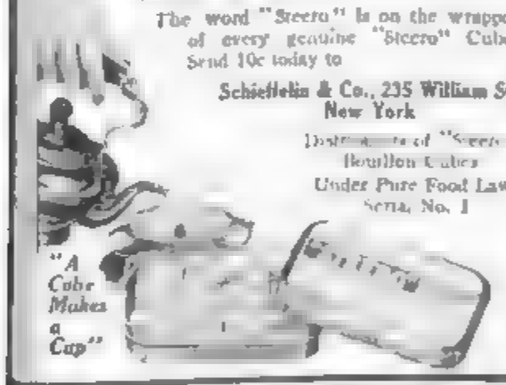
Trial Box of "Steero" Cubes and "Steero" Cook Book Mailed for 10c

Send stamp or coin for enough Steero Cubes sent for one cup of Steero Bouillon. You'll find the "Steero" Cook Book invaluable. Ask your druggist, grocer or delicatessen dealer for "Steero" Bouillon Cubes. Sold in boxes of 12, 50 and 100 Cubes.

The word "Steero" is on the wrapper of every genuine "Steero" Cube. Send 10c today to

Schieffelin & Co., 235 William St. New York

Distributors of "Steero" Bouillon Cubes Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1



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Write now and learn to improve their appearance disposition and value make them safe companions and know their points [illegible]. Sent with free sample of Austin a Dog Bread

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co 207 Marginal Street, Chelsea, Mass

A TERRIBLE NIGHT

Continued from Page 17

As nearly as I could translate them, the writings were defamatory of the Paris police.

"Terrible!" said the Ace of Spades.

And, indeed, that was the fact if what the writings said about the police was half true!

We came out.

"Proceed!" he said. "Come with me!"

We walked half a mile more. When we stopped the place seemed familiar. As soon as the Ace of Spades began I knew where we were. He had brought us back to the café where we were to observe the frightful spectacle of the French happily drinking alcohol for two sous a drink!

"We've been here before!" snapped the English Journalist.

"Pardon!" begged the detective. "I mistake. Come—I show you another place where it is but one sou. Proceed!"

"Now look here!" said the English Author. "This isn't a Sunday-school excursion that we are on. We want to see the slums of Paris—not this sort of thing. If you have anything to show us, show it! Otherwise, get out!"

"Monsieur," protested the Ace of Spades, "be patient. I will show. Come!"

We walked for fifteen minutes more, stopping by the way to allow the Ace of Spades and his partner to acquire some refreshment out of our fifty francs, and, turning a corner, we were stopped again in front of a shop.

"What is it?" asked the English Journalist.

"An all-night drug store!" explained the Ace of Spades.

"Well, what of it?"

"Terrible!" he said, throwing up his hands. "The Apaches get their drugs here!"

We held a consultation. It was apparent the two detectives were not going to show us anything, even if they knew where anything was.

Whereupon we discharged them. They protested they had much in reserve. We told them we were so appalled by what we had seen we had no inclination to go farther. They demanded their twenty francs each.

We told them to take it out of our fifty but, no matter; they were discharged.

At the Hôtel Fradon

We started back along the Rue St. Denis. A sign caught the eye of the English Author. "Hôtel Fradon," it said.

"Ha!" he shouted. "Here is one of the places I want to see and we've found it ourselves."

The Hôtel Fradon—the only lodging house of its kind in the world!

We went in. There was a room about twenty feet square on the ground floor; and at one side, behind a desk, sat a gray-haired, gray-bearded man in his shirtsleeves. The remainder of the room was filled with long, narrow tables, running in rows, with benches alongside each. And every bench was crowded with men who leaned forward on their arms on the tables and slept.

"How many men are in tonight?" we asked the clerk.

"Five hundred," he said.

We bargained with him for a chance to make a tour of the place. He said we could go through if we would buy ten brass checks each, at two sous apiece, and give them to the men we saw who seemed most worthy. Each check entitled the holder to a bowl of soup and a chunk of bread.

The price for a chance to sit on a bench and sleep with the head on the table is three sous. For four sous the lodger can get a bowl of soup in the morning and a piece of bread. For five sous a lodger can have a chance to sleep stretched out in a corner or on the stairs. There are four floors, connected by winding stairways, and each floor is a single room about twenty by thirty feet. Each room is filled with benches and the narrow tables, and no man can take more room on a bench or on a table than his body occupies.

An old man, who was evidently an attendant, lighted a candle and led us up the stairs. He cautioned us to make no noise and to be careful where we stepped, for men were sleeping everywhere. They were stretched out on the landings, under the stairs and on the winding stairs themselves; and every inch on every bench and table was occupied. Some of the men put their coats over their heads; but most of

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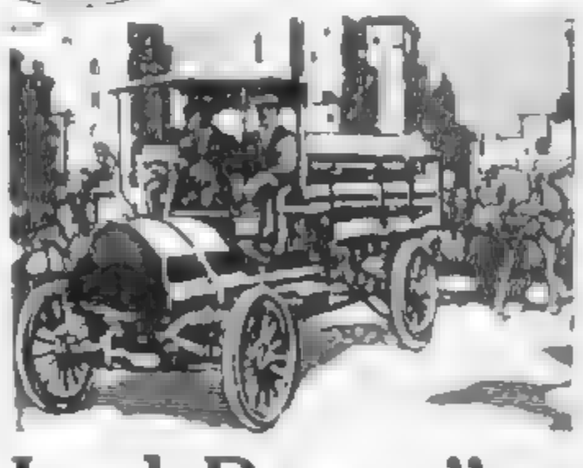

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Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Chase Motor Trucks

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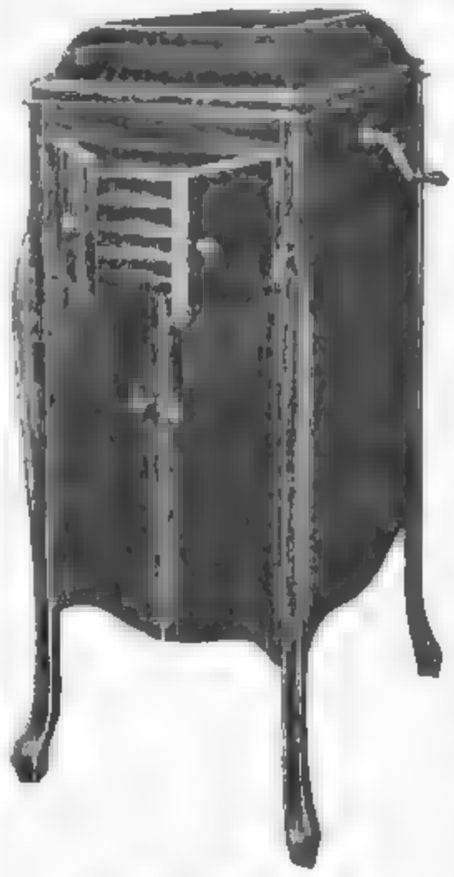

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Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100
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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

them kept their hats on, leaned forward on their arms and slept. The rooms were very dirty, and there was not a window or a door in any room that I could see, except the entrances at the stairways.

There was a little kitchen, where the soup was prepared that goes to those who have the extra sou in the morning. This held a big range, on which were three enormous pots that were filled with a sort of a *petite marmite*—a soup made up of scraps of meat, bones, vegetables—but mostly of cabbage, that can be obtained cheaply at the market near by. There were great stacks of the cheapest kind of bread.

The men who come into the Hôtel Fradon for a night's lodging are those without jobs of any kind. They go there because the place is near the market, and usually they can earn a few sous early in the morning helping unload the trucks. They are not the regular market porters, but roustabout laborers of the poorest class. They turn in about nine o'clock at night and are out by three or four in the morning, when the market activities begin.

Plenty of Local Color

Fradon, the man who invented the system of forcing the men to sit at tables instead of giving them bunks, retired a time ago with a fortune. He found he could make no money in his small places by allowing his lodgers room to stretch out, so he installed his benches and tables and fixed the price for a seat and a chance to lean the head on a table at three sous.

We distributed our brass checks to those who were awake. So far as giving them to those who appeared most worthy was concerned, there was no choice that I could see. Every man of the five hundred seemed so desperately down and out that a meal was a godsend to any one of them. There were some old men and some rather young ones, but the bulk of them were men between thirty and fifty, ragged, dirty, filthy—not bums as we know the term, for not many of them seemed to be drunkards; but men in hard luck, who could get no jobs, and far more miserable than any collection of men I have seen in lodging houses in the United States, either in New York or in other cities.

"Speaking about local color!" I said to the English Author as we came out into the street and drew in great breaths of the clean, crisp air.

"Lord!" he shuddered. "Let's not speak of it!"

And we set off for the center of the town.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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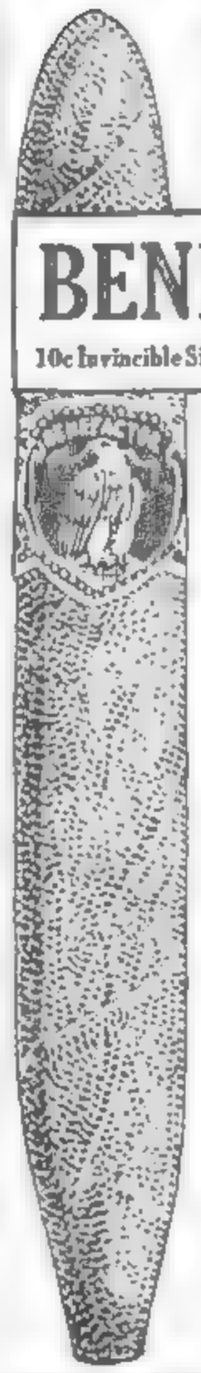
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this seventeenth day of September, 1913.

WILLIAM M. ROCKET
(SEAL) Notary Public
My commission expires June 10, 1917)



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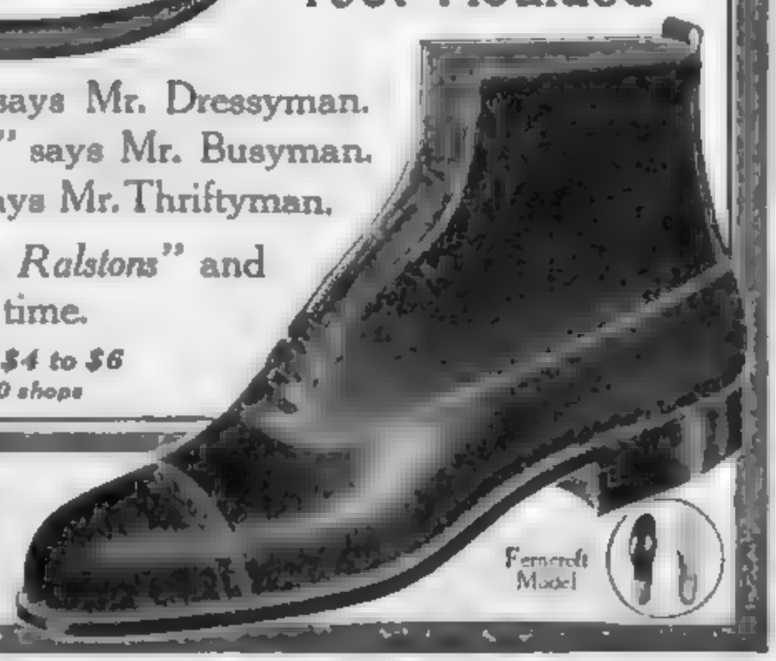

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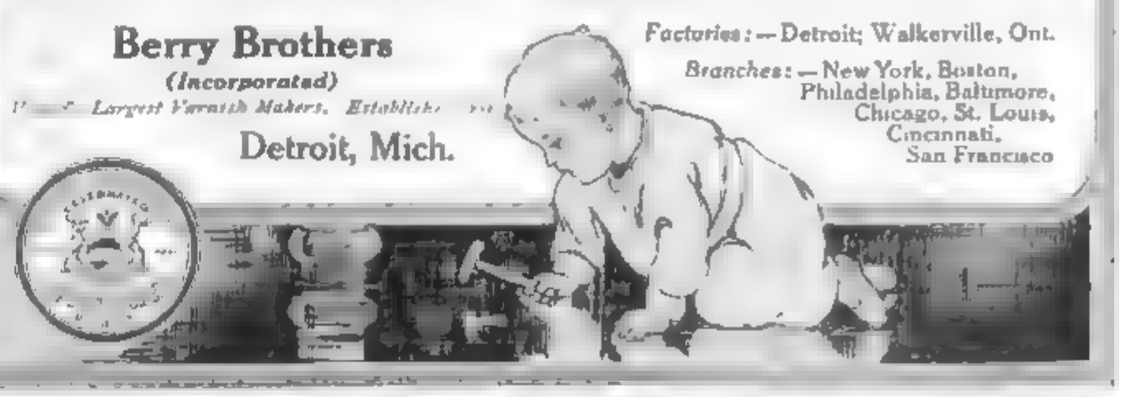
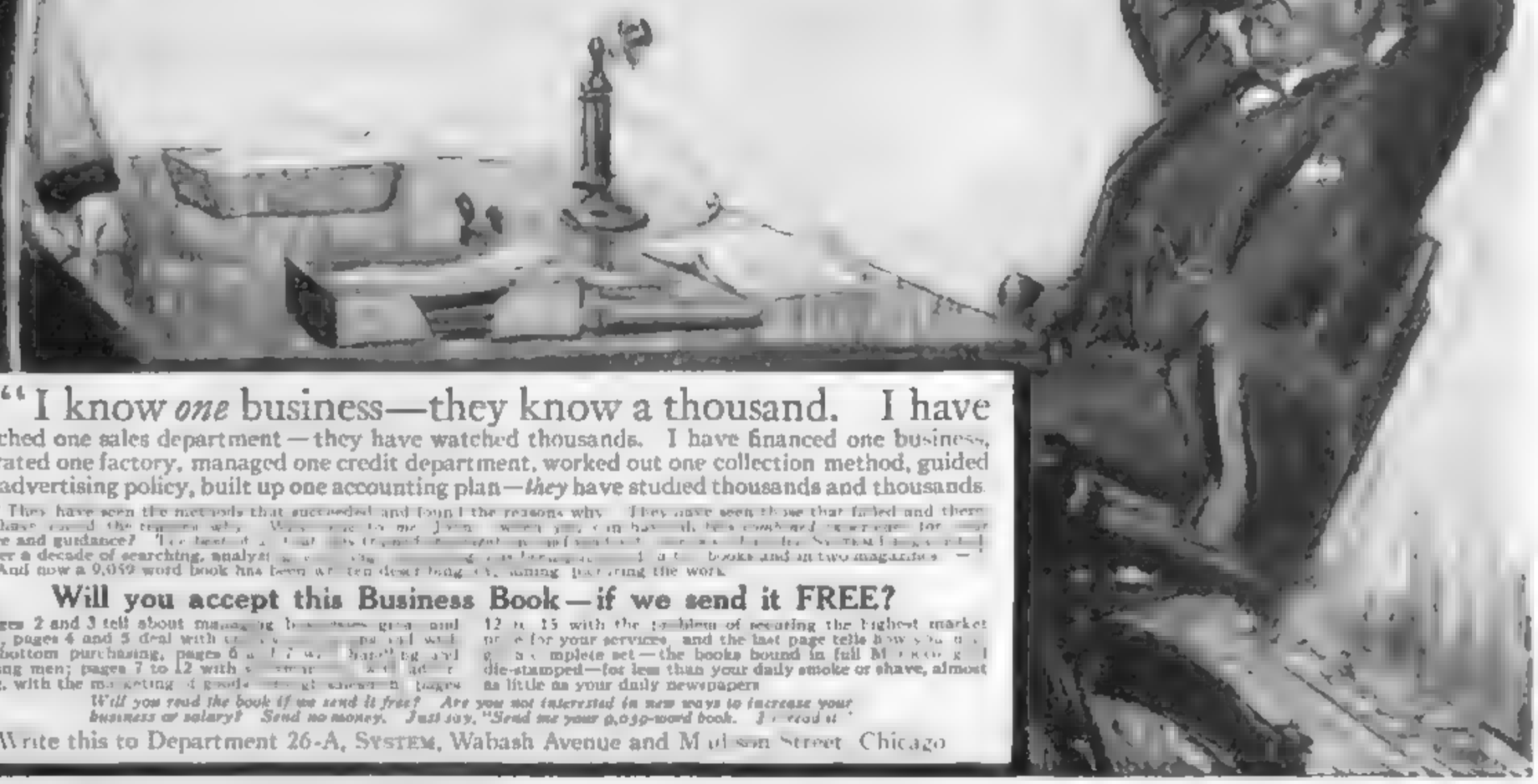


Why come to me, John?



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Write this to Department 26-A, SYSTEM, Wabash Avenue and Madison Street Chicago

THE GAME

(Continued from Page 11

above was his woman and her child, which was not his, stood under a ventilator and said the few devout words with which he commenced each voyage:

"With Thy help!" And then, snapping his watch: "Three minutes past ten!"

The chief engineer of a liner is always a gentleman and frequently a Christian. He knows, you see, how much his engines can do and how little. It is not his engines alone that conquer the sea, nor his engines plus his own mother wit. It is engines plus wit plus *x*, and the *x* is God's mercy. Being responsible for two quantities out of the three of the equation, he prays—if he does—with an eye on a gauge and an ear open for a cylinder knock.

There was gossip in the engineers' mess those days: the Old Man was going to pieces. A man could stand so many years of the strain and then where was he? In a land berth, growing fat and paunchy, and eating his heart out for the sea, or—— The sea got him one way or another!

The Senior Second stood out for the Chief.

"Wrong with him? There's nothing wrong with him," he declared. "If he was any more on the job than he is I'd resign. He's on the job twenty-four hours a day, nights included."

There was a laugh at this; the mess was on to the game. Most of them were playing it.

So now we have the Red Un looking for revenge and in idle moments lurking about the decks where the girl played. He washed his neck under his collar those days.

And we have the Chief fretting over his engines, subduing drunken stokers, quelling the frequent disturbances of Hell Alley, which led to the firemen's quarters, eating little and smoking much, devising out of his mental disquietude a hundred possible emergencies and—keeping away from the passengers. The Junior Second took down the two parties who came to see the engine room and gave them lemonade when they came up. The little girl's mother came with the second party and neither squealed nor asked questions—only at the door into the stokehole she stood a moment with dilated eyes. She was a little woman, still slim, rather tragic. She laid a hand on the Junior's arm.

"The—the engineers do not go in there, do they?"

"Yes, madam. We stand four-hour watches. That is the Senior Second Engineer on that pile of cinders."

The Senior Second was entirely black, except for his teeth and the whites of his eyes. There was a little trouble in a coalbunker; they had just discovered it. There would be no visitors after this until the trouble was over.

The girl's mother said nothing more. The Junior Second led them round, helping a pretty young woman about and explaining to her.

"This," he said, smiling at the girl, "is a pump the men have nicknamed Marguerite, because she takes most of one man's time and is always giving trouble."

The young woman tossed her head.

"Perhaps she would do better if she were left alone," she suggested.

The girl's mother said nothing, but, before she left, she took one long look about the engine room. In some such bedlam of noise and heat *he* spent his life. She was wrong, of course, to pity him; one need not measure labor by its conditions or by its cost, but by the joy of achievement. The woman saw the engines—sinister, menacing, frightful; the man saw power that answered to his hand—conquest, victory. The beat that was uproar to her ears was as the throbbing of his own heart.

It was after they had gone that the Chief emerged from the forward stokehole where the trouble was. He had not seen her; she would not have known him, probably, had they met face to face. He was quite black and the light of battle gleamed in his eyes.

They fixed the trouble somehow. It was fire in a coalbunker, one of the minor exigencies. Fire requiring air, they smothered it one way and another. It did not spread, but it did not quite die. And each day's run was better than the day before.

The weather was good. The steerage, hanging over the bow, saw far below the undercurling spray, white under dark blue—the blue growing paler, paler still, until the white drops burst to the top and danced free in the sun. A Greek, going home to Crete to marry a wife, made all day long tiny boats of colored paper, weighted with corks, and sailed them down into the sea.

"They shall carry back to America my farewells!" he said, smiling. "This to Pappas, the bootblack, who is my friend. This to a girl back in America, with eyes—behold that darkest blue, my children; so are her eyes! And this black one to my sister, who has lost a child."

The first class watched the spray also—as it rose to the lip of a glass.

Now at last it seemed they would break a record. Then rain set in, without enough wind to make a sea, but requiring the starboard ports to be closed. The Senior Second, going on duty at midnight that night, found his Junior railing at fate and the airpumps going.

"Shut 'em off!" said the Senior Second furiously.

"Shut 'em off yourself. I've tried it twice."

The Senior Second gave a lever a vicious tug and the pump stopped. Before it had quite lapsed into inertia the Chief's bell rang.

"Can you beat it?" demanded the Junior sulkily. "The old fox!"

The Senior cursed. Then he turned abruptly and climbed the steel ladder he had just descended. The Junior, who was anticipating a shower and bed, stared after him.

The Senior thought quickly—that was why he was a Senior. He found the Red Un's cabin and hammered at the door. Then, finding it was not locked, he walked in. The Red Un lay perched aloft: the shirt of his small pajamas had worked up about his neck and his thin torso lay bare. In one hand he clutched the dead end of a cigarette. The Senior wakened him by running a forefinger down his ribs, much as a boy runs a stick along a paling fence.

"Wha' ish it?" demanded the Red Un in sleepy soprano. And then "Wha' d'ye want?" in bass. His voice was changing; he sounded like two people in animated discussion most of the time.

"You boys want to earn a sovereign?"

The Purser's boy, who had refused to rouse to this point, sat up in bed.

"Whaffor?" he asked.

"Get the Chief here some way. You"—to the Purser's boy—"go and tell him the Red Un's ill and asking for him. You"—to the Red Un—"double up; cry; do something. Start him off for the doctor—anything, so you keep him ten minutes or so!"

The Red Un was still drowsy, and between sleeping and waking we are what we are.

"I won't do it!"

The Senior Second held out a gold sovereign on his palm.

"Don't be a bully little ass!" he said.

The Red Un, waking full, now remembered that he hated the Chief; for fear he did not hate him enough, he recalled the lifebelt, and his legs, and the girl laughing.

"All right!" he said. "Gwan, Pimples! What'll I have? Appendiceetis?"

"Have a toothache," snapped the Senior Second. "Tear off a few yells—anything to keep him!"

It worked rather well; plots have a way of being successful in direct proportion to their iniquity. Beneficent plots, like loving relatives dressed as Santa Claus, frequently go wrong; while it has been shown that the leakiest sort of scheme to wreck a bank will go through with the band playing.

The Chief came and found the Red Un in agony, holding his jaw. Owing to the fact that he lay far back in an upper bunk, it took time to drag him into the light. It took more time to get his mouth open; once open, the Red Un pointed to a snag that should have given him trouble if it didn't and set up a fresh outcry.

Not until long after could the Red Un recall without shame his share in that night's work—recall the Chief, stubby hair erect, kind blue eyes searching anxiously for the offending tooth. Recall it? Would he ever forget the arm the Chief put about him, and his: "Ou-ay! laddie; it's a weeked snag!"

The Chief, to whom God had denied a son of his flesh, had taken the Red Un to his heart, you see—fatherless wharf-rat and childless engineer; the man acting

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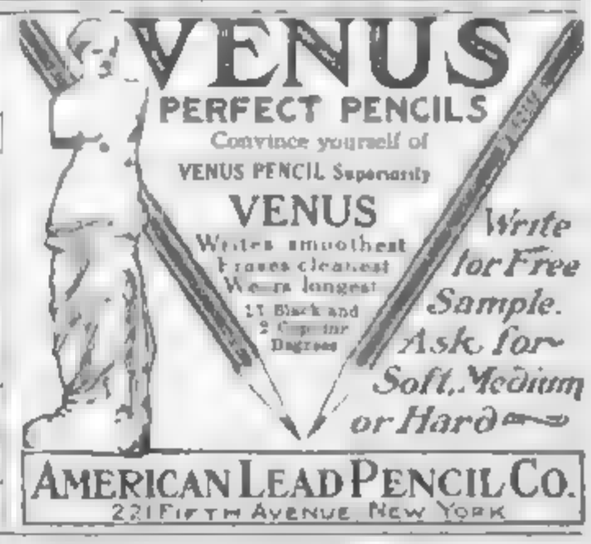

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on the dour Scot principle of chastening whomsoever he loveth, and the boy cherishing a hate that was really only hurt love.

And as the Chief, who had dragged the Red Un out of eternity and was not minded to see him die of a toothache, took him back to his cabin the pain grew better, ceased, turned to fright. The ten minutes or so were over and what would they find? The Chief opened the door; he had in mind a drop of whisky out of the flask he never touched on a trip whisky might help the tooth.

On the threshold he seemed to scent something amiss. He glanced at the ceiling over his bunk, where the airtrunk lay, and then—he looked at the boy. He stooped down and put a hand on the boy's head, turning it to the light.

"Tell me now, lad," he said quietly: "Did ye or did ye no ha' the toothache?"

"It's better now," sullening.

"Did ye or did ye no?"

"No."

The Chief turned the boy about and pushed him through the doorway into outer darkness. He said nothing. Down to his very depths he was hurt. To have lost the game was something; but it was more than that. Had he been a man of words he might have said that once again a creature he loved had turned on him to his injury. Being a Scot and a man of few words he merely said he was damned, and crawled back into bed.

The game? Well, that was simple enough. Directly over his pillow, in the white-painted airtrunk, was a brass plate, fastened with four screws. In case of anything wrong with the ventilator the plate could be taken off for purposes of investigation.

The Chief's scheme had been simplicity itself—so easy that the Seconds, searching for concealed wires and hidden alarm bells, had never thought of it. On nights when the air must be pumped, and officious Seconds were only waiting the Chief's first sleep to shut off steam and turn it back to the main engines, the Chief unlocked the bolted drawer in his desk. First he took out the woman's picture and gazed at it; quite frequently he read the words on the back—written out of a sore heart, be sure. And then he took out the cigar-box lid.

When he had unscrewed the brass plate over his head he replaced it with the lid of the cigar-box. So long as the pumps in the engine room kept the air moving, the lid stayed up by suction.

When the air stopped the lid fell down on his head; he roused enough to press a signal button and, as the air started viciously, to replace the lid. Then off to the sleep of the just and the crafty again. And so on *ad infinitum*.

Of course the game was not over because it was discovered and the lid gone. There would be other lids. But the snap, the joy, was gone out of it. It would never again be the same, and the worst of all was the manner of the betrayal.

He slept but little the remainder of the night; and, because unrest travels best from soul to soul at night, when the crowding emotions of the day give it place, the woman slept little also. She was thinking of the entrance to the stokehole, where one crouched under the bellies of furnaces, and where the engineer on duty stood on a pile of hot cinders. Toward morning her room grew very close: the air from the ventilator seemed to have ceased.

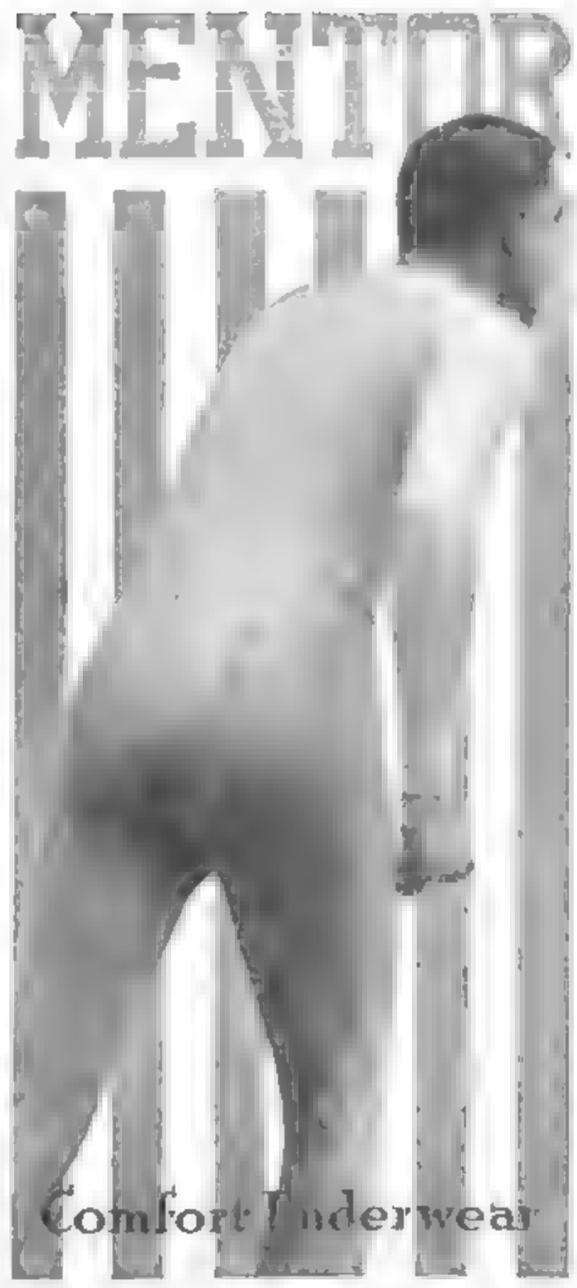
Far down in the ship, in a breathless little cabin far aft, the Red Un kicked the Purser's boy and cried himself to sleep.

The old ship made a record the next night that lifted the day's run to four hundred and twenty. She was not a greyhound, you see. Generally speaking, she was a nine-day boat. She averaged well under four hundred miles. The fast boats went by her and slid over the edge of the sea, throwing her bits of news by wireless over a shoulder, so to speak.

The little girl's mother was not a good sailor. She sat almost all day in a steamer chair, reading or looking out over the rail. Each day she tore off the postal from the top of her menu and sent it to the girl's father. She missed him more than she had expected. He had become a habit; he was solid, dependable, loyal. He had never heard of the Chief.

"Dear Daddy," she would write: "Having a splendid voyage so far, but wish you were here. The baby is having such a good

(Continued on Page 77)



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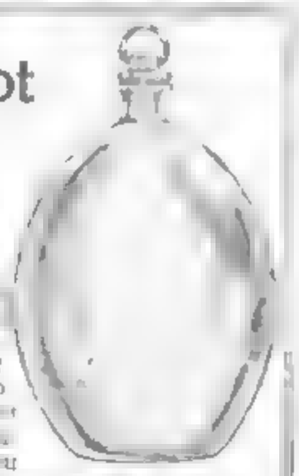

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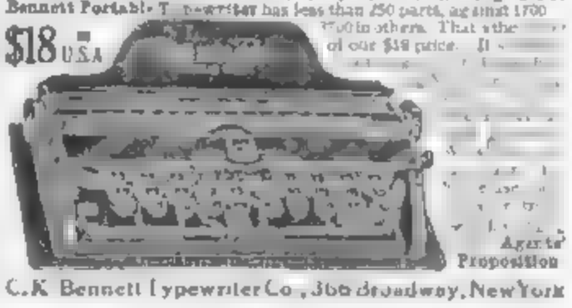

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WARNER AUTO-METER

The Warner Auto-Meter Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

(Continued from Page 74)

time—so popular; and won two prizes today at the sports! With love, Lily."

They were all rather like that. She would drop them in the mailbox, with a tug of tenderness for the man who worked at home. Then she would go back to her chair and watch the sea, and recall the heat of the engine room below, and wonder, wonder ——

It had turned warm again; the edges of the horizon were gray and at night a low mist lay over the water. Rooms were stifling, humid. The Red Un discarded pajamas and slept in his skin. The engine-room watch came up white round the lips and sprawled over the boat deck without speech. Things were going wrong in the Red Un's small world. The Chief hardly spoke to him—was grave and quiet, and ate almost nothing. The Red Un hated himself unspeakably and gave his share of the sovereign to the Purser's boy.

The Chief was suffering from lack of exercise in the air as well as other things. The girl's mother was not sleeping—what with heat and the memories the sea had revived. On the fifth night out, while the ship slept, these two met on the deck in the darkness—two shadows out of the past. The deck was dark, but a ray from a window touched his face and she knew him. He had not needed light to know her; every line of her was written on his heart, and for him there was no one at home to hold in tenderness.

"I think I knew you were here all the time," she said, and held out both hands.

The Chief took one and dropped it. She belonged to the person at home. He had no thought of forgetting that!

"I saw your name on the passenger list, but I have been very busy." He never lapsed into Scotch with her; she had not liked it. "Is your husband with you?"

"He could not come just now. I have my daughter."

Her voice fell rather flat. The Chief could not think of anything to say. Her child, and not his! He was a one-woman man, you see—and this was the woman.

"I have seen her," he said presently. "She's like you, Lily."

That was a wrong move—the Lily; for it gave her courage to put her hand on his arm.

"It is so long since we have met," she said wistfully. "Yesterday, after I saw the—the place where you live and—and work ——" She choked; she was emotional, rather weak. Having made the situation she should have let it alone; but, after all, it is not what the woman is, but what the man thinks she is.

The Chief stroked her fingers on his sleeve.

"It's not bad, Lily," he said. "It's a man's job. I like it."

"I believe you had forgotten me entirely!"

The Chief winced. "Isn't that the best thing you could wish me?" he said.

"Are you happy?"

"'I ha' lived and I ha' worked!'" he quoted sturdily.

Very shortly after that he left her; he made an excuse of being needed below and swung off, his head high.

They struck the derelict when the mist was thickest, about two that morning. The Red Un was thrown out of his berth and landed, stark naked, on the floor. The Purser's boy was on the floor, too, in a tangle of bedding. There was a sickening silence for a moment, followed by the sound of opening doors and feet in the passage. There was very little speech. People ran for the decks. The Purser's boy ran with them.

The Red Un never thought of the deck. One of the axioms of the engine room is that of every man to his post in danger. The Red Un's post was with his Chief. His bare feet scorched on the steel ladders and the hot floor plates; he had on only his trousers, held up with a belt.

The trouble was in the forward stokehole. Water was pouring in from the starboard side—was welling up through the floor plates. The wound was ghastly, fatal! The smoldering in the bunker had weakened resistance there and her necrosed ribs had given away. The Red Un, scurrying through the tunnel, was met by a maddened rush of trimmers and stokers. He went down under them and came up bruised, bleeding, battling for place.

"You skunks!" he blubbered. "You crazy cowards! Come back and help!"

A big stoker stopped and caught the boy's arm.

"You come on!" he gasped. "The whole thing'll go in a minute. She'll go down by the head!"

He tried to catch the boy up in his arms, but the Red Un struck him on the nose.

"Let me go, you big stiff!" he cried, and kicked himself free.

Not all the men had gone. They were working like fiends. It was up to the bulkhead now. If it held—if it only held long enough to get the passengers off!

Not an engineer thought of leaving his place, though they knew, better even than the deck officers, how mortally the ship was hurt. They called to their aid every resource of a business that is nothing but emergencies. Engines plus wit, plus the grace of God—and the engines were useless. Wits, then, plus Providence. The pumps made no impression on the roaring flood; they lifted floor plates to strengthen the bulkheads and worked until it was death to work longer. Then, fighting for every foot, the little band retreated to the after stokehole. Lights were out forward. The Chief was the last to escape. He carried an oil lantern, and squeezed through the bulkhead door with a wall of water behind him.

The Red Un cried out, but too late. The Chief, blinded by his lantern, had stumbled into the pit where a floor plate had been lifted. When he found his leg was broken he cried to them to go on and leave him, but they got him out somehow and carried him with them as they fought and retreated—fought and retreated. He was still the Chief; he lay on the floor propped up against something and directed the fight. The something he leaned against was the strained body of the Red Un, who held him up and sniffled shamefaced tears. She was down by the head already and rolling like a dying thing. When the water came into the after stokehole they carried the Chief into the engine room—the lights were going there.

There had been no panic on deck. There were boats enough and the lights gave every one confidence. It was impossible to see the lights going and believe the ship doomed. Those who knew felt the list of the decks and hurried with the lowering of the boats; the ones who saw only the lights wished to go back to their cabins for clothing and money.

The woman sat in the Quartermaster's boat, with her daughter in her arms, and stared at the ship. The Quartermaster said the engineers were still below and took off his cap. In her feeble way the woman tried to pray, and found only childish, futile things to say; but in her mind there was a great wonder—that they, who had once been life each to the other, should part thus, and that now, as ever, the good part was hers! The girl looked up into her mother's face.

"The redhaired little boy, mother—do you think he is safe?"

"First off, likely," mumbled the Quartermaster grimly.

All the passengers were off. Under the mist the sea rose and fell quietly; the boats and rafts had drawn off to a safe distance. The Greek, who had humor as well as imagination, kept up the spirits of those about him while he held a child in his arms.

"Shall we," he inquired gravely, "think you—shall we pay extra to the company for this excursion?"

The battle below had been fought and lost. It was of minutes now. The Chief had given the order: "Every one for himself!" Some of the men had gone, climbing to outer safety. The two Seconds had refused to leave the Chief. All lights were off by that time. The after stokehole was flooded and water rolled sickeningly in the engine-pits. Each second it seemed the ship must take its fearful dive into the quiet sea that so insistently reached up for her. With infinite labor the Seconds got the Chief up to the fiddley, twenty feet or less out of a hundred, and straight ladders instead of a steel staircase. Ten men could not have lifted him without gear, and there was not time!

Then, because the rest was hopeless, they left him there, propped against the wall, with the lantern beside him. He shook hands with them; the Junior was crying; the Senior went last, and after he had gone up a little way he turned and came back.

"I can't do it, Chief!" he said. "I'll stick it out with you." But the Chief drove him up, with the name of his wife and child. Far up the shaft he turned and looked down. The lantern glowed faintly below.

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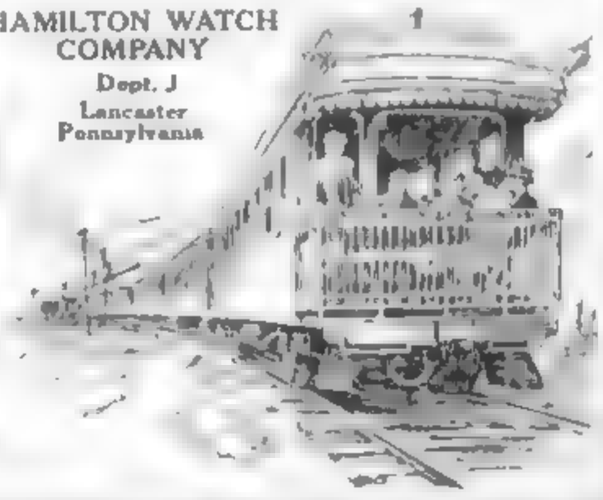

Write for "The Timekeeper"

It illustrates [illegible]

For Rough Weather Protection

Covers for Horses, Wagons, Machinery, Produce, Merchandise, Autos, Cement or anything exposed to the weather. Any size or shape. Exceptional Prices.

SAMPLE, DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET & PRICE LIST—FREE

Hettrick Khaki Watershed

Made of very fine constructed cotton [illegible] such as we supply U. S. Army Departments [illegible] for money refunded! Write [illegible] and price list

HETTRICK BROS. CO.
1269 Fernwood Ave
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HIGH GRADE ALL WOOL BLANKETS AT MILL PRICES

Beautiful, soft, fluffy *all* wool bed blankets now within reach of all. Every housewife can satisfy her longing to own one or more pairs. Our method of selling direct from mill means a big saving to you.

The AWLWOOL HOUSEHOLD BLANKET is guaranteed strictly all pure wool

and will stand the *acid test*. Soft, downy, beautifully finished. Weight 5 lbs., size 70 x 80 in., price per pair only $5.00. Parcel Post charges paid by us to any [illegible]

[illegible] grey with blue border, and [illegible] in plaid in blue and white, [illegible] white, grey and white [illegible] Write us [illegible]

Minnesota Woolen Co.
Duluth, Minn.

GET MORE EGGS

Twice as many by feeding green cut bone.
MANN'S BONE CUTTER 10 Days Free Trial
No money in advance. Catalog free
F. W. Mann Co., Box 363, Milford, Mass.

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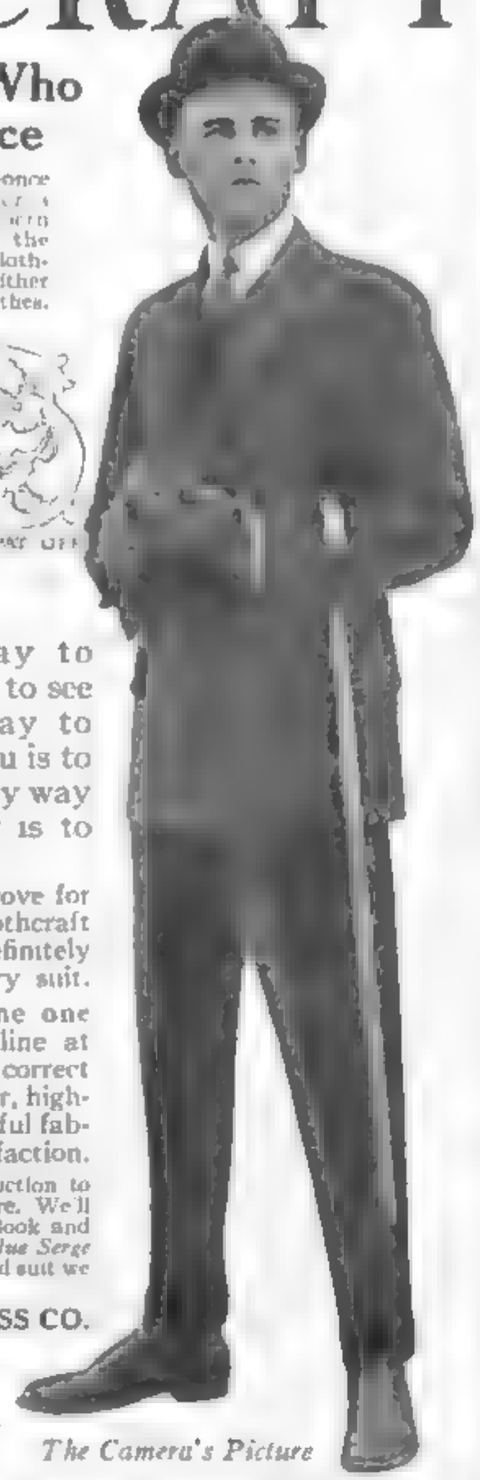
The BEST Light

The problem of [illegible] illumination [illegible] a "Best Light" [illegible] 200 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CLOTHCRAFT

The Man Who Posed Twice

This man posed twice—once for an artist and once for a photographer. He sent them pictures. Those are the only ways of showing Clothcraft on paper, and neither does justice to the clothes.



THE only way to judge a suit is to see it. The only way to prove it will fit you is to try it on. The only way to prove its wear is to wear it.

The fit you can prove for yourself, at any Clothcraft Store. The wear is definitely guaranteed with every suit.

In Clothcraft, the one guaranteed all-wool line at $10 to $25, you get correct style and fit, long wear, high-grade tailoring, beautiful fabrics and lasting satisfaction.

Write us for an introduction to the nearest Clothcraft Store. We'll also send the new Style Book and tell you about *No. 4130 Blue Serge Special*—the best all-around suit we can make at $18.50

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.
Founded 1846. Oldest Makers of Men's Clothes in America
620 St. Clair Ave., N. W.
Cleveland

The Artist's Picture *The Camera's Picture*

The Chief sat alone on his grating. He was faint with pain. The blistering cylinders were growing cold; the steel floor beneath was awash. More ominous still, as the ship's head sank, came crackings and groanings from the engines below. They would fall through at the last, ripping out the bulkheads and carrying her down bow first.

Pain had made the Chief rather dull. "'I ha' lived and I ha' worked!'" he said several times—and waited for the end. Into his stupor came the thought of the woman—and another thought of the Red Un. Both of them had sold him out, so to speak; but the woman had grown up with his heart and the boy was his by right of salvage—only he thought of the woman as he dreamed of her, not as he had seen her on the deck. He grew rather confused, after a time, and said: "I ha' loved and I ha' worked!"

Just between life and death there comes a time when the fight seems a draw, or as if each side, exhausted, had called a truce. There is no more struggle, but it is not yet death. The ship lay so. The upreaching sea had not conquered. The result was inevitable, but not yet. And in the pause the Red Un came back, came crawling down the ladder, his indomitable spirit driving his craven little body.

He had got as far as the boat and safety. The gripping devils of fear that had followed him up from the engine room still hung to his throat; but once on deck, with the silent men who were working against time and eternity, he found he could not do it. He was the Chief's boy—and the Chief was below and hurt!

The truce still held. As the ship rolled, water washed about the foot of the ladder and lapped against the cylinders. The Chief tried desperately to drive him up to the deck and failed.

"It's no place for you alone," said the Red Un. His voice had lost its occasional soprano note; the Red Un was a grown man. "I'm staying!" And after a hesitating moment he put his small, frightened paw on the Chief's arm.

It was that, perhaps, that roused the Chief—not love of life, but love of the boy. To be drowned like a rat in a hole—that was not so bad when one had lived and worked. A man may not die better than where he has labored; but this child, who would die with him rather than live alone! The Chief got up on his usable knee.

"I'm thinking, laddie," he said, "we'll go fighting anyhow."

The boy went first, with the lantern. And, painful rung by painful rung, the Chief did the impossible, suffering hells as he moved. For each foot he gained the Red Un gained a foot—no more. What he would not have endured for himself, the Chief suffered for the boy. Halfway up, he clung, exhausted.

The boy leaned down and held out his hand.

"I'll pull," he said. "Just hang on to me."

Only once again did he speak during that endless climb in the silence of the dying ship, and what he said came in gasps. He was pulling indeed.

"About—that airtrunk," he managed to say—"I'm—sorry, sir!"

The dawn came up out of the sea, like resurrection. In the Quartermaster's boat the woman slept heavily, with tears on her cheeks. The Quartermaster looked infinitely old and very tired with living.

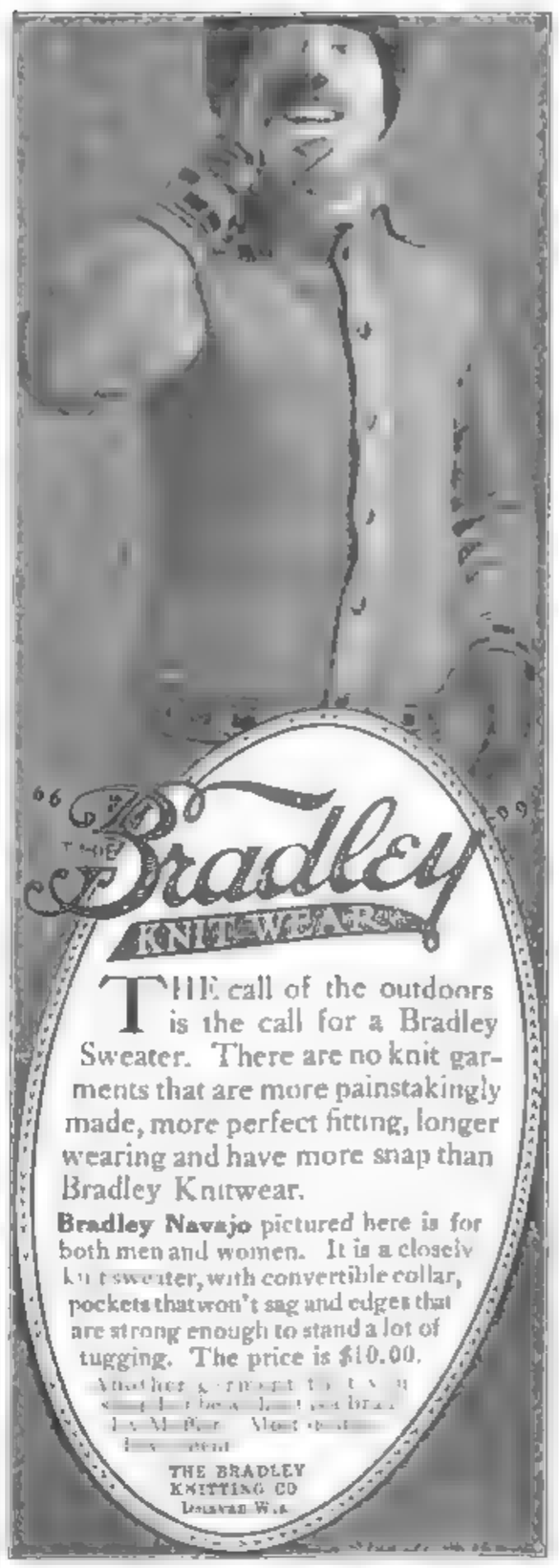
It was the girl, after all, who spied them—two figures—one inert and almost lifeless; one very like a bobbing tomato, but revealing a blue face and two desperate eyes above a ship's lifebelt.

The Chief came to an hour or so later and found the woman near, pale and tragic, and not so young as he had kept her in his heart. His eyes rested on hers a moment; the bitterness was gone, and the ache. He had died and lived again, and what was past was past.

"I thought," said the woman tremulously—"all night I thought that you——"

The Chief, coming to full consciousness, gave a little cry. His eyes, traveling past hers, had happened on a small and languid youngster curled up at his feet, asleep. The woman drew back—as from an intrusion.

As she watched, the Red Un yawned, stretched and sat up. His eyes met the Chief's, and between them passed such a look of understanding as made for the two one world, one victory!


The Bradley
KNITWEAR
THE call of the outdoors is the call for a Bradley Sweater. There are no knit garments that are more painstakingly made, more perfect fitting, longer wearing and have more snap than Bradley Knitwear.
Bradley Navajo pictured here is for both men and women. It is a closely knit sweater, with convertible collar, pockets that won't sag and edges that are strong enough to stand a lot of tugging. The price is $10.00.
THE BRADLEY KNITTING CO
Delavan Wis

For Your Boy

THERE probably are few errands to run, little wood to chop, no water to draw. Not for him are the odd jobs that kept his father out of mischief twenty years ago. The times have changed. The telephone, the coal range, the public service companies, have done away with family "chores," and in their place have left you with—a boy problem.

It is still true that a boy becomes industrious by being industrious.

That school work, even for a boy not more than ten or twelve years old, should be supplemented by some industrial training; that the jolt of breaking into the work-a-day world when school days are over is less severe upon the boy who has been given some foretaste of what life really is—you believe these truths. But are you acting upon your belief?

How can your boy now obtain such practical experience under home influences?

In a booklet just published by us you will find a most satisfactory answer. The booklet gives the details of a nationally-indorsed plan that has proved helpful to thousands of parents of young boys, which has received the sanction of many teachers and educators, including men of international reputation. The plan provides a way of obtaining by steps graded to the ability of each boy, the industrial training and the business experience which are the making of a man.

The booklet is entitled "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" It is an interesting, handsomely-illustrated little volume telling something of what our boys have accomplished and what some very prominent people think of the plan. We would like to send this book to any parent of a boy.

A postal-card will bring it.

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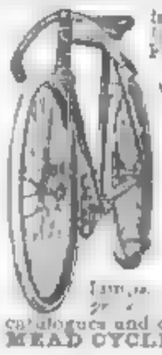

in each town to ride and exhibit sample [illegible] cycles. *Write for our latest special offer.*
Factory Guaranteed 1914 Models **$10 to $27**
with Coaster Brakes, Puncture-Proof tires
1912 and 1913 Models, all of best makes **$7 to $12**
100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8**
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
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The Standard
Longest wearing, correct patterns, most serviceable. Look for 5A, the mark of [illegible]. To be had of your dealer, write
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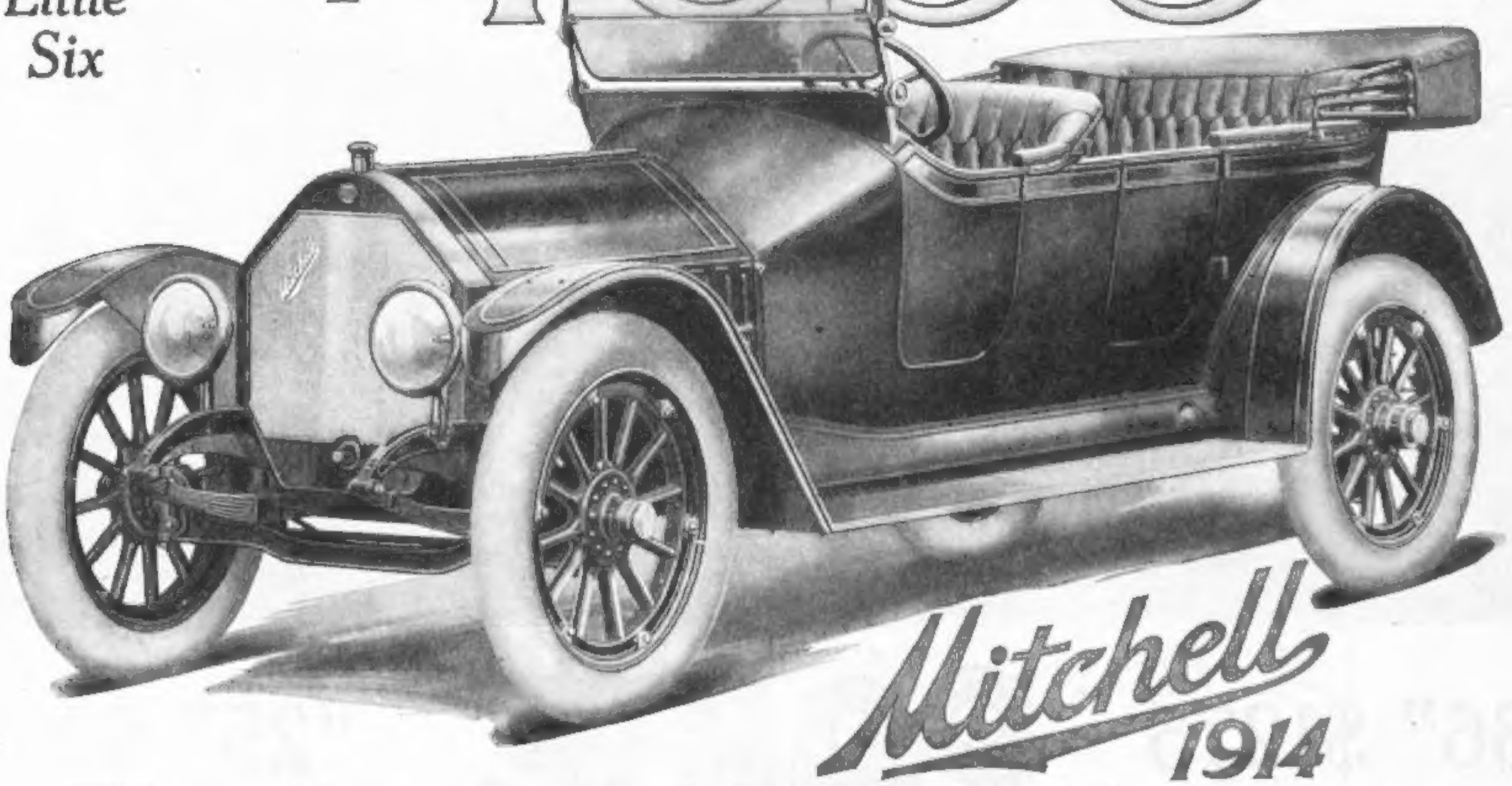
The Little Six

$1895



Mitchell 1914

The Original Mitchell Engineer

Again at the Head of the Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
A Matchless Line for 1914

The Mitchell 1914 Line is being produced by Engineer John W. Bate, *the man who created the Mitchell car*, and the famous Mitchell *Baby Six*. After a year's rest he returns to Racine to place the Mitchell in a *stronger position than it has ever occupied.*

The Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company, *with unlimited capital at its command*, has surrounded Mr. Bate with the best facilities and the finest factory that it is possible to build. It will back the car with the most liberal *Service-Policy for car owners* that the business mind can conceive.

Eighty years of faithful service to the American public is the Company's Guarantee

This Means for the Mitchell Car for 1914

Quality—Efficiency—Long Life

Equipment of All Mitchell Models

Electric Self-Starter and Generator.
Electric Lights—Five Lamps.
Speedometer.
Mohair Top and Cover.
Rain Vision, Ventilating Quick Action Windshield.
Extra Removable Rim.
Double Extra Tire Carrier.
Bair Bow Holders.
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Electric Exploring Lamp.
Complete Set of Tools.
Pump, Jack.
All included in list price.

Prices F. O. B. Racine

The Mitchell Little Six is the most logical value on the market. It is a six-cylinder car of aristocratic design. It has fifty horse power, 132 inch wheel-base, five passenger capacity. It has a long, low, rakish streamline body, is luxuriously upholstered, is equipped with electric self-starter and generator, electric lights and all modern conveniences and sells for the reasonable price of $1,895

The Mitchell Big Six is very much the same design as the Little Six. It has sixty horse power, 144 inch wheel-base and seats seven passengers. It has big tires and the same splendid finish throughout as the Little Six, likewise the same fine equipment. Price, $2,350

The Mitchell Four has 120 inch wheel-base, forty horse power and seats five passengers. It is a splendid family car for little money. It is equipped precisely the same as the two sixes and sells for $1,595

No matter which one of the Mitchell cars you select, *you will make an investment.* You have *Bate's* word for it. You have *our* word for it. And the *service* that lies behind it is *ten times better than a guarantee.* We are going to make you like the car, like us and like the agent you deal with. In all respects this is to be a Mitchell year and you will love

The Car You Ought to Have at the Price You Ought to Pay

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

80 Years of Faithful Service to the American Public

Features of 1914 Mitchell

Left Hand Drive.
Center Control.
Tungsten Steel Valves.
T-Head Fully Enclosed.
Long Stroke Motor.
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Gravity Gasoline Feed.
Roomy Streamline Body.
Timken Wheel Bearings.
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Big Tires—36 Inches.
Luxurious Upholstering.
Nickel Trimmings.
Demountable Rims.
Collin's Quick-Action Side Curtains

Prices F. O. B. Racine

With This New Factory We Will Build 13,500 Paige Cars for 1914

"36" $1275
Completely equipped with Electric Starting and Lighting

PAIGE

"25" $975
Completely equipped with Electric Starting and Lighting

THE new Paige factory, now nearing completion, is *convincing* evidence of the rapidly increasing supremacy of the Paige Car in its price field.

Three years ago the Paige Car began to attract attention. We sold 800 cars. They were *extra-good* for the price.

Two years ago the public and dealers recognized the Paige "25" as great value at a thousand dollars. Sales jumped to nearly 3000 cars.

Model Glenwood, Paige 36, 5-passenger touring car, completely equipped, $1275

Last year—the 1913 season—the Paige was hailed everywhere as a sensational value. The biggest, strongest dealers competed for the Paige agency in every principal city and town in the country. We could not fill one-third the orders.

We hope to fill all orders during the 1914 season.

Model Westbrook, Paige 36, 3-passenger roadster, completely equipped, $1275

With the new factory we will build 9500 Paige "36's" and 4000 Paige "25's" for the coming season.

The demand for Paige cars is perfectly logical.

Any one who knows *anything* about automobiles can see that the Paige is *full* of *extra value*. That's why a lot of leading men in the industry declared last spring that we could not continue our prices. They said *they knew* we would have to *raise* the prices.

What they said *sounded* all right, but it *wasn't* right, simply because they did not appreciate the *economically advantageous* conditions under which Paige cars are manufactured. They overlooked the financial *independence* of the Paige Company. They overlooked the fact that the Paige Company is carrying no bonds, no preferred stock, no multiplicity of high-salaried officials. They overlooked the fact that the same *executive organization*, identically, which directed the manufacture and sale of 800 cars is now directing the manufacture and sale of *many thousands* of cars.

Model Maplehurst, Paige 36, 5-passenger sedan, completely equipped, $1950

They overlooked the costs-advantage of buying *with cash*.

There are *a lot* of important *manufacturing facts* that they overlooked.

And, meanwhile, the *public* has not overlooked the *obvious* better value of the Paige.

Paige cars really do give all the excellence of construction, completeness of equipment, size, power, style and finish—all these qualities—that you find elsewhere in cars costing several hundred dollars more.

When you go to look at the Paige take an automobile expert with you, if you aren't an expert yourself, and let him verify this statement.

It is hard to realize that the price of the Paige "36" is only $1275. A really big, roomy car; 116-inch wheel base; left side drive and center control; powerful, quiet 4 x 5-inch Paige motor; cork insert multiple disc clutch; silent chain drive for cam shaft, pump and generator; unit power plant; deep tilted 10-inch cushions; crown fenders and a score of other features of design and construction. As for equipment, in every detail it is all of the highest class, including the Gray & Davis (large unit) electric starting and lighting system, Bosch magneto, rain-vision and ventilating windshield, genuine mohair top (tan lined) and boot, electric horn, Stewart revolving dial speedometer, 34 x 4-inch tires, non-skid in rear, lamps, demountable rims with extra rim, Jiffy curtains, and all incidental equipment. Five models for 1914 season including three beautiful closed cars.

Model Montrose, Paige 36, 4-passenger coupé, completely equipped, $1850

If a smaller car will meet your needs, the new series Paige "25" is the car you want. At $975 this model is just as remarkably priced as the "36."

Sturdy, silent motor—unit power plant—cork insert multiple disc clutch—semi-streamline body—Turkish upholstery—quick adjustable inside curtains—non-skid tires in rear—wide doors—roomy bodies. Five-passenger touring car, absolutely complete equipment, including electric starting and lighting, $975. **So far as we know this is the lowest price at which you can buy a car with complete electric equipment.** For further details regarding this new series "25," see your local dealer.

Paige 25, 5-passenger touring car, completely equipped, $975

Our dealers' allotments are not flexible. They will receive the cars they have contracted for, but no more. You will profit by placing your order now, either for Fall or Spring delivery. Catalogues on request.

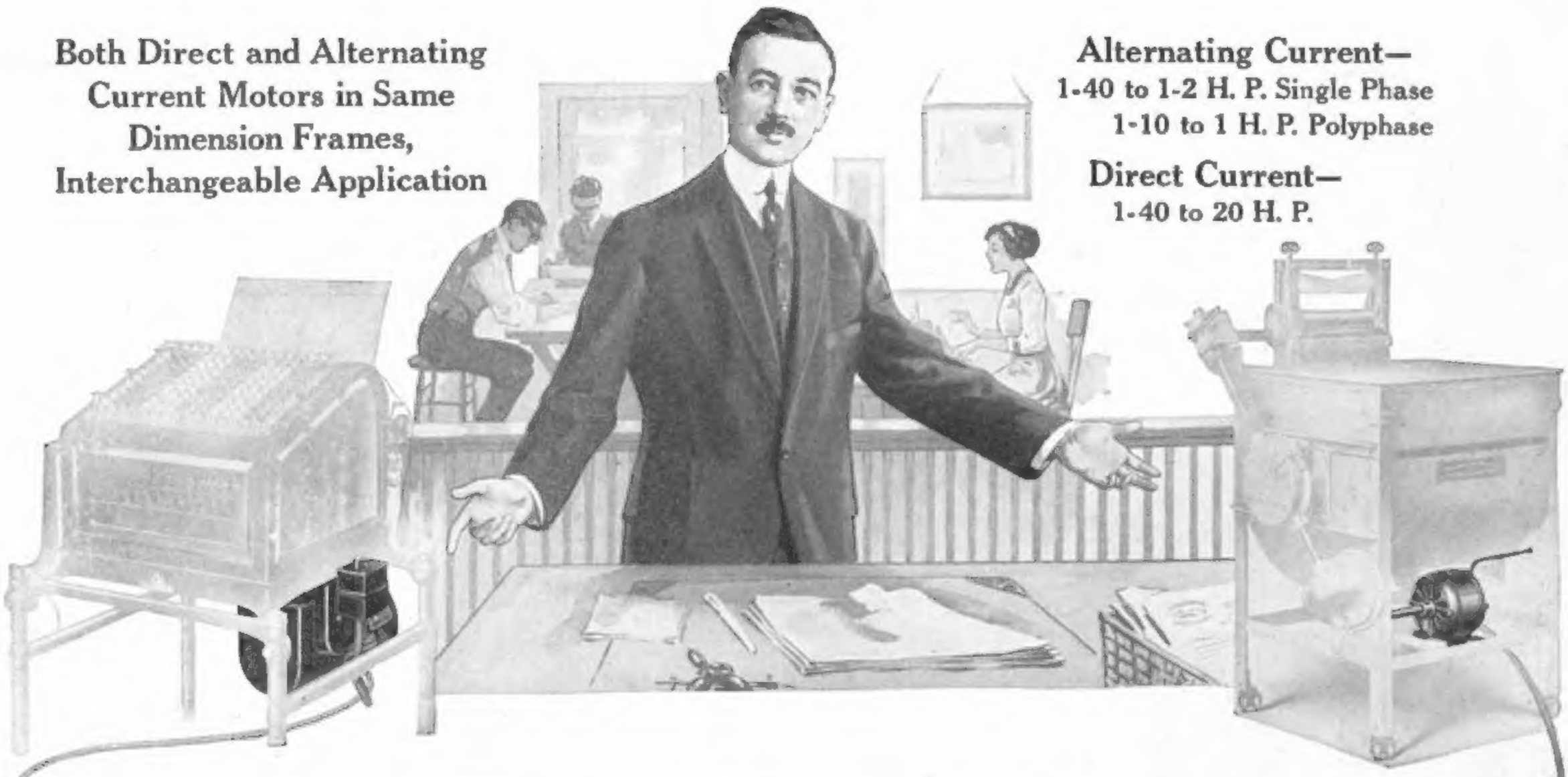
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company

265 Twenty-first Street **Detroit, Michigan**

Both Direct and Alternating Current Motors in Same Dimension Frames, Interchangeable Application

Alternating Current—
1-40 to 1-2 H. P. Single Phase
1-10 to 1 H. P. Polyphase

Direct Current—
1-40 to 20 H. P.



Our Trade Demanded It!

In response to the insistent demand from hundreds of manufacturers of power-driven devices who are using our "STANDARD" Direct Current Motors so successfully, we now offer our new line of fractional horsepower Direct and Alternating Current Motors in interchangeable frames. Thus makers of apparatus requiring small motor application can now secure "STANDARD".

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Adding Machines
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Either type of motor can be used with any power-driven device without altering construction or gears of the machine to which the motor is applied. The essential dimensions, from center of shaft to base and across the feet of base, are the same in either frame.

Therefore it is not necessary to build the machine in two different ways to accommodate the different types of current. *We* have altered the motors to save *you* from altering the machines.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

Small Motor Specialists for 18 Years

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If you are building devices requiring motor-drive, we shall be pleased to confer and advise with you without obligation on your part. We have standardized a large number of frames, and are equipped to furnish promptly special frames adapted to meet your conditions, should our stock not fit the requirements of your machines. Write for special bulletin and information on your particular problem.

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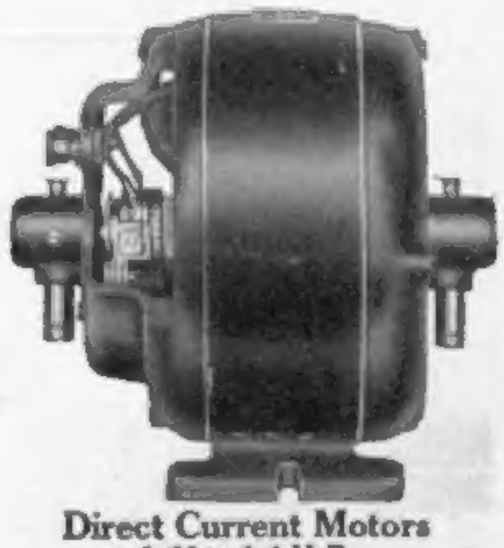
We also manufacture the famous line of "STANDARD" Generators and Electric Fans for all purposes, both direct and alternating current.

Type "P" Single Phase
Alternating Current Induction Motors
1-40 to 1-4 H. P.



Direct Current Motors
1-60 to 1-4 H. P.
Interchangeable with Alternating Current Motor Frames

Direct and Alternating Current Motors

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SHAVING LATHER

"As you like it"

STICK—POWDER—CREAM

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The use of Colgate's After shave luxuries—makes *any* shave a better shave but a Colgate shave best of all.

Send 4 cents in stamps for a trial size of stick, powder or cream.

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199 Fulton St., New York
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

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